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Time's Telescope

FOR

1826;

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OR,

A Complete Guide to the Almanack:

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATION

OF

Saints' Days and Holidays;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES,
NOTICES OF OBSOLETE RITES AND CUSTOMS,
SKETCHES OF COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY,
AND
CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

Astronomical Occurrences

IN EVERY MONTH,
COMPRISING REMARKS ON THE PHENOMENA OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES;
AND
THE NATURALIST'S DIARY;
EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS
APPEARANCES IN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

To which are prefixed,

AN ESSAY

ON THE

PHYSICAL POWERS, INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, AND MORAL PERCEPTIONS OF MAN,

By Thomas Myers, LL.D.

AND

Introductory Poems

BY

J. H. WIFFEN,
DELTA OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,
AND
WILLIAM HOWITT.

Published Annually.

London:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, GILBERT
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1826.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

DESCRIPTION *of the* FRONTISPIECE.

CORREGIO'S MADONNA AND CHILD.

This splendid Picture, from which we are the first *to present the Public with a* British *engraving, has recently been purchased by the Government Commissioners, at the price of* THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED GUINEAS, *of M. Niewenhauys, and is said to have originally graced the Royal Cabinet at Madrid*[1]. *The incorporation of such a treasure of art into our National Collection must be hailed as most auspicious to the improving taste, patronage, and culture of the Fine Arts by the English Nation.*

Corregio *is known to have excelled in sentiment, composition, colour, and execution; and even* Mengs, *who was by no means his eulogist, confesses, in his controversy with Algarotti, that 'All his women were divine, and all his children so many exquisite portraits of love.' In design he has not the exalted character of* Michael Angelo, *but he has all the sweetness of expression which distinguishes the works of* Albano, *with the heavenly inspiration of art that captivates in the magical performances of* Raffaelle. *The smiling elegance that pervades the 'Madonna and Child' would alone seem to warrant the splendid eulogies of the* Caracci, *who, fifty years after his death, speaking of the* 'Gran Maestro,' *describe his pencil as one 'always ready dipped in sunny thoughts.'*

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[1] *There is a story in circulation respecting this Picture,—that it w same which some years since was offered to the present Mar Stafford for sixteen hundred pounds by Mr. Grignion, at whos it was sold under the hammer for thirty guineas; that it was af found on the Continent by Mr. Woodburn, who mentioned Rev. Holwell Carr, a well known connoisseur, and offered it teen hundred. This gentleman, thinking to save the comm abroad to purchase it; but in the interim Woodburn h resold it to a Paris Banker, M. La Perriere, from w purchased by the British Commissioners for the abovem all th s may be very true, and yet the Picture be, as I h the g nuine work of* Corregio.

The composition of this celebrated picture is simple, but the conception vigorous; and its great beauties are, the magnificence of the drawing, the magical effect of fore-shortening, which the Italians distinguish by the name of di sotto in su, *and the delicacy of its execution.*

To describe the subject here is unnecessary, the Engraver having most faithfully copied and reduced the picture; but we cannot refrain from drawing the attention of our readers to the disposition of the Madonna's drapery, and the fore-shortening of the Infant's right leg—than which there can be nothing more exquisite in art. Then, too, the expressive maternal fondness of the Madonna, and the tender solicitude depicted in her beautiful face, have an illusive effect that might inspire a poet with the truest feelings for sacred verse. The Infant Jesus is round and fleshy, full of infantine fondness and simplicity looking like an immortal cherub, a superior being, the chosen of Heaven; bright in the purity of innocence, and transcendent as an incarnation of beauty. The colouring is rich, warm, clear, and fleshy in tone; *yet so equally subdued, that it cheers the eye and captivates the soul, like the setting of a Summer's sun before the shadows of the evening have begun to creep over the face of Heaven the nurse of Nature; or the cool breezes of the night to murmur in the Poet's ear. It has been contended that the price given for the picture greatly exceeds its actual value; but who shall determine the intrinsic or actual value of choice works of Art? If we intend to have a* NATIONAL GALLERY *worthy the wealthiest land on earth, we must be liberal in our purchases, and we shall thus be sure to have the best opportunities afforded us of increasing our Collection.*

C. M.

A few Proofs of this splendid Print have been taken off on India paper for the portfolios of the Connoisseur, and may be obtained of the Publishers of this volume.

THE ECHO OF ANTIQUITY;

An Introductory Poem

FOR THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF TIME'S TELESCOPE,

By J. H. WIFFEN.

WRITTEN IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

'And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust.' Isaiah xxix, 4.

I.

The Sabbath of the year once more
Is come; Toil sleeps on Plenty's breast;
His shout among the sheaves is o'er,
And all on earth is joy and rest;
A golden light from east to west
Reigns o'er the noontide world; perfume
Yet haunts the lingering rose, though weak,
And yellow leaves all round me speak
Of Winter's hasting gloom.

II.

The Minster's melancholy bells
Chime sweet—we'll pace the solemn pile;
Hark to the organ's glorious swells
Through sweeping arch and columned aisle!
Illumined angels round me smile,
And rich from tinctured windows swim
Hues such as those Enchantment lends,
Whilst loud from many a voice ascends
The Hallelujah hymn.

III.

PRAISE TO OUR GOD! since TIME had birth,
Since Eúphrates through Eden ran,
Still has his bounty compassed earth,
His pitying smile spoke peace to man;
Still, as of old, his rainbows span
The storm—truth quickens, guilt decays:—
Not always shall the curse of sin
Cling to us—happier times begin:—
Praise to our God, sing praise!

IV.

But not the organ's tuneful surge,
Nor chaunted hymn, though sweet they be,
So melts my spirit as the dirge,
Dear, pious bird! that flows from thee;
Who, in a sacred rivalry
Of choir and instrument, dost make
Thy mellow warblings heard above
Their loudest peals, as though with love
Thy little heart would break!*

V.

At thy blest call remembrance starts
From death, and, in bewildering train,
The earliest joys that thrilled our hearts
In childhood's morn come round again;
When by the brook that through the glen
Ran wild, we paced in happy quest
Of Spring's first primrose, and, beguiled
By hallowed superstitions, smiled
To view thy crimson breast.

* A trifling, but not uninteresting occurrence.

VI.

Since then, what have not all sustained?
What guilt or toil, what loss or woe!
Hopes wrecked, vows laughed at, feelings chained
To ice, when tenderest in their flow,—
Love, injury, hatred, scorn!—and O
That flattery of the heart, when bloom
Tints some beloved companion's cheek,
With hues, which, whilst they charm, bespeak
Sure union with the tomb.

VII.

They're past, the hours when Pleasure threw
Her nameless spell o'er slightest things;
The primrose blows as then it blew,
But where's the charm that made us kings
When all was won?—O TIME, thy stings
Are like the serpent's! whilst we tread
Thy steps, and taste the fruit that woos,
Grief's fatal sentence quick pursues,
And strikes Illusion dead.

VIII.

Our ancient Fathers, where are they?
And the blest Prophets, do *they* live
For ever?—Pomp! give ear, and say
What answer the carved marbles give.—
The slumbering statues seem to heave
With utterance,—on the spacious walls
The scutcheon shakes—responsive tones
Rise from ST. WILFRID'S hallowed bones,
And Elfric waves his palls.

IX.

Shriek not—but hearken! 'WE HAVE REIGNED
ON EARTH,—AND ARE NOT!' it is well;
Rest, hoary Elder, unprofaned,
Within thy dark and narrow cell!
What voice, grim WARRIOR, to the spell
Yield'st thou; who once, in Palestine,
With Cœur-de-Lion, or with Clare,
Unfurled thy banners in the air,
And kissed the sacred shrine?

X.

Speak, for thou hear'st! 'I LIVED—I LOVED,
I FOUGHT,—AND AM NOT!' Sheathe thy sword;
It is enough; the Cross, that moved
Thy fire and Luther's, stands restored!
What speech is thine, O thou, THE' ADORED
OF ALL! thy poets, did not they
Vaunt thee immortal, and bribe Fame
With thousand songs to keep thy name
Triumphant o'er decay?

XI.

Speak, then, *thy* history; unclose
Once more thy ruby lips,—I bend
Above, and round thee strew the rose,
Expectant, till thy voice ascend:—
'I CHARMED,—AND AM NOT!'—Heav'n befriend
Thy gentle shade; 'tis sooth!—ev'n so,
We, for whose pleasure Nature showers
Her autumn fruits and summer flowers,
Like you, but come to go.

XII.

On the same antique throne forlorn
I sit, where British kings were crowned,
And blow the huge old Saxon horn,
Which ULPH himself in battle wound,—
With which, his grey dogs barking round,
He roused the wild-wolf from its scaur,
And with his blue-eyed heroes quaffed
In yellow mead a wassail-draught
To Woden and to Thor.

XIII.

Ages on ages have not marred
The ivory tusk, the regal chair,
But all is passed beside—the bard,
Chief, maiden, king, where are they, where!
I weep not for them; earth and air
Will do for us what they have done
With them: sing on, thou lonely bird,
Our grateful songs shall yet be heard
Above the shining Sun!

XIV.

Earth's aged aspects all may change,
Shrines be destroyed, fanes weed-o'ergrown;
Customs and rites wax quaint and strange,
And ev'n our names no more be known;
What then? the SACRIFICE, foreshown
By thousand prophecies, has giv'n
Just spirits access to the Light,
And, in the book where Angels write
Just names, renown in Heaven!

XV.

Then, though this earthly form decay
  Like the sere leaf, as soon it must,
Not all that wits or sceptics say
  Shall rob me of my brightest trust!
  TIME! raise no marble o'er MY dust
To boast of virtues ne'er possessed;
  Enough for me, if I but so
  Live now, as, ages hence, to know
I WEPT, BELIEVED, AND REST!

Woburn Abbey,
11th Mo. 12th, 1825.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE;
An Introductory Poem

FOR THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF TIME'S TELESCOPE.

BY DELTA OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE;
Author of the Legend of Genevieve.

I.

UPROSE the full Moon in a heaven of blue,
And sweetly sang the hermit nightingale,
As, with slow steps, I sauntered through the vale,
Brushing aside the wild-flowers bright with dew;—
There hung a purple haze athwart the hills;
And all was hushed beside me and remote;
Gleamed, as they trickled, the pellucid rills,
Or 'neath the sallows dank seclusion sought;
The stars, dim-twinkling in celestial mirth,
Seemed sleepless eyes that watched the slumber-mantled earth.

II.

Awhile I strayed beneath arbútus trees,
As the scarce-breathing west-wind, with a sigh,
The glittering greenness kissed in wandering by;
Around me roses bloomed; and, over these,
The moss-browned lilac and laburnum bright
Commingled their blown richness; perfume sweet
From wild-flowers breathed, and violets exquisite,
Crushed in their beauty by my careless feet;
O'er earth and air a slumberous influence stole,
With wizard power, that charmed the billows of the soul.

III.

So, as reclining 'mid the blooms I lay,
The moonlight and the landscape bland declined,
And, rapt from outward shows, the tranced mind
Woke 'mid the splendours of another day.—
It was a wondrous scene; receding far
Into the distance, hills o'er hills arose,
Of mighty shapes and shades irregular,—
Here green with verdure, and there capped in snows;
Here gorgeous groves, there desert wastes sublime;
And, gazing, well I knew the changeful realm of Time.

IV.

In the midst a temple stood, whose arches shewed
All architecture's grand varieties;
Carved columns reared their summits to the skies,
While, over others, the dark mould was strewed:
Pile picturesque and wild! with spires, and domes,
And pyramids, and pillars manifold,
And vaults, wherein both bird and beast made homes;
And part was strongly fresh; and part was old;
And part was mantled o'er by Ruin grey;
And part from eye of man had wholly sunk away.

V.

Methought a Spirit led me up the tower,
And bade me gaze to the east;—there, calmly bright,
Revolving pageants charmed my tranced sight,
In that deep glow of Inspiration's hour,
As changed the vision.—On Moriah's steeps
Behold a victim son for offering bound,
While the keen knife the awless Patriarch keeps
Unsheathed to perpetrate the mortal wound;
But, hark, an Angel—"Stay thy hand from death—
For God hath known thee just, Heav'n murmurs of thy faith."

VI.

Now 'tis a desert vast; yet wherefore roam
These countless multitudes? Before them, lo!
The pillared smoke revolves, as on they go,
By Heaven directed to their promised home;
Their garments know not wear; the skies rain bread;
Outgushes water from the obedient rock,
By miracle at once sustained and led;
Until, at length, the Shepherd of the Flock
From Pisgah gazes down on Palestine,
Then shuts in death his eyes that glow with hope divine.

VII.

A crimson battle field!—careering steeds
Over the prostrate and the perished driven;
The Moon turns pale, the Sun stands still in heaven,
As Israel conquers, and the godless bleeds.—
A son's rebellion—'Spare him!' cried the king,
The Father; but, from Ephraim, tidings dire
Smite on his heart; for Joab, triumphing,
Hath slain the erring in relentless ire:
Then bleeds his heart, then bows he in despair—
"Oh Absalom, my son!"—and tears his silver hair.

VIII.

A banquet hall—'tis gorgeous Babylon,
The palace, and the satraps; radiant shine
A thousand lamps; the heathens' festal wine
Brims golden cups that in God's temple shone;—
Quenched is the mirth, the music dies away—
Belshazzar trembles,—for a visible hand
Writes on the wall the date of his decay—
Wealth reft, life forfeited, and bondaged land:—
'Twas darkness then, but, ere red morning shone,
The Persian bursts his gates, the Mede is on his throne!

IX.

Spirit of Homer! is it but a dream,
A spectre of the fancy, that reveals
To us such majesty and power, and steals
The bosom from what is, to what may seem?—
It matters not; still Agamemnon reigns,
The king of men; by Chrysa moors the fleet;
Achilles in his chariot scours the plains,
Shewing to Troy slain Hector at his feet;
Andromache laments, and Ruin lowers
On Priam's princely line, and Ilion's fated towers.

X.

Behold on yon seven hills a city reared,
Immense, majestic, mistress of the world;
O'er all the standard of her power unfurled,
By subject nations is obeyed and feared.
She calls her vassals—Mauritania pours
Her golden tribute; proud Hispania bows;
Rude Albion answers from her chalky shores;
The echo sounds o'er Scandinavia's snows;
Swart Scythia hears the summons; and, afar,
Blue Thule in the main 'neath Eve's descending star.

XI.

Behold the Persian—like a green bay tree
Flaunting in summer beauty, to the shores
Of Hellespont an armed million pours
To shackle Greece—to subjugate the free:
Yet, Xerxes, thou wert man, and shall not die
Thy passionate saying; still thy voice we hear,
As, o'er the peopled plains' immensity,
Flashed to the sunset corslet, helm, and spear;
"A century hence,—and of this fair array
There beats no bosom now, but shall be silent clay!"

XII.

City of Dido, by the sounding sea!
I know thee by thy grandeur desolate—
Green weeds wave rankly o'er thy levelled gate;
The wild-fowl and the serpent dwell in thee.—
Where are thy navies? Whelmed beneath the wave!
Where are thine armies, that with thundering tread
Shook Rome to her foundation-rocks, and gave
Manure to Cannæ of the Roman dead?
Nought of thy vanished state the silence speaks;
The Fisher spreads his nets; on high the heron shrieks!

XIII.

Oh, hundred-gated Thebes magnificent!
Where Memnon's image hymned the march of Time,
As sank the day-star mid the dewy prime,
In tones celestial with the sunrise blent,
I know thee by thy remnants Titan-like;
And thee, proud Memphis, proud alas! no more,
Whose thinned and desolate fragments scarcely strike
The Pilgrim's eye on thy blue river shore;
And thee, Palmyra, mid whose silent piles
Still lingering Grandeur sleeps, the unworshipped Sun still smiles.

XIV.

I see thee now, supreme Jerusalem,
The city of the chosen, great in power;
Glory surrounds thee in thy noontide hour,
Of Palestine's green plains the diadem.—
Now graves give up their dead mid thunders drear
A murmuring multitude on Calvary see!—
The temple's vail is rent;—a sound of fear!
'Tis 'Eli! Eli!' from the accursed tree;
Daylight shrinks waning from the scene abhorred,
And shuddering Nature shares the pangs that pierce her Lord.

XV.

From Danube, see, from Don, and Volga's banks,
Come pouring to the South barbarian hordes,
Innumerous, irresistible; keen swords
Their only heritage, their home the ranks;
Erst like the locusts on Egyptian vales
They darken, and the treasured stores consume;
And Science is o'erthrown; and Courage fails;
And, droop the eagles of imperial Rome;
Art palsied wanes; and Wisdom sighs to find
A second gloomier night o'ershadowing lost mankind.

XVI.

A fierce acclaim! Alarm's loud trumpet-call—
And up in arms the banded nations rise,
The Red Cross standards flout the morning skies,
To rescue Palestine from Paynim thrall:
The Lion-hearted girds his falchion on,—
Bright beams the Gallic ensign o'er the wave;
Death's vultures crowd o'er carnaged Ascalon;
But Salem, unsubdued, resists the brave:—
Where hath the Victor gone? His minstrel plays,—
And from false Austria's cell come back responsive lays!

XVII.

Now rises from the dusk subjected Earth—
Forth walks Civilization, to illume
With Learning's light divine the Gothic gloom,
Awaking man as 'twere to second birth:
Greens barren valley,—blossoms desert plain,—
Towers city flourishing,—smiles hamlet home,—
Track venturous navies the engirding main,—
O'er willing lands Religion's banners roam,—
Dawns mental day—and Freedom's sacred pile
Is reared, by proud resolve, in Albion's favoured isle!

XVIII.

Most fortunate, most fortunate, for now
Broods over Gaul the tempest-cloud of blood!
Down, down it streams around, a crimson flood!
Afar the deluge pours, to overthrow
Peoples, and empires; Chaos frowns on man
With midnight threatening; Reason is o'erthrown;
Red Murder roams in Desolation's van;
And phrenzied Anarchy makes earth her own;
Hope trembles; and Religion, with a sigh,
Shrieks as her burning shrines rejoice the Atheist's eye!!

XIX.

Yet, queen of nations, yet in thee is found
The buckler and the sword;—thy war hath gone
Amid Heaven's foes, invincible, alone—
For all beside were bleeding, faint, or bound;
The rampart of the righteous,—in the day
Of need, thy succouring arm is strongly felt;
Before thy flooding sunlight rush away
Hell's spectral legions, and in shadows melt;
Crushed is the serpent breed, the unholy crew,
And Triumph wreathes thy head on deathless Waterloo!

XX.

I listen, for a sound salutes mine ear
Of harmony divine; beneath the Star
Of Eve, 'tis borne across the waves afar,
From isles that studding Ocean's robe appear:
Hearken ye now to Adoration's tones!
At Truth's pure shrine the heathen bows the knee!
Owns his low worthlessness, submissly owns
His trust in HIM who bled on Calvary!—
Hid the blue main the sailor stays his oars,
Pondering at incense such from lone Pacific shores.

XXI.

Not yet—not yet—not yet Heaven's sunlight darts
Through Error's clouds, and Ignorance's night;
Wide are the realms that, in their cheerless blight,
Pine darkling, with forlorn and sullied hearts.—
'Neath priesthood bigotry, 'neath tyrant thrall,
The wavering tremble, and the bold are mute,
Prone to the dust, o'erawed, Earth's thousands fall,
At the proud tramp of Superstition's foot:
Gleams the keen axe; outgushes the bright flood;
And Moloch's monstrous shrines are dewed with human blood

XXII.

And these know not the name of Liberty;
And those the boon of Reason cast aside;
Time is to both a dark predestined tide,
Floating their shallops to Oblivion's sea;
Pines in its prison unregarded Thought;
The immortal soul is sullied and debased;
A worthless gift is conscience, given for nought;
From man the Maker's stamp is quite erased;
Like autumn leaf, or fly in summer's ray,
He shines his little hour, and vanisheth away!

XXIII.

Then spake the Spirit—'Turn thee to the West,
And see what lies before thee.'—It was dim,
For clouds on the blue air, with shadowy skim,
Were rolling their faint billows; and my breast
Tumultuously heaved, as forth I gazed
Upon that prospect's wild immensity;
For shadows shewed themselves, and then, erased,
Left not a trace on that decayless sky:
Bright forms, some fair like Hope, and some like Fear,
With spectral front sublime, stern, desolate, and drear.

XXIV.

Now 'twas Elysian, bright, and beautiful,
And now a chaos; though, sometimes, a star,
With momentary glitter, shone afar
Through tempest-clouds that made its lustre dull:
All was a mystery, till the Spirit's touch
Opened my eyelids; then the waste arrayed
Its scenes in majesty, whose glow was such,
That dim seemed that which erst I had surveyed;
And such a scope was to that vista given,
That almost I could see the golden gates of Heaven.

XXV.

Beneath 'twas peace and purity; the sword
Was beat into the sickle; and mankind
(As if 'twere daylight poured upon the blind)
The crooked paths of error quite abhorred:
Man's heart was changed; a renovated life
Throbbed in his veins, and turned his thoughts to joy;
Sickening he shrank from blood, and warlike strife,
Loathing the ire that led him to destroy;
Nations were linked in brotherhood; and Crime
Was heard of but as what had stained departed Time.

XXVI.

Then I saw Angels coming down from Heaven,
And mingling with mankind, almost as pure;
For, through the atonement of the Cross, a sure
And marvellous redemption had been given:
All ends of the earth obeyed it;—East and West,
And South and North, responsive echo gave,
The mighty sea of discord, lulled to rest,
Was heard no more; Sin's storm was in its grave;
Religion's mandate bade the tumult cease;
And o'er each mountain-top the banners streamed of peace.

XXVII.

In the same lair the tame beast and the wild
Together caved; the lion and the kid,
Half by the palm-tree's noontide shadow hid,
Rolled mid the wild-flowers with the fearless child;--
When sudden darkness fell: the crackling skies
Together rushed as 'twere a folding scroll;
I knew the end of human destinies,
And speechless awe oppressed my shrinking soul:
When stood an Angel earths unburied o'er,
And swore by HIM that lives, that 'Time should be no more.'

XXVIII.

This was the end of all things, and I turned
Around, but there lay darkness—and a void—
Creation's map, dim, blotted, and destroyed—
The sun, the moon, the stars, no longer burned.
Earth was not now, nor seemed to have ever been—
Nor wind—nor wave—nor cloud—nor storm—nor shine—
Wide, universal chaos wrapped the scene,
And hid the Almighty's countenance divine:
Then died my heart within me; I awoke,
And brightly on mine eyes the silver moonshine broke.

XXIX.

I knew the trees above me—heard the rills
That o'er their pebbles gently murmuring ran;
And saw the wild-blooms, bathed in lustre wan;
And far away the azure-shouldered hills;
Then up I rose:—but, graven, long shall last
On Memory's page the marvels sleep hath shewn,
With wonders spotted the receding past;
With mysteries manifold the future strewn;
The mouldering castle of the spoiler Time;
And Heaven's o'erarching dome eternal and sublime!

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE AND POETRY ON NATIONAL SPIRIT;

An Introductory Poem

FOR THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME OF TIME'S TELESCOPE,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

Author of the Forest Minstrel and other Poems.

'*The poetry of Earth is never dead.*'

Keats.

I.

THERE walks a power amongst us—a magician
Subtle and cruel; potent in the lore
Of realm-consuming Time;—each dread transition
Of states which rose, reigned, passed, and are no more.
And now he sojourns, not as wont of yore
Sly Archimage in deserts for lost knight;
But, where tow'rs rise, amidst the peopled roar,
Where passions glow, all strange desires alight,
There stalks the smiling fiend—there glories in his might.

II.

'Tis GAIN!—insatiate *Gain!*—the shrewdest, worst
Spirit which from our weakness and our need
Draws life; and with his sorceries accurst
All soul and sense, each thought and act can knead
Unto his will; make hope, ambition lead
His victims on; hot emulation wage
War on our sloth, still pointing to the meed
Of halls, lands, honours, glittering equipage,
Till e'en the wise grow mad with his Tartarean rage.

III.

For this, he coops us in his walled towns,
Where the blest spirit of the heavens and earth
May never cope with his, which stuns and drowns
Each nobler thought and feeling in its birth:
For this, the wizard has his pomp and mirth;
For this, the palace shines, the rich man's door
Swings wide with lordly echoes; wisdom, worth,
Learning, and star-eyed beauty, there adore;
Each grace divinely smiles, and pleasure's cup runs o'er.

IV.

For this, the poor,—aye, where abideth he?
Not in his woodbined cottage; not below
The breezy hill, or health-distilling tree;
But, where the toiling mass must ever go,
In close-wedged allies, tenements of woe
And pestilential filth, where the blue sky
Sheds down no heavenly influence, nor the blow
Of perfumed zephyr visits, but where hie
Crime, ignorance, and scorn, to haunt him till he die.

V.

Oh, false and cruel witchcraft! they who speed
Most in their sordid wishes, what reward
Is theirs? Thirst, inextinguishable thirst to feed,
To writhe in hot desires; to freeze in fraud;
To sear the spirit to a thing abhorred,
A joyless, loveless, merciless compound
Of misery and meanness, which, unawed
By voice of past or future, clasps the ground
Till the grave opens—shuts—and the worm is not found.

VI.

And is this all? For this does restless Gain
Urge on its fiery course, spur, gasp and scheme;
Quench ev'ry sense and sympathy of pain,
And blind our very vision, till we deem
Such speculation as the maniac's dream
Is the true wisdom? Till we smiling stand,
And watch fell Av'rice goad his bleeding team;
And man, proud man, poise in his iron hand,
But as each viler tool by which his hopes are spanned.

VII.

Oh! never yet was there intenser need
That, musing on such themes, the bard should give
A warning note; that his alarm should lead
Our fev'rish hearts to question why they live?
Whence came? Where speed we? Of what woof we weave
Th' attiring of our spirits? Why the fires
Of heav'n shine on us? The vast waters heave
In sleepless toil? Why beauteous earth conspires
To rouse a flame within, swerve upwards our desires?

VIII.

Proud queen of the world's waters, our small isle
Has stretched a giant sceptre o'er the deep;
Thro' Indian climes, o'er many a mountain pile,
Her voice is heard. Her dauntless children steep
Strange nations with her spirit; while we keep
One long, bright day of revel on her breast
Midst thronged towns and rural halls, which sleep
In fields and groves o'er whose elysian rest
Beauty has breathed her spell, which kindly arts have blest.

IX.

No more a spot obscure,—a waste no more
Where the grim savage chased th' unfenced deer,
Where, from each woody creek and lonely shore,
The sea-kings rushing carried fire and fear
Thro' heaths forlorn, and huts already drear:
Tyre's prosperous commerce; Roman heart unquelled:
Roman dominion; richer, and more dear,
The arts and songs of Greece; whate'er have welled
From glory's fount of old, here flow, and are excelled.

X.

But Tyre has fall'n:—in th' Eternal City
Ruin, sloth, superstition, make their den;
Greece, the world's love and wonder, woe and pity,
Starts from her chained trance thus late again;
And patriot jealousy, with sleepless ken,
Sees, in our own blest isle's imperial state,
A kindled spark, which, fanned by greedy men,
May breathe its flame on our full-blossomed fate,
And ashes be our dow'r, where glory would create.

XI.

Therefore, ye blessed and eternal twain,
At whose deep founts unebbing joy runs o'er,
Sweet Poesy, and Nature's charmed reign,
Loved for yourselves, I love ye now the more;
For ye can quell the dragon-rage and roar
Of Mammon's rabid and tumultuous crew;
Can teach our tempted spirits still to soar
Above the worldly mind; to still pursue,
Proudly, that heav'n-lit path yet bright'ning on our view.

XII.

Art, Science, Knowledge, scatter forth their treasures,
As from th' exhaustless affluence of the skies;
Taste lures the lowliest to the loftiest pleasures;
But, oh! unveil the sweetness of your eyes!
With their Promethean fire inflame, surprise;
Breathe through all life love, beauty, high devotion;
O'er Art's cold forms diffuse your roseate dyes;
And ye shall guide us through Time's perilous ocean,
With barks full fraught with joy, minds healthful, pure emotion.

XIII.

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares;
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, in heav'nly lays*.'
Blessings be with them; in these striving days,
Without their spiriting voice, where had we been?
Without their generous thoughts our souls to raise,
We were not now spectators of a scene
Where Wealth and Luxury walk, yet mar not Freedom's mien.

XIV.

Loud, from the depths of th' unperishing past,
Their voices have come down; like starry streams
Of heav'nly fire on the world's darkness cast,
Their numbers have burned round us; and their beams
Have glowed, and wrought, filling with fame our dreams.
Blessings be with them! for, in virtue strong,
Their spells have overcome the strong world's schemes;
Have led our feet earth's loveliest bow'rs among;
And linked our hearts to God, to Nature, and to song.

* Wordsworth.

XV.

Blessings be with them, from the first to last!
Yes, with those antique, venerable seers,
Whose simple lives in simple times were past.
They were, in truth, the wild bird's genuine feres;
They loved the greenwood's quiet, and their tears
Scorned not to gush at Nature's lonely thrill;
Green leaves, clear waters, ev'ry thing which cheers,
The 'merle and mavis,' answ'ring from each hill,
Were freshness to their souls, sweet med'cine for all ill.

XVI.

Blessings be on them! and upon their great
And yet more glorious children. Upon him*
Who, hooded with thick darkness, yet elate,
Soared to high heaven, and gazed on Seraphim;
But deemed his native earth nor cold nor dim:
On Shakspeare's sprite, throned 'twixt the wings of Time,
A Protean elf, whose joy is still to skim
Through all things, courts and crowds, and mirth and crime,
Then carol, a woodfay, in the green summer's prime.

XVII.

On him who sang the Minstrel's young career;
On him who wept o'er lovely Auburn's waste;
On him whose song lives thro' the total year;
On him whose 'Task' ne'er ceases; and the last
Who perished not, tho' numbered with the past,—
Byron, whose fiery soul, from fiery shores,
Brought wreaths of amaranth on our hearths to cast;
And Bloomfield, whose meek spirit yet adores
Midst fields, and woods, and skies, where the lark, singing, soars.

Milton.

XVIII.

On them, and numbers whom I may not name,
For my song soon must cease. On that bright host,
The living sons of a most living fame,
Who need no mention, but deserve it most:
Yet, ere the echoes of this lay are lost,
I would a brief and passing tribute yield
To some who, tho' no minstrel name they boast,
Were Nature's genuine priests, and far afield
Had, to their privileged eyes, her choicest scenes revealed.

XIX.

Now the storm roars around me—now the bloom
Of Earth, her greenery, and her pleasantries,
Are shrunk once more into their wintry tomb,
And the fire sparkles, and the lamp supplies
Its ev'ning gleam—where is my paradise?
With White* my spirit finds beloved employ,
A sage who cared not how the world would prize
His sylvan toils, so nought might him annoy,
Roaming, through Selborne woods, in loneliness and joy.

XX.

With Bewick's comic burin next enchanted,
I pass thro' groupes grotesque, to lonely places;
And find how there his curious spirit panted
For Nature, even in her minutest traces;
Clasping unto our sympathy's embraces
All creatures of her solitary reign;
Dwellers of sedgy pools, heaths, parks and chases;
The mountain cliff, and desolated fane,
And all the drear, wild charm of northern isle and main.

* Gilbert White, Author of 'The Natural History of Selborne.

XXI.

Well hast thou chosen—thou for whom I twine
This annual wreath—the path which these pursued;
The joys, which once were theirs, shall now be thine;
By thee, their spirit and their taste renewed,
Shall feed the healthful love of solitude;
Of pure and peaceful thought, and simple pleasure;
And temper those desires which would intrude
For ever on our bosoms, and would measure
All that we think, feel, do, by splendour or by treasure.

XXII.

Then lift thou still the *Telescope of Time;*
Show to young pilgrims in life's wondrous ways
From what to shrink; for what alone to climb;
How the day darkens; the strong limb decays;
That earth has more to value, and to praise,
Than Indian dust, or a conspicuous lot;
Bring to their marv'lling glances scenes which raise
Thirst for those glories which no cloud may blot;
For flow'rs which will not fade, for fruits which perish not.

XXIII.

Still fan the flame of Nature's pure enjoyment
In the young bosom, yet to Nature true;
Still be thy patriotic, blest employment
To wile our steps to flow'ry scenes, and new;
To ocean shores, brown heath, and mountain blue;
Woods, dells, and brooks in June's delicious time;
The soul of their green quiet, sun and dew,
Render inert the world's tenacious lime,
And they, who feel their pow'r, shall less rue that of crime.

Introduction.

ON THE PHYSICAL POWERS, INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, AND MORAL PERCEPTIONS, OF MAN.

BY THOMAS MYERS, LL.D.

When moulded by his Maker's hand, MAN first
Became a perfect form, in symmetry
Complete; but lifeless still—no hand was raised
Volition's act to mark—no rapt'rous eye
The vast expanse surveyed—nor ardent mind,
With awe-suspended voice, inquired, What am I?
All was motionless and mute, as o'er
The breathless form Creation bent, and gazed
In silent wonder.

But, see—th' ALMIGHTY MIND ETERNAL breathes
Upon the frigid mass, and pulse to pulse
Succeeds—Life flows throws ev'ry vein—the eye
In wild amazement rolls—till man his high
Descent evinced, and rose creation's lord.

FEW subjects are capable of exciting a deeper interest than that which constitutes the topic of this Introductory Essay. MAN—emphatically the noblest work of creation—is 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Whether viewed in the symmetry of his form, the majesty of his mien, or the pliability of his physical powers, he is superior to all the other works of his Maker's hand, by which the earth is at once peopled and adorned;—but when we contemplate his intellectual faculties, his moral perceptions, and his eternal destiny, he rises incompre-

hensively in the scale of importance, and infinitely transcends all other sublunary beings. A well-known poet has aptly remarked—

> The spacious west,
> And all the teeming regions of the south,
> Hold not a quarry in the curious flight
> Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair
> As man to man.

If we suffer the eye, aided by the imagination, to throw even a cursory glance over the vast fields of creation, we are equally struck with the inconceivable multitude of animated beings presented to our view, and the harmony which binds the whole into one complete system—a system not merely extending from man to the polypus, but grasping both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms; so that,

> Whatever link we strike,
> Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

Few persons, however, can have taken even this cursory glance at all which the visible creation presents, without having their utmost powers overwhelmed by the magnitude and grandeur of the scene, and feeling a desire to descend from contemplating the whole to a more perfect comprehension of some selected part. Guided by this feeling in our annual endeavours to amuse and instruct the rising generation, we have usually chosen some interesting page from the vast volume of nature, as the subject of an *Introductory Essay*. Various departments of the natural and intellectual worlds have, therefore, successively passed in review before us; yet none which is so nearly allied to SELF—none so important in its connexion and consequences—none, we presume, from its multifarious associations, has yet been presented, which is so interesting as MAN.

To render this delineation as explicit as possible, we shall briefly examine him in his *physical* powers, his *intellectual* faculties, and his *moral* perceptions. In pursuing each of these topics, it is by no means

our intention to carry our readers into the dissecting room of the anatomist, or the cobweb-lined study of the metaphysician; — to follow the casuist in his conjectures — the philosopher in his elaborate researches—or the fanciful speculator through the variety of his reveries;—but to contemplate Man, as we find him, an inhabitant of the globe, endowed with pre-eminent faculties and attributes, and encompassed with crowds of animated beings designed to minister to his wants, and participate with him in the bounties of nature and the enjoyment of life. When viewed in this light, he must not be considered merely as an inhabitant of the present scene, but as placed on the confines of another world, combining the two modes of material and spiritual existence, and forming, as Locke has expressed it, the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. He not only displays the most perfect form in the visible creation, but the gulf which separates all other sublunary beings from the fulness of human intelligence is altogether impassable by them, justifying the exclamation of the poet;—

> How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is Man!

Section I.

ON THE PHYSICAL POWERS OF MAN.

In form erect, and mien majestic, MAN
His lordly stamp imprints on Nature's works;
And while creation's verge he treads, his eye
Th' expanding scene surveys, and darts from earth,
To heav'n. His soul-directed frame, active
And pliant still, mid Sol's refulgent beams
Or Winter's hoary sway, braves ev'ry clime.
From Afric's plains to Zembla's icy capes,
And Antisana's[1] brow, his lowly cot

[1] A farm-house on the gigantic mountain of *Antisana*, is the highest inhabited place on the globe; and, according to Humboldt, is 3,800 feet above the elevated plain of Quito, and 13,500 above the sea.

Or stately pile he rears, and reigns supreme.
Nor does he storms and climes on land's firm base
Alone defy, but winds and waves controuls,
And o'er the mighty deep in triumph rides.

THE superior structure of the human frame, and the pliability of Man's physical powers, have induced some persons to overstep the boundaries of nature, and to represent him as the centre of animal perfection. Providence, however, has adopted a wiser plan, and one far better suited to the station he is designed to occupy; for had he the strength of the lion, with the touch of the spider; could he gaze at the sun with the eagle, and peep into a pore with the fly, these very extremes of power and sensibility would only convert his pleasures into pains, and render him miserable, where he was designed to be happy. We must not, therefore, look for the perfection of his organization, and the wisdom of his Maker, in the union of extremes; but in the adaptation of his frame and constitution to the circumstances in which he is placed.

On directing our attention to the physical condition of Man, the first thing that attracts our notice is his *figure;* as he is the only being, among the multifarious tribes spread over the surface of the globe, that stands *erect.* Some other animals, especially the monkey and the bear, may be made to approximate to this position, but in none of them does the whole surface of the foot press upon the ground, or the *os calcis* contribute to the support of the body. But when Man stands in his natural position, the axis of his trunk is upright, and his heel rests firmly on the earth. This gives him a commanding posture; affords him a peculiar facility of viewing objects in all directions, around and above him; and is therefore justly considered as a distinguishing attribute of his physical pre-eminence.

In briefly sketching the relative anatomy of Man, in order to develope his physical economy, the organ which is regarded as the seat of that noble faculty

which gives him his superiority over the rest of the animal creation, deserves the first attention. The head is, literally, a bony case, apparently formed to contain and protect a soft, complicated, and elaborate substance, which is either the seat of the mental powers, or is closely allied with them; for it seems to be by the peculiarity of this structure, that man exercises his sovereignty over all below, and is capable of directing his powers to all above. In most instances, the superior energies of man are found to bear a certain proportion to the quantity and form of the brain, which exactly fills the hollow part of the cranium. Anatomists have, therefore, considered the form of the skull as indicative of the comparative magnitude of this important organ; but, notwithstanding all their opposite conclusions and conflicting opinions, this is the least known of all the organs of our animal nature. Such have been the diligence and success of modern research, that there is now scarcely a part of the human frame of which the mechanism and utility have not been fully developed. The agency in the economy of life, sustained by the bones, the muscles, and the ligaments, have been distinctly pointed out, and the functions performed by the different viscera clearly explained; but the brain, an organ of the utmost importance, and the one indisputably connected with our very sensitive existence, is so complex in its structure, and incomprehensible in its functions, that it has hitherto baffled all investigation, and still presents nearly a complete 'blank in the rich and cultivated field of knowledge.'

It is generally admitted that the brain is the organ of thought, and the agent by which the soul and body exercise a reciprocal influence upon each other, as it is doubtless subservient to sensation and volition. Many philosophers have also concluded, that it is immediately concerned in all our mental operations, as well as being the instrument by which we feel and act; but how these effects are produced,

has ever eluded the utmost grasp of human intellect. Some have supposed this important part of man to be composed of a congeries of distinct organs, corresponding to the various faculties of the mind; each organ of the one having its appropriate office, and being immediately subservient to some particular function of the other. This supposition occurred to physiologists as early as the reign of Theodosius; but from that time, till a recent period, scarcely any one ventured further than to present a few vague conjectures towards its solution. Even some of the ablest physiologists, among whom were Haller and Van Swieten, considered the organization of the brain too complicated and intricate, and its analysis too difficult, to allow of any hope, that the respective seats of the mental faculties would ever be discovered.

Of late, however, a new theory on this subject originated in Germany with Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, and has been widely diffused throughout several other countries. These ingenious speculators laid it down as the foundation of their doctrines, that the faculties with which man is endowed by his Maker are implanted in him at his first formation, and are not the result of the circumstances in which he may afterwards be placed, or of the wants and necessities to which these circumstances may give rise. They also supposed that each function of the mind is exercised by a distinct portion of the brain; and their object was, therefore, to ascertain, if possible, by observation, the correspondence between these separate parts and their respective faculties. But, as the living brain could not be exposed to their inspection, and, from the nature of its substance, much both of its form and texture are lost very soon after death, their only chance of establishing their theory was an attentive and protracted examination of the skull, by which they hoped to ascertain the various shapes and magnitudes of the corresponding parts of the brain, as indicating the intensity of those mental fa-

culties and passions, which throw such a diversified light and shade over the wide regions of the intellectual world. Such is the complicated and delicate task which those physiologists, and others who have adopted their views, have imposed upon themselves—a task no less than that of accounting for all the diversities of human intellect by a supposed knowledge of what, in its perfect state, they can never examine—a task which, the more we prosecute, the less is our hope of ever seeing it accomplished; as it seems to involve an acquaintance with the *modes* of mental operation, or of the connexion between the soul and body, which appears to be too subtle for the very faculties themselves, in their present state, to comprehend.

If the brain may be considered as the seat of the human mind, the countenance has long been regarded as its index. Here, it has been supposed that men's passions and emotions may be read—here all the secret springs of the soul be traced;—but this is to assume a perfection in the external representation of internal feelings, which a thousand circumstances preclude it from attaining; and whoever, therefore, expects to find the secret springs of the mind seated on the tip of the nose, the point of the chin, or even beaming in the most lucid eye, will soon realize the fallacy of his hopes in disappointment. *Hogarth*, who had certainly studied the subject with a degree of success beyond what most men attain, observes on this point—'Nature has afforded us many lines and shapes, to indicate the deficiencies and blemishes of the mind, while there are none that point out the perfections of it, beyond the appearance of common sense and placidity. Deportment, words, and actions, must speak the good, the wise, the witty, and the brave. All that the ancient sculptors could do, notwithstanding their enthusiastic endeavours to raise the character of their gods to aspects of sagacity above human, was to give them features

of beauty. The God of Wisdom has no more than a handsome manliness.' There is, however, a certain turn of expression in the face, and often a beam of intelligence in the eye, which arrest the attention of the careful observer, and sometimes seems to put us in possession of the speaker's sentiments, before they are clothed in words. The various changes, too, of which the human countenance is susceptible, render it always interesting; the animated brilliancy that sparkles at one moment, and the softened languor that breathes at another, equally excite corresponding motions in the observer's bosom, and create an interest unattached to any other object. The outline of the human face approaches the beautiful figure of an oval, in which variety is most completely blended with simplicity; and the effect is heightened by the gradual diminution of the curve from the broad arch of the forehead to the more contracted one of the chin. The prominence of this feature, in conjunction with the lips, gives a finish and a peculiarity to the human countenance. But it is the eye which imparts life, expression, and animation, to the whole: this is the grand inlet through which images of distant objects flow into the mind. View the work of the painter before the whole is completed;—let it be most exquisitely worked before the eye is pencilled on the canvas, how dull, how vacant is the whole without this 'living crystal!' Such is the admirable adaptation of this organ to the varied and multiplied wants of man, that those who have merely imperfect notions of its structure and properties, can scarcely be ignorant of the wisdom and contrivance so manifest in its formation. We cannot but admire the elevated position of the eye, whence it can survey a multitude of objects with a single glance. Nor is it less distinguished by the extreme ease with which it turns in every direction, and thus in a manner multiplies itself by the various situations it can assume. The suppleness of the lids, with their natural and or-

namental fringe of short hairs, are equally admirable in their formation and design; being adapted to guard the eyes from too powerful impressions of light, to screen them from external injuries, and to aid the power of sleep over all the other faculties. An intimate acquaintance with the mechanism of vision also shows, that the eye is a most perfect optical instrument, on the ground of which, light paints a miniature portrait of every object within the field of vision; among the vast variety of which, it may be safely affirmed, that none exhibits a clearer demonstration of infinite intelligence than the structure of this small organ. To enter into a description of this structure would, however, be inconsistent with the brevity of the present sketch, besides being unintelligible to many of our youthful readers.

As the eye is the organ by which the mind becomes sensible of distant objects, so the ear is that by which it experiences the sensation of sound. The ears being situated in the lateral parts of the head, they are susceptible of impressions from all directions. The progressive pulsations of the atmosphere strike upon the ear, the delicacy of which is such, that it is capable of receiving and conveying to the mind the different characters of which the same tone is susceptible. Thus the flexibility of this organ enables it to receive, with nearly equal ease and certainty, the soft and gentle tones of one instrument, and the vigorous and powerful sounds of another, with the almost infinitely varied accents of the human voice. Still more wonderful, however, is that power by which it is capable of appreciating many different sounds at the same moment of time. In a concert, for example, many instruments and many voices yield at once sounds of various tones and degrees; yet these are readily distinguished from each other by a well formed ear, accustomed to such an assemblage. So admirably, indeed, has Nature adapted this organ to the wants and enjoyments of man, that it

not only ministers to his daily necessities, but is the avenue to unnumbered pleasures.

The nose is the most prominent feature of the human face, and adds much to its beauty; but being nearly motionless, it is not capable of expressing any great variety of passion.

It is generally supposed, that as the medullar substance of the brain, or that part which constitutes the organ of the mind, exceeds the smaller portion which gives nerves to the senses, so the intellectual powers exceed in proportion those of the senses. Now, the face is principally made up of the parts containing the two organs of smelling and tasting; in proportion as those parts are more developed, the size of the face bears a greater ratio to the cranium; and *vice versâ*, when the cranium is large it indicates a large volume of brain, with smaller organs of sense. A large cranium and small face, therefore, denote in general a superiority of intelligence above the converse of these relative proportions.' The general form of the cranium is most materially influenced by the prominence of the facial bones; and the projection of the upper jaw is the circumstance most usually operating in the production of this effect. To ascertain the degree of this, Camper instituted the facial line. For this purpose he supposed a line to be drawn on the profile of the face, horizontally, from the external ear along the bottom of the cavity of the nose, and another from the convexity of the forehead to the most prominent part of the upper jaw. This last is the true facial line, and the angle it makes with the horizontal one indicates the difference in the form of the cranium. This angle is found in the European adult to be on an average about 85°; in the negro about 75°. The ancients appear to have had some notion of this property, as they represented their great men with a facial angle as high as 90°, and even considerably overstepped the limits of nature, in assigning their gods and heroes an angle of

nearly 100°. This facial line, however, does not give the proportion between the cranium and the face above referred to; and a vertical section of the head longitudinally has been supposed as presenting the area of these two parts more effectually; but in this section all below the horizontal line above mentioned is left out of the calculation. The proportional area of the cranium to that of the face, thus obtained, is supposed to afford some comparison between the intellectual and sensual structure of the individual. The proportion of these parts in the European head is found to be nearly as 4 to 1; in the Calmuc as 4 to 1·01; and in the Negro as 4 to 1·02. A statement which, if correct, is sufficient to show that what is considered as the intellectual structure of the different classes of mankind varies but little; while it at once refutes the sophistries of those who would degrade one set of men to justify their own cruelty in making them slaves.

Descending from the head, we find the trunk formed by the ribs projecting from each side of the spine, which has therefore some resemblance to the keel of a ship. It consists of twenty-four vertebræ, which, from the different modes of articulation in the different parts, are capable of various motions; but, in general, the flexibility of the spine in man is not so great as in many inferior animals. Each vertebra is connected with the adjacent ones by a cartilaginous and elastic substance, which yields to pressure, and slowly recovers itself again when the pressure is removed: this is the reason why a man who has been carrying heavy burdens all day, is always shorter at night than in the morning. Twelve pair of ribs issuing from the sides of the spine, and meeting, by their cartilaginous extensions, in the breast bone, form the cavity of the thorax. This contains the heart and lungs, which anatomists consider as the seat of the vital functions, and which certainly perform some of the most important operations in the animal economy.

The human heart is a hollow muscle, containing four separate cavities. These consist of two auricles and two ventricles; the former receive the blood from the veins, the latter send it forth to the arteries. The heart is situated near the centre of the body, a little towards the left side; a vertical section dividing the thorax into two equal parts would, therefore, pass through the right side of the heart. The office which this important organ performs in the circulation of the blood is thus described:—'The blood returning through the veins from the different parts of the body is poured into the right auricle from the vena cava. This cavity, when distended, contracts, and forces its contents into the right venticle, from whence it is, by a similar contraction of the walls of this cavity, propelled into the pulmonary arteries, which circulate it through the lungs; the pulmonary veins return this blood, improved by absorbing oxygen in its passage through the lungs to the left side of the heart, into the left auricle: this forces it into the corresponding ventricle, whence it is projected into the aorta, by which it is passed on through the different ramifications of the arterial system to every part of the body, and is again returned by the veins, which, gathering in size near the heart, unite in one trunk, called the vena cava, which pours the blood into the right auricle, as before mentioned. The blood so circulated is the grand pabulum which supports the structure, and supplies the waste of every part of the system. It is reducible to several constituent parts, and is formed from the chyle, which is elaborated from the food in the process of digestion. The red colour of the blood is supposed to arise from its containing a portion of the phosphate of iron. The rapidity of its motion may be conceived from the following calculation, Each ventricle is supposed to contain rather more than an ounce; the heart contracts or pulsates, at an average, about 4000 times in an hour—consequently 4000 ounces of blood, or nearly 300 pounds, passes

through it in that space of time.' It is, besides, estimated, that the whole mass of blood in an adult is about twenty-five pounds; therefore this quantity circulates through that organ nearly twelve times in an hour, or about once in every five minutes.'

The lungs are the next organs in the human chest. They consist of a cellular substance, divided into two lobes, and each lobe into smaller lobules. The lungs are covered with a fine membrane, and, when dilated, fill up the distended cavity of the chest. The air enters them during inspiration, and fills up the cells they contain; an enlargement of the chest at the same time takes place, which is laterally effected through the elevation of the ribs by means of the intercostal muscles. The longitudinal enlargement arises from the movement of the diaphragm, or muscular partition between the thorax and abdomen. This is usually convex towards the thorax; but during inspiration it becomes flat, and consequently the thorax is enlarged in that direction; which is quickly succeeded by a reaction of the muscles of the abdomen, pressing the diaphragm into its former position; the intercostal muscles also relax, the ribs sink, and the whole cavity of the chest is consequently contracted, and the air which had just been received is again expelled. This constitutes the process of respiration, so necessary to our animal existence, and which takes place about four times in a minute. This frequency always indicated the importance of the process; but its effects on the system were long classed among the mysteries of nature, and awaited the advancement of chemistry to develope them. This science has now shown that atmospheric air consists principally of oxygen and nitrogen gases, the quantity of the former being to that of the latter nearly as twenty-one to seventy-eight. Modern science has also determined that nitrogen is unfit for respiration, and that it is the oxygen alone which is absorbed by the blood vessels of the lungs. Hence the object of

respiration is the reception of a certain portion of oxygen gas into the system at each inspiration, which produces very sensible effects on the blood in the lungs. When this fluid is returned by the veins to the heart, it is of a dark purple colour; but in its passage through the pulmonary vessels it throws off a quantity of carbon and hydrogen, and imbibes oxygen, which changes its colour to a bright scarlet. The office of the lungs is, therefore, to purify the blood by separating the oxygen from the air taken in by breathing; and thus renovating that vital fluid, and fitting it to perform its important functions in the animal economy; abundantly demonstrating the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of creative design.

> Were once the energy of air denied,
> The heart would cease to pour its purple tide;
> The purple tide forget its wonted play,
> Nor back again pursue its curious way.

When the lungs are fully extended, they are supposed to contain, on an average, about 220 cubic inches, and in natural breathing we receive and expel about forty cubic inches each time; the lungs, therefore, never discharge the whole of their contents, but always retain about 180 cubic inches of air. Consequently, if four respirations take place in a minute, and forty inches of air are inhaled and discharged each time, 9600, or rather more than forty wine gallons, will be expended every hour, or nearly 1000 gallons a day. The cells of the lungs are coiled up, but, when fully extended, are considered to be equal to the surface of the whole body.

A different set of organs exist in the abdomen, which Nature has designed to elaborate matter to repair the waste of the solid parts of the frame. The most important of these is the stomach. This receives the food, which it assimilates to the nature of the system, by a process as wonderful as any thing within the whole range of natural operations. The

stomach is composed of different coats, from the innermost of which a highly organized fluid, called the gastric juice, is secreted; which acts upon the food, and in a short time assimilates it to the nature of the system. Though this juice is sufficiently powerful to destroy almost every thing that is introduced into the stomach, yet all living matter seems capable of resisting its influence; and it is from this property alone that the coats of the stomach in a living subject are unaffected by its power. As soon, however, as dissolution takes place, this active agent exerts its prerogative, and the stomach itself becomes its prey. The office of the other viscera of the abdomen are far more obscure than this; but they are, in all probability, auxiliary to its efforts. The liver is the organ by which the bile is secreted, and which some anatomists consider as a secretion necessary to be regularly carried out of the system.

To the outside of the trunk, the upper and lower extremities are attached; the former have little more than a muscular adhesion to the body. The scapula upon which the arm moves is situated in a bed of muscles behind the shoulder; and the arm is also articulated with the scapula by another set of muscles. The muscles in general are designed for the movements of the different parts of the body, and combine convenience and ease with considerable power. They are, however, levers of the third order, with the power applied between the fulcrum and the point of resistance. If we take the biceps muscle, as an example, we shall find it rises above the shoulder joint, passes in a close and compact form along the front arm, and is inserted into the radius just below the bend of the elbow, and its use is to raise the fore-arm. To have given it, therefore, the greatest mechanical advantage, it must have been inserted at the wrist, but this would have been more than counterbalanced by the bulky and unwieldy nature of the arm. As the same observations apply equally to all

the other muscles of the body, it is obvious the system is constructed upon a mechanical disadvantage, as they uniformly act by a leverage of the smallest power; but the convenience and elegance thus obtained more than compensate for the loss, and fully manifest the wisdom of creative design. To complete the multifarious movements and uses of the arm, nature has attached to it the hand, the structure of which is so complicated, elaborate, and ingenious, that it induced Galen, after describing it, to exclaim, *Considera igitur hic etiam mirabilem sapientiam.*

The lower extremities move on the pelvis by large masses of muscles, which, with the bulk of the calves, constitutes the peculiarity of the human legs. It is by the balancing power of these muscles, and placing the heel firmly on the ground, that man is enabled to maintain his erect posture; and when they are relaxed, either by death or any other cause, the body falls forward. The muscles in general seem to be composed of delicate fibres of a peculiar kind, encompassed and united by a substance like cellular matter; and supplied with blood vessels, absorbents, and nerves. It has been found by careful dissection that these fibres are similar in their form and general appearance as well as dimensions, and seldom exceed the forty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter: they are all more or less flattened, and entirely solid.

The *arteries* of the human frame resemble the trunks and branches of two trees; one trunk, called the *pulmonary* artery, rises from the right ventricle of the heart; and the other, denominated the *aorta*, springs from the left ventricle. Each of them is a tube of nearly an inch and a quarter in diameter, and their sides are about the twelfth of an inch in thickness. Each begins to divide into separate branches very near its origin, and by the successive ramifications of these different branches the whole body is ultimately supplied. This ramification proceeds till the vessels become too small to be followed either by the

naked eye or the microscope, unless filled with some thin-coloured fluid.

The *veins* are distributed throughout the body like the arteries, and, like them, consist of numberless ramifications; but in describing them, anatomists invert the order followed in respect to the arteries, and consider the trunks as formed by the successive union of the branches. Veins both of a large and middle size are supplied with valves, which generally occur in pairs near together. The absorbent vessels are a system of tubes, distributed throughout the body in the same manner as the blood vessels. They are very minute at first, afterwards unite successively with each other, till at last they form two trunks, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter. These ultimately open into two veins, one on each side of the neck.

In addition to these the muscular part of the body also contains the *nerves*, which are cords of a peculiar texture, and all connected, either directly or indirectly, with the central mass. Great variety is observed in the mode of their distribution, as they sometimes spread themselves by regular ramifications, at others they divide into branches, and then soon unite again. Others form a *plexus* or net-work variously interwoven; and there is but one nerve in the whole frame which neither exhibits any ramification nor is connected with any other. This is the optic nerve. The nerves are composed of what anatomists call nervous matter, and which differs little from the substance of the brain, inclosed in sheaths of a peculiar substance. These filaments of nervous matter are of different sizes; but they seldom exceed the thickness of a human hair, and in general are smaller than the finest fibres of silk; so that they require the assistance of the microscope to discover them. These all spring either from the brain or the spinal cord. Eight pair are enumerated as issuing from the former, and thirty-four from the latter.

These observations form a cursory view of the out-

line of the human figure, the form and dimensions of which have continued nearly the same from the first creation of man to the present moment. The Roman Emperor Augustus was considered as of a middle stature in his time, and was in height about five feet nine inches of our measure. Besides which, the Egyptian mummies, which have been preserved perhaps for three thousand years, exhibit no remarkable difference in this respect.—On reviewing the whole mechanism of the human frame, we cannot fail of being struck with the peculiar adaptation of its different parts. Manifestly complex and elaborate in its organization, it combines so much harmony and unity in its plan, and displays so much power and wisdom in its execution, as at once to bid defiance to scepticism, and justify the expression of the learned Bellini: '*Magnus Dominus! Magnus Fabricator Hominum Deus! Magnus atque Mirabilis! Conditor rerum Deus quam Magnus es.*'

It is an invariable law of nature, that all organized bodies, after completing their evolution, reproducing their species, and fulfilling the purpose of their creation, cease to exist, and return to the elements of which they are composed. Man can enjoy life only on the condition of mortality. Though he should escape the crowd of accidents and diseases that hover around him from the first moment of his existence to the close of his life, the seeds of decay, sown in his very nature, ripen as he proceeds in his career, till they consume the capability of his organs to discharge their respective functions, and he 'goeth,' according to the expression of the Psalmist, 'to his long home.' The period of his allotted course below, at the utmost, is not now very protracted; for though it harmonized with the plans of Divine Providence, that the existence of the antideluvians should extend through several centuries, the thread of life has for nearly three thousand years been cut short at a much earlier period. Whatever was the immediate cause

of this decrease, it is now beyond the power of man to discover; but from the age of Noah to that of David, a period of thirteen hundred years, there seems to have been a gradual diminution. Noah lived to the age of 955 years, Abraham to 175, Moses to 120, and David to 70 years; since that time this has been considered as the natural limit of human existence; for, though a few individuals have passed this line of mortal demarcation, they are but exceptions to the general rule, and thousands fall much further short of it. The general average cannot be estimated at more than from thirty to forty years, though no standard can be fixed for all regions and countries. The influence of climate, food, occupation, manner of life, and other circumstances, is so various, in different regions, that the term of natural life must bear a corresponding variety.

In this brief sketch, our object has been to present our youthful readers with a general idea of the physical nature and general properties of the human *species*, without regard to the variety of form, or that modification of parts, by which both nations and individuals are obviously distinguished. This first distinction between one people and another which strikes the eye of an observer is the colour of the skin, which now forms a very constant, general, and hereditary characteristic of different nations; more especially of such as are placed under contrasted physical circumstances. The hereditary character of this property is sufficiently evinced by the influence which the colour of both parents of different varieties have on that of their offspring. The seat of this colour is considered to be in a thin mucous stratum, interposed between the cuticle and the true skin; the native reddish white of which appears through this stratum. It is very thin and almost devoid of colour in the white races of mankind. In the darker varieties, it is not only much thicker, but of a deeper colour; till in some

cases it becomes little different from a black pigment. Man, however, exhibits every shade, from the snowy whiteness of the most delicate of European females to the shining jet of the Negro. Though none of these varieties obtain so universally as to be found in every individual of a nation, or are so restricted as not to be found at all among another people under widely different circumstances from those where they constitute the prominent characteristic, yet, so far as relates to native colour, mankind may be arranged under the following classes, viz. *White*, to which the redness or rose-coloured bloom of the cheeks, is almost wholly restricted.—*Yellow*, or *Olive*, which is a middle tint between those of wheat and dried lemon-peel.—*Red*, or *Copper-colour*, which is an obscure orange or cinnamon shade.—*Tawny*, or *Brown*, a shade between those of fresh mahogany and dried chesnuts.—*Black*, varying from the sooty shade to that of jet. In classing these varieties, only the most marked and distinguishing tints have been enumerated; for even the most opposite extremes run into each other by delicate and imperceptible gradations. Some other properties of the skin have also been stated as general characteristics. Its soft and silky feel distinguishes the Carib, the Negro, the Otaheitean, and the Turk, while in some races it secretes a matter of a peculiar odour, as in the Carib and the Negro.

The colour of the *hair* has also been adopted as a distinguishing criterion of the tribes of mankind. This being nourished from the common integuments, is necessarily connected with them by a sympathetic union, and varies with almost every change of complexion; yet it is subject to a few general divisions; as—*Brownish*, verging towards red or black, which is copious, soft, and long, and sometimes slightly undulated.—*Black*, *straight*, and *thin*.—*Black*, *soft*, *profuse*, and *curled*.—*Black* and *crisp*, usually denominated woolly. Though this classification is sufficient for a general view of the subject,

the shades are not only mixed in the same nation, but the gradations often glide insensibly into each other.

It has long been an equally common and just observation, that no two individuals can be found with exactly the same expression of features and identity of countenance; yet it is equally true that the inhabitants of wide regions are generally distinguished from each other by a peculiar physiognomy. These, like the preceding distinctions, have been reduced to separate classes.—1. The oval face, with the different parts well defined. The forehead rather flattened, the nose narrow, and slightly aquiline. The cheek bones have little prominence, the mouth is small, and the lips, especially the under one, slightly turned out; and the chin full and round.—2. The broad and flattened face, with little distinction of parts. The space between the eyes is broad, but the opening of the eyelids narrow and linear. The nose flat, the cheeks rounded, and projecting externally; and the chin slightly protuberant.—3. Face broad, and cheek-bones prominent; forehead short, and eyes deeply seated, with the nose rather flat, but well raised.—4. Face narrow, and projecting towards the lower part; forehead arched, eyes prominent, nose thick, and not well defined; the lips thick, the jaws protuberant, and the chin retracted.—5. The face rather broader than in the last case, slightly projecting downwards, with all the parts more distinct, with the nose full and large, particularly towards the end, the mouth also large.

It is obvious that this classification of the countenance, as well as that of the other distinguishing characteristics of the various divisions of mankind, must admit of numerous exceptions; and we are fully aware that many such have been pointed out by observant travellers and learned physiologists; but these views are intended only to embrace the general outlines. We have already given (see Introduction

to T. T. for 1824, p. civ) a brief statement of the five classes into which M. *Blumenbach* has divided the human race. This includes most of the above particulars, and is so closely connected with the present subject, that we shall not hesitate to repeat it with some slight additions.

1. The *Caucasian* race. The distinguishing characters of these are, a white skin, red cheeks, brown hair, sometimes verging towards yellow or black, but always soft, long, and undulating; the head is symmetrical and rather globular; the forehead moderately expanded, the cheek bones narrow, with an oval face, a thin nose, slightly aquiline, the lips turned gently out, the chin round, and the facial angle large. This class includes all the Europeans, except the Finns, Samoieds, and Laplanders; with the people of Northern Africa, and those of Western Asia, as far as the Ob on the north, the Caspian in the centre, and the Ganges in the south; and accords best with our idea of beauty. The appellation of this variety is derived from Mount Caucasus: because this is indisputably the seat of the most beautiful race in the world.

The palm of beauty is uniformly ascribed by travellers to the Georgians, respecting whom Chardin observes, 'I have not seen a single ugly countenance in the country, but have seen numerous angelic ones. Nature has bestowed on the women graces and charms which we see in no other place. It is impossible to look on them without loving them. More beautiful countenances and finer figures than those of the Georgian women, cannot even be imagined.' Numerous arguments might be urged for placing the first families of men nearly on this region, and various reasons assigned for considering the Georgians as the nearest approximation to the primitive appearance of the human race: for it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive a representative of the mother of mankind in one of these elegant females. One strong reason for considering white as the pri-

mitive colour of man is, that it easily degenerates into darker shades, which grow lighter only by very slow degrees.

2. The *Mongolians*, who have olive skin, black hair, straight and strong, the head almost square, the cheek-bones prominent, and the face broad and flat. The features are less distinct than in the preceding class; the eye-brows slightly arched, with the space between them flat and broad, and the aperture of the eyes small and linear. The nose is also rather diminutive and flat; the cheeks project externally, and the chin is slightly protuberant. Under this class are ranked all the remaining Asiatics, except the Malays, besides the Finns, the Laplanders, the Greenlanders, and the Esquimaux, who spread over the northern parts of America, as far as Behring's Straits. The Mongolians are widely diffused over the continent of Asia, and are often erroneously included under the appellation of Tartars; the various tribes of which properly belong to the first division. This circumstance appears to have arisen from the Calmucs, and other Mongolian tribes, who overran the empire of the Saracens under Zenghis Khan, being called Tartars in the 'Historia Major,' instead of the tribes they had conquered. The Tartars, however, are connected with the Mongols by the Kirgises and other neighbouring tribes, in the same manner as the former are joined to the Indians by the inhabitants of Thibet, with the Americans by the Esquimaux, and the Malays by the people of the Philippine Islands.

3. The *Ethiopian variety* have the skin black, the hair black and woolly, the head laterally compressed, the forehead arched, the cheek-bones projecting forward, prominent eyes, flat nose, and not well defined; the lower jaw extended, the front teeth in the upper projecting obliquely forward, and the lips thick. This class contains all the Africans, besides those included in the first variety. These are the

people whose appearance is most contrasted with our own, and against whom the cupidity of commerce and the crimes of Europe have long combind to foster the most unfounded and degraded prejudices. Nature, however, is far less partial in the bestowment of her bounties to *all* her children, than the lords of one part of the world are inclined to allow to the slaves of another.

4. The *American* race. In these the skin is red or copper coloured, the hair black, stiff and straight, the forehead short, the face and cheek-bones broad, the eyes sunk, and the nose flat, but prominent; and all the features of the countenance tolerably distinct. This division embraces all the aboriginal tribes in the New World, except the Esquimaux, which have been already assigned to the second variety. The total want of beard has also been considered as one of the characteristics of this race; but this was nothing more than an erroneous conclusion derived from partial premises. Some of these tribes carefully extract the beard from its very first appearance; and from an observation of these it was hastily concluded that the smoothness of the chin was a natural characteristic of the people, rather than an effect of caprice.

5. The *Malays*. In these, the skin is brown or tawny, the hair abundant, soft, black, and curled; the head rather narrow, and the forehead slightly arched, the parietal bones prominent, but not the cheek-bones: the nose full, broad and thick towards the extremity; the mouth large, and the upper jaw projecting, but the profile much more distinct than that of the Ethiopean variety. These are diffused over a vast portion of the globe, embracing the peninsula of Malacca, the oriental Archipelago, with the Ladrone, the Molucca, the Philippine and the Polynesian Islands. The name bestowed upon this class has arisen from the general use of the Malayan language, not only in the peninsula itself and the ad-

jacent Archipelago, but in all the wide regions from the island of Madagascar to the Friendly Isles.

As the national characteristics of the American race constitute them the intermediate variety between the Caucasians and the Mongolians, so the Malay forms the middle link between the Caucasian and the Ethiopian. In viewing these divisions, therefore, as they stand connected with each other, the Caucasian must be considered as the centre, the Mongolian and the Ethiopian as the two extremes, while the American and the Malay constitute the middle terms. This diversity in the appearance of the human race has caused some writers to adopt the unscriptural idea that mankind have sprung from different sources; but when it is considered that they exist under such an immense variety of circumstances, physical, moral, and political, there cannot be any necessity for resorting to such a conclusion to account for the facts which every where present themselves. Man has not only greater versatility of mind than the lower species of animals, but he is also endowed with a greater pliancy of body; by which he is enabled to claim the whole earth for a habitation, and the sea for a possession. It is by this property of his constitution that he can exist with comparative ease in all countries; which manifests the goodness of the Creator in forming the whole world for his abode. As our knowledge of the globe has increased, the idea of Horace, which is expressed in the following words, has been completely exploded:

> Pone me sub curru nimium propinqui
> Solis, in terra domibus negata.

Man is therefore found in all climates, from the snow-built huts and frozen caves of the north, to the parched and scorching plains of the African deserts. In the one case he lives and follows his occupations where not only the vegetable tribes are almost extinct, but where the polar fox and the bear,

half-frozen and perishing with hunger, hide themselves in the holes of the ground. In the other, he sustains a temperature that nearly causes spirits of wine to boil. The late expeditions to the arctic regions have afforded abundant proof of the amazing pliability of the human constitution in sustaining great and sudden changes of temperature. When Captain Parry and his brave companions wintered at Melville Island, in the early part of 1820, the thermometer sunk to 55° below zero, or 87° below the freezing point: yet even this intensity was not attended by any serious consequences, and exercise was taken in the open air whenever the wind and snow permitted; though, in passing from the cabin to this, the men often experienced a change of temperature of 100 or 120 degrees. Notwithstanding their being thus exposed for months, not an inflammatory disease, beyond a common cold, occurred.

Striking and permanent as the dissimilitude undoubtedly is, between the Negro on the coast of Guinea, the New Hollander, the Caucasian, the native of Britain, the Esquimaux, and the Patagonian, it may be sufficiently accounted for by the long continued operation of physical, political, and moral causes: an investigation of their influence on the appearance and characteristic qualities of the human species, however, would be inconsistent with the necessary brevity of the present Essay. Much information may be obtained on this subject from the *Introduction* to *Myers*'s large work on *Modern Geography*.

To this slight sketch of the human frame, and the diversity to which it is subject in different regions, it may be proper to subjoin a brief view of the *Senses*, which are the inlets to all our knowledge, and the links that connect the whole external creation with our intellectual existence. All the emotions that constitute the rationality and felicity of human beings originate in impressions made upon these organs: it

is, in fact, the combination and comparison of the ideas derived from these impressions, that form the basis of all our acquisitions—administer to all the pleasures and pains of life—and excite every faculty of the mind, and every power of the soul.

The number of our senses is *five*, constituting as many distinct avenues through which the mind receives its various sensations: these are the *touch*, *taste*, *smell*, *sight*, and *hearing*. The *sense of feeling* is either general, as diffused over the whole body, or it may be considered as that peculiar and exquisite degree of it which exists at the extremities of the fingers, and informs the mind of the various qualities of tangible bodies. It is by this sense that we become acquainted with the magnitude, figure, roughness, smoothness, heat, cold, &c. of such bodies as are subject to the touch. The possession of feeling is so universal, that it is not, perhaps, altogether denied to any individual in existence; nor can we conceive a total deprivation of it, except with life itself. The senses of *taste* and *smell* are nearly allied to each other; the difference being only, that in the former the substance tasted must be brought into actual contact with the nerves of the tongue and the palate; while in the latter it is only necessary that the effluvia from the substance should touch the olfactory nerves; and the sensation is produced irrespective of the substance. These, as well as the sense of feeling, are under the influence of association, and minister greatly both to our pleasures and pains; in the one case acting as a stimulus to the attainment of what is desirable; in the other, as a warning against what is unpleasant or injurious.

The *sense of vision* is the most noble of all our sensitive powers, as it neither requires us to be in actual contact with the body, as the touch and taste, nor within the influence of its effluvia, as the smell, but extends to a vast distance, and takes in a multiplicity of objects at once: but while the other senses

come into immediate operation, as soon as we receive our natural existence, the sight acquires all its perfection from experience and habit: it conveys to the mind ideas of the figure, magnitude, distance, position, and motion of bodies; but it is obvious that it is experience alone that can afford us correct views on these subjects. The works of creation, the beauties of nature, and the elegancies of art, are all subjects of this noble sense; and when associated with our intellectual feelings, they enter deeply into all the mental operations of our rational existence.

Of all the senses, however, which contribute to the developement of the mental faculties, cherish the understanding, and inform the judgment, that of *hearing* is the most extensive and important: without this, man is, in a great measure, deprived of the blessings of reason, and loses one of the great characteristics of his nature, the power of the human voice—he is dumb, *because* he is deaf. Ideas are annexed to sounds, and therefore, by the power of association, the moment the one strikes the ear, the others are renewed in the mind. Sound also becomes associated with many of the visible appearances and tangible qualities of surrounding nature; and hence, man is emphatically the pupil of this sense. Destitute of it, not only the multifarious sounds of nature, and the charms of music, but the sighs of sympathy, the accents of condolence, the whispers of love, and the ten thousand modifications of the human voice, fall upon the ear as upon a marble statue—their associated endearments reach not the soul.

Man is peculiarly distinguished from the inferior parts of creation by the power of speech, by which he clothes his feelings in the accents of language, and conveys them to others. This raises him, beyond conception, in the scale of being—places him on the throne of this lower creation—and gives him domi-

nion over all the sublunary works of his Maker's hand. Without this power, the finest thoughts and tenderest feelings of the mind would be lost to society—the results of reason would be restricted—the flights of genius retarded—the influence of sympathy diminished—and all the operations of the intellect impeded. With it, our thoughts are carried beyond ourselves, and mingled with those of others in social intercourse. From it, the brightest eye receives additional lustre—the sweetest countenance acquires fresh beauty—and society is re-animated till a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul' becomes the concomitant of cultivated intellect. It is from the energies of speech, too, that the fascinating powers of eloquence, and the irresistible charms of melody, are acquired, which so often transfix the thoughts, soothe the affections, and inspire the bosom with sacred delight.

Such is a brief outline of the wonderful organization of MAN. In this sketch we have purposely avoided all detail, as inconsistent with the nature of this Essay. Enough, however, has been said to excite our admiration, though not to gratify our curiosity. Here we find nearly two hundred and fifty different bones, all peculiarly adapted to each other, and so united as to give strength and stability to the frame—hundreds of muscles and tendons securing its motion, and fitting it for action—nerves diffused in every direction for the purpose of carrying on sensation—arteries spreading from the heart to carry out the blood, and veins, from the very extremities, verging from all directions to the heart, providing for its return—with glands for all the secretions, and tubes for conveying nourishment to the blood. It cannot appear less than wonderful to the reflecting mind, that so many substances as enter into the composition of the human body should be secreted from the same blood; nor is it less surprising that the blood itself may, in every instance, be traced to the grass of the field as its origin. With an organization so compli-

cated and delicate as that of man, is it not amazing that his health should be so little interrupted, and his existence so comparatively protracted? when a muscle or a bone out of place, a vein or an artery stopped, or a nerve unduly strung, produces disease, pain, or death! When, therefore, we not only enjoy so much health and pleasure, but find ourselves endowed with faculties for appreciating the wonderful works of creation, and rising thence to contemplate their great FIRST CAUSE, ought not our feelings to be those of rapturous devotion, while we call upon our souls, and all that is within us, in 'expressive silence to muse His praise?'

Section II.

ON THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES OF MAN.

'Man is obviously the highest order of the visible creation, the noblest inhabitant of the present world, and the supreme terrestrial sovereign of animated nature; eminently excelling all the other orders in the perfection of his sympathetic, intellectual, and moral faculties.'

Then was reason given, as man's best guide
His Maker's works to scan, and wisdom's ways
Pursue throughout Creation's ample bounds,
Material and mental—Not in forms
Detached or insulated ends alone,
JEHOVAH'S matchless skill to trace, but far
Beyond these meaner things to pass, and seize
The golden chain that objects infinite
In one harmonious whole combines.

DISTINGUISHED as man obviously is by the symmetry, harmony, and general perfection of his physical organization, he is still farther raised in the scale of animated being by his *intellectual endowments*. As the body is composed of numerous organs, each of

[1] Referring to the Creation.

which is essential to the perfection of the whole, so the mind includes various faculties, none of which can be defective without injuring the rest. The lungs are not more essential to the functions of the heart, than is accurate conception to soundness of judgement—the circulation of the blood is not more necessary to the animal economy, than memory to the mental. But these are not primary operations[1] of the mind; they rest equally upon consciousness, and this again upon the still more elementary operations of sensation and perception. Consciousness is that faculty by which all the other powers are made known to us; and it therefore demands the first place in any inquiry relative to our mental structure. It is the *only* evidence of our existence:—we think, and therefore we live. The power of consciousness appears to be altogether denied to the lower animals; nor does it manifest itself in man till most of the other faculties have experienced considerable developement. The wants and purposes of life require that we should first become well acquainted with those objects of nature and art with which we are externally connected, and which are the principal sources both of our pleasures and pains. Our senses and perceptive powers are, therefore, first brought into exercise, and acquire maturity; then follow such as are purely intellectual. To this latter class belongs consciousness; which, however, is a faculty that is not only

[1] The terms *faculty*, *operation*, or *power of the mind*, have long been employed to denote the various phenomena of human thought. It should, however, be remembered, that, by the various *faculties* of the mind, it is not separate and independent energies, which may be supposed to unite in forming the mind itself, that are to be understood; but merely different modes of action of the same thinking principle. Dr. *Reid* defines the mind to be that in man which 'thinks, remembers, reasons, wills.' By the *operations* of the mind, we understand every mode of which we are conscious. The *faculties* of the mind, and its *powers*, are often used as synonymous expressions;' and in most cases they may safely be considered as such.

exercised by the philosopher and the contemplative character, but also by the illiterate and laborious part of mankind. The languages of the rudest tribes contain words expressive of the simplest operations of the mind, as thinking, willing, perceiving, remembering, &c.; a circumstance which is a proof that these things are known, and familiarly spoken of as matters of belief, even among those who have paid the least attention to operations of this kind. These tribes, however, are only acquainted with the simplest faculties; but as they ascend in the scale of civilization, their ideas, and with them, words of this description, become more copious.

At an early period of life, the faculty of consciousness lies dormant, so that many trains of thought may have then passed through the mind, without having left any traces of their existence. In this respect uninstructed persons, in general, differ little from children; being seldom aware of the precise trains of thought by which their conduct, in many of the most important affairs of life, is regulated. Mr. *Stewart*, in his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, has denoted this class of mental operations by the term *attention*. It is principally to the exercise of consciousness that we are indebted for the conviction of our personal, or rather intellectual, identity; for it may be safely affirmed that every one considers himself absolutely certain, that, whatever changes his body may undergo, his mind always continues one and the same. To arrive at this conclusion, however, consciousness is not the only acting power; Memory must lend its aid in giving a rational explanation of the origin of this conviction; for consciousness embraces only the present, while memory supplies a knowledge of the past. It is by a comparison of both these that our idea of intellect is established.

The operation of consciousness always induces a firm belief of the real existence of those objects respecting which it supplies information; and it is on this evidence alone that the knowledge of our va-

rious intellectual faculties, as well as the belief of our own existence, ultimately rests. Nor can this conviction be resolved into any process of reasoning, or any other operation of the mind; for, should we be asked why we believe we have a soul, the only reply that we can give is, that we *feel* we have, or, more correctly speaking, are *conscious* of it. When *Descartes* was anxious to form a new system of philosophy, free from the absurdities and false assumptions of the schoolmen, the evidence of consciousness was the only principle which he considered worthy of being admitted without proof. Even Mr. *Hume*, the most sceptical of modern philosophers, implicitly admits this principle, in reference to his *impressions* and *ideas*, the reality of which rests entirely upon the supposed fact of his being conscious of them. Consciousness, therefore, seems to be universally and intuitively admitted; but, that, according to the Cartesian and Sceptical systems, it is the *only* principle which ought to be so admitted, we are by no means prepared to allow. Having thus given a general idea of that power of mind, by which alone we become sensible of its other faculties, we shall now present some of the most useful information respecting them.

There are few subjects more curious and interesting than the manner in which the intellectual powers of man are gradually developed. The slowness of the process in children is too apt to produce impatience, when it ought to excite our admiration; as without it those faculties would, undoubtedly, counteract each other. The first impressions the mind receives are obviously those of external objects, through the medium of the senses, and to which metaphysicians have applied the term *sensation*. This is, therefore, the part of our intellectual constitution which is most intimately connected with corporeal objects, and forms the principal link in the mysterious union between soul and body. Hence, as the senses

are capable of performing their destined offices, even in infancy, sensation ought to be considered as among the very first objects of consciousness *Perception* is another faculty of the mind which generally accompanies sensation, though it is evidently a distinct power, as they may take place independently of each other. Dr. *Reid*, to whom we are indebted for the first distinction between them, thus points out the difference: 'Sensation, taken by itself, implies neither the conception nor the belief of any external object. It supposes a sentient being, and a certain manner in which that being is affected; but it supposes no more. Perception implies an immediate conviction and belief of something external; something different both from the mind that perceives, and from the act of perception.' This difference will be best illustrated by example. Many of those sensations which spring from causes within our own frames are unattended by any perception. Hunger and thirst, for instance, are unaccompanied by any perception of their exciting cause, while the figure, extension, and magnitude of bodies, as perceived by the eye, are not attended by any sensation; which being considered as the consciousness of any impression made upon the mind, chiefly through the medium of the senses, its very essence consists in its being *felt*; for the moment it ceases to be felt, it ceases to be. Perception, on the contrary, is always accompanied by a conviction of some external object. Hence the objects of perception have a permanent existence, whether we perceive them or not; while those of sensation exist only while they are felt. In perception, therefore, our attention is directed to external objects—in sensation, to the pleasures and pains we experience.

Sensation is the lowest, as well as the first developed, of our intellectual faculties. It connects us with matter, and allies us with the meanest animals conscious of existence. The oyster in the rock pos-

sesses it as well as man; and some of the inferior animals have it in much greater delicacy, acuteness, and vigour. Though a faculty of this description, sensation is that which supplies materials for the exercise of memory, forms the basis of judgment, and excites to action all those noble and sublime powers which place man so high in the scale of intellectual existence. It is the vestibule of our intellectual fabric—the portal through which our knowledge is principally received.

'Among the various phenomena,' says *Dugald Stewart*, 'which the human mind presents to our view, there is none more calculated to excite our curiosity and our wonder, than the communication which is carried on between the sentient, thinking, and active principle within us, and the material objects with which we are surrounded. How little soever the bulk of mankind may be disposed to attend to such inquiries, there is scarcely a person to be found who has not occasionally turned his thoughts to those powers of perception, which seem to inform us, by a sort of inspiration, of the various changes which take place in the external universe.' The manner in which this faculty acts, or in which these effects are produced, appears to be beyond the grasp of our powers to ascertain; and we are, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with stating it as an ultimate law of the human mind, as gravitation continues to be considered a law of nature. Every perception of an internal object appears to be accompanied by some notion of the thing perceived, and by a strong and irresistible belief of its present existence, which is not resolvable into any other kind of evidence. The rudest savage, as he tracks the untrodden wilds of the forest, is as fully convinced of what he hears, sees, or feels, as the most expert logician; but both are alike incapable of giving any reason for their belief, beyond the consciousness of the perceptions. It must not, however, be supposed from this, that every person

has equally vivid or clear perceptions on all subjects. The eye of the painter readily perceives beauties, and the ear of the musician distinguishes sounds, which elude the perceptions of the greater part of mankind. Suppose, also, a watch to be submitted to the inspection of three different persons whose senses are equally perfect and vigorous. The first wholly without any knowledge of its purpose and movements; the second well informed, but not acquainted with its particular mechanism; the third perfectly familiar with all its parts; how different would be their perceptions! The first might be attracted by the beauty and regularity of its parts, but he would have no idea of their subserviency to each other, or to the general purpose for which it was designed. The second, from his general knowledge of mechanism, would have some notion of the various parts, and of their connexion with the object of its construction; but how this is attained by their combination, he would be at a loss to perceive. The third, however, from his previous habits, sees the whole at once, and readily comprehends what escapes the observation of the others. The perceptive powers are, therefore, capable of improvement by cultivation, and should form an object of great attention in all systems of early tuition.

Our sensations and perceptions furnish us with ideas only respecting the individuality of objects, and without reference to their relation to, or distinction from, the other surrounding phenomena. Every object is distinguished from all others by some characteristic properties of its own, which constitute its identity; and the mind is capable of considering the various qualities of each object apart, and thus ascertaining those which are peculiar to it, as well as those which it possesses in common with others of a like nature. This operation of the mind is denominated *Abstraction:* by it we obtain general ideas; for 'had we possessed no such faculty as ab-

straction, it is evident that all our knowledge would have been limited to an acquaintance with individual beings, and individual facts. But the very essence of science consists in generalizing and reducing to a few classes, or general principles, the multitude of individual things which every branch of human knowledge embraces. Hence, without abstraction, science could have had no existence; and the knowledge of man would have been, like that of the lower animals, in which no traces of this faculty are discernible, circumscribed to an acquaintance with those objects and events in nature with which he was connected by a regard to his own preservation and well-being[1]. It is by the power of attending separately to the things which our senses present to us in a state of union, and limiting our attention to the attributes which belong to them in common, that we obtain the idea of *number;* for it is only when they are thus reduced to the same genus that we acquire the idea of plurality. That the power of abstraction is one of the most important of our faculties, and intimately connected with the exercise of all our reasoning powers, admits not of doubt.

None of our mental faculties are more familiar to the mind than *memory;* few of them are more early displayed, nor any more constantly exercised, than this. It is the power by which we have an immediate knowledge of what we have previously perceived, thought, or felt. The precise manner in which this effect is produced, cannot be explained: we feel ourselves possessed of a certain power by which we recal to mind past occurrences; but of the connexion between these occurrences, and the power by which they are recalled, we are totally ignorant. The evidence of memory, however, relative to past events, is altogether so indisputable, that we do not hesitate to rest the most important concerns

[1] Scott's *Intellectual Philosophy.*

of life upon it. It always includes a belief of past existence, which forms a peculiar distinction between memory and the other faculties. It also supplies materials for the exercise of several of the other powers; for, unless these arise from the immediate perception of the moment, they must be drawn from the treasures of past knowledge, which it is the office of memory alone to record. It is from this operation of the mind that we derive our ideas of time or duration, as the past can only be distinguished from the present by a recollection of the interval that separates them. A person, therefore, destitute of this faculty, could never obtain any notion of either duration or motion; for the latter idea depends entirely upon that of succession, which can only be supplied by memory. 'The notion of a limited duration, which we distinctly remember, leads us, by a kind of necessity, to the admission of a duration which has no limits—which neither began, nor will have an end. In like manner, the notion of limited extension and magnitude, which we acquire by the senses, leads us to the belief of an unlimited extension, or of space which has no boundaries. Thus are acquired the notions of infinite space, and of infinite time, or eternity.' It cannot, however, be pretended, that our finite capacities are capable of forming adequate conceptions of those immense and unbounded attributes; it can only be said, that there is less difficulty in conceiving infinite space, and infinite time, than in conceiving the final boundaries of space, or the beginning or end of time'.

Scarcely any thing distinguishes men more from each other than the extent and correctness of their memories. One man readily imbibes the knowledge presented to his attention; but when he wishes to recal it for future use, it has vanished, like the morning dew. Another receives information with much

[1] Scott's *Intellectual Philosophy.*

more difficulty, but retains it with greater ease and certainty; while a more favoured few possess memories at once susceptible, retentive, and ready. The cultivation of so noble a faculty as the memory, and one so essential to every human attainment, is deservedly considered as an object of the first importance in the developement of our intellectual powers; and it has therefore been a subject of early and protracted investigation. The most rational means of improvement, however, must ever be a strict attention to the objects and operations of the other faculties, whether it be sensation, perception, consciousness, abstraction, or any other. Great care must also be taken to direct the memory to its proper objects, so that association may exercise its most beneficial influence in connecting the past with the present. By this means, the understanding is engaged in treasuring up materials for the future use of the reasoning powers; and thus it is that our mental faculties all mutually assist and improve each other. These arguments, therefore, lead us to this conclusion,—that whatever system of education is most adapted for equally developing *all* the intellectual powers, best promotes the growth and perfection of *each*.

As abstraction enables us to analyze the objects which Nature presents, and make their various qualities and attributes separately the subjects of our thoughts; so, by the power of *Association*, we form these objects into classes, according to some resemblance they possess, or some accidental circumstance which causes them to be present to the mind at the same time. Every one must be conscious of the almost illimitable influence of this principle over all the movements of our thinking powers. No idea can be stored in the mind in so detached a state, as not to have others so connected with it, as to render them almost inseparable. It is this power which gives language all its meaning, its beauty, its force,

its utility. Ideas are attached to sounds, and these no sooner strike upon the ear, than the ideas are recalled to the mind with the vividness of first impressions. 'The faculty of association,' says a modern writer, 'is interwoven in the texture of our minds; it is the parent habit, the fountain of all those pleasing sensations that spring from local causes and circumstances, and the companion of all those feelings that constitute the rationality and felicity of man in the whole history of his progress. Each individual looks back with tender remembrance to the hours, the places, and the associates, where the world first dawned on his mental energies. In the world of life he seems to drag a lengthened chain from this innocent, this lovely region; to which the aged mind ever reverts with pleasure and complacency. The recollections of the playful sports of childhood solace the imagination and the memory in the evening of life, as if man, like a plant, was physically attached to the spot in which he blossomed[1].'

Sometimes the association of particulars follows certain laws, at others it seems to be quite arbitrary. The most obvious of these laws are the relations of resemblance and analogy, of contrast and contiguity in time and place. To these may also be added those of cause and effect, of means and end, of premises and conclusion. These latter, however, require a much more active train of thought than the former.

We cannot illustrate the effects of this power either more pleasantly or more efficiently than by a few brief examples: Captain King met with an old half-worn pewter spoon in a miserable hut on the banks of the Awatska, with the word *London* stamped on it; an incident which he records 'in gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited.'

[1] Boyne's *Remarks on the Physical and Moral History of the Human Species.*

An elegant writer, in alluding to the emotions excited by viewing the relics of Rome, observes, 'It is ancient Rome that fills the imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world that he sees, and who seems to rise again from the tomb and give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth or the studies of his more mature age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, opens at once upon his imagination, and presents him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome which he sees, and how different would be his emotions[1].'

The love of our native country, or, perhaps, of that locality above alluded to, is so universal a feeling in the human bosom, that it pervades all ranks and all climates, and is capable of being excited by the most incidental and trivial circumstances. We shall not, therefore, hesitate to close our remarks on this head with one of the most simple and touching displays of association we recollect to have met with. Mr. *Ives*, when travelling from Persia to England, had passed the plains of Mesopotamia; and remarks, 'This day, for the first time since we left England, we saw a goldfinch, which settled on a thistle close to our hut. The sight of this little agreeable songster gave us exquisite pleasure, owing to the single consideration that birds of this kind were inhabitants of Britain. The thought set before our heated imaginations all those gilded scenes of delight that we supposed were to be found only in that happy region, and which, with wishes bordering on enthusiasm, we were now praying to enjoy. We panted for our mother country, that "*Natale Solum*" so pathetically described by the poets, and so sensibly felt in every human breast, after a long and painful separation. We could

[1] Alison *on Taste.*

not help looking upon this tuneful goldfinch as a fellow citizen, who had kindly flown thus far to bid us welcome, to raise our drooping spirits, and signify to us that we were drawing nearer to our native country, that land of liberty, after which we had so long and so passionately sighed[1].'

When our intellectual powers are employed in representing to the mind the objects of any of the other faculties, variously combined, the mental operation is expressed by the terms *conception* or *imagination*; for they are frequently used as synonymous. If we reflect upon the nature of any of our intellectual faculties, conception is then engaged upon an object of consciousness: if it be a taste, smell, or feeling that occupies our attention, conception is employed on an object of sensation. If the thoughts are engaged in contemplating some individual material body, conception is exercised on an object of perception; if it be a single quality or attribute, it is an object of abstraction; but if it be any combination which does not actually exist in nature, the subject of our conception is an object of association. The office of conception is merely to represent to the mind an idea of the object on which it is engaged, without expressing any judgment respecting it. Our conceptions may, therefore, be distinct or confused, strong or weak, vivid or languid; but they cannot with propriety be said to be either true or false, which are terms applicable to judgment alone. All these different states of this faculty daily exhibit themselves in the common intercourse of society, and must be familiar to him who observes passing circumstances with attention. In reference to this operation of the mind, Mr. *Stewart* says, 'A talent for lively description, at least in the case of sensible objects, depends chiefly on the degree in which the describer possess the power of conception. We may remark, even in common conver-

[1] Ives's *Journey from Persia to England.*

sation, a striking difference among individuals in this respect. One man, in attempting to convey a notion of any object he has seen, seems to place it before him, and to paint from actual perception: another, although not deficient in a ready elocution, finds himself, in such a situation, confused and embarrassed among a number of particulars imperfectly apprehended, which crowd into his mind without any just order or connexion. Nor is it merely to the accuracy of our descriptions that this power is subservient; it contributes more than any thing else to render them striking and impressive to others, by guiding us to a selection of such circumstances as are most prominent and characteristical; insomuch that I think it may reasonably be doubted, if a person would not write a happier description of an object from the conception, than from the actual perception of it[1].'

When our conceptions are vivid, and especially if accompanied by the exercise of abstraction or association, as they frequently are, they constitute what is more peculiarly termed *imagination*. The appropriate province of this power, according to Mr. Stewart, is 'to make a selection of qualities and of circumstances from a variety of different objects, and, by combining and disposing these, to form a new creation of its own.' Men obviously differ widely from each other in this respect. The ready formation of these combinations constitutes what is usually denominated *genius*; though this term implies a perfection of all or most of the intellectual faculties rather than of only one.

Though man, a passing breath exhaled by Sol's
Refulgent beam, or meteor seems, that shoots
Across the sky, then dips its flaming orb
In ocean's glistening tide, and disappears;
Yet o'er the wreck of time true GENIUS soars,
And with her lightning's blaze the world illumes.

[1] *Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

Nor checked by Art's frail mounds, nor warped by vain
Pursuits, her steady course she fearless holds
In Nature's varied paths; but brightest shines
In Virtue's glorious train.—Whether amidst
Ægean isles she takes her stand, and, in
Homeric strains, valour's stern form pourtrays,
Or dips her lyre in patriot zeal, and Troy's
Resistance sings; whether with wisdom's sons
In academic groves she walks, or in
The porch reclines; whether the Spartan mind
She nerves, his country's passion to controul,
Or tunes the Athenian's tongue, while list'ning crowds
Attentive stand, and words of thunder bend
A nation to his will, her march is still
Majestic. Yet illumed by Virtue's rays,
With nobler mien the Athenian marts she trod,
The list'ning youth in duty's path to guide;
Or 'midst the mental gloom that wrapped the world
In night's deep shades, the lamp of life she trimmed,
And conscience roused from her lethargic pause;
Else in Miltonic strains th' effects of vice
Pourtrays in all their deeds terrific, and
The soul to Virtue's lovely banner wins.

There is however a species of inferior or passive imagination which is far more prevalent, and which gives its possessors a ready conception of such combinations when presented to their attention, though they could never have produced them. This does not, indeed, constitute a man of genius, yet it forms the proper qualifications of a man of taste—since it enables him to appreciate works of genius, though neither to rival nor excel them. This state of the imagination does not, in fact, contribute less to the happiness of its possessors than that more active description which characterises genius; for the diminution of pleasure between contemplating works of genius and producing them, is more than counterbalanced by that acuteness, perhaps that morbid sensibility of feeling, with which great mental superiority is so frequently allied.

Imagination forms the basis of all the fine arts. It is upon this foundation that the painter and the poet rear their most fascinating superstructures, on

which the rays of genius often beam with so sacred an effulgence. A well-regulated imagination constitutes a great portion of the happiness of human life. It detaches our attention from the mere objects of sense, and directs it to the pleasures and elegances of intellectual pursuits. It gives a keener relish for the beauties of Nature and Art, which afford such inexhaustible sources of delight to those who are qualified and disposed to enjoy them. It is the parent of that refined sensibility which induces us to sympathize with the unfortunate in distress, and to rejoice in the triumphs of virtuous merit. It not only augments all the social enjoyments of life, which always bear a greater ratio to the warmth of the imagination than to the strength of the understanding, but it gives birth to hope, and stimulates to the eager pursuit of some good—some excellence, which it vividly paints, and seems to place within our reach.

> Nor is thine aid, celestial guide, confined
> To him whose mind expands to Nature's bounds,
> Or seeks a world within itself to trace;
> But o'er the common walks of life, thy hand
> A thousand beauties richly spreads, unseen
> By him whom *genius* never blessed; while joys
> Like radiant visions on his footsteps wait
> Whose soul is tempered by thy heavenly
> Flame. While his pilgrim feet press on through life's
> Advent'rous way, and now to Pisgah's top
> Ascend, the promised land to view, or sink
> In Jordan's gloomy vale, creation's charms
> A thousand new relations bear, and lift
> Him far above the common lot of man's
> Assigned enjoyment.

None of our other mental endowments are so capable of administering to intellectual enjoyments as the Imagination; none so calculated to excite the noblest feelings of the mind, and preserve them from languishing by inaction; none so fitted to create a taste for the loveliness of virtue—nor any so adapted as this faculty to hurry us beyond the 'flaming bounds of space and time.' But in proportion to the

power of any engine is the importance of guarding it from perversion. 'Let those, therefore, to whom is committed the important and highly responsible duty of forming the future man, exercise the utmost vigilance in selecting works of imagination, in watching their influence on the opening mind, and in guarding that influence from perversion; but let no undue attachment to one branch of human knowledge in preference to another—no mistaken zeal for the sterner principles of morality—no fear of giving too wide a range to the faculties of man—be urged as an inducement for withholding them altogether. The duty of those to whom this task is assigned, is to excite, direct, and guard, but not to *destroy* those finer feelings of the intellect—those nobler luxuries of the cultivated mind;' for this would be 'to rob language of all its magnificence and grace; to strip Nature of all the rainbow hues in which the glow of the poet invests her scenery; to forbid the fibres of the soul to throb with interest, melt with sympathy, glow with the noble energy of feeling, or suspend their motions for a moment in a thrilling pause of awe, while the deep tones of sublimity vibrate on the sense'.'

Reason has long been considered as the peculiar and distinguishing prerogative of man, and as that which constitutes the great discriminating mark between him and the lower animals. A diversity of opinion, however, has generally prevailed among writers on intellectual philosophy as to what are the proper objects of this faculty. It has often been considered as embracing the two distinct powers of judgment and reasoning; but as these are merely different applications of the same faculty, it is more correct to lay aside the distinction, and employ the word Reason, which has been used indiscriminately for both.

From the preceding sketches, it will easily be in-

[1] Myers's *Remarks on a Course of Education.*

ferred that the evidence of sense and that of memory, as well as that of consciousness, are each independent sources of belief. In the same manner, Reason may be defined as that intellectual power by which we become acquainted with *necessary truth;* understanding by this expression, those truths, of which we not only believe their opposites to be false, but conceive them to be impossible. This belief appears to be altogether incapable of being resolved into any thing but an original law of our constitution; for we cannot refuse our assent to those truths which are the proper objects of reason, without experiencing a consciousness of acting inconsistently.

To illustrate the distinction which has here been stated between Reason, Judgment, and Reasoning, which are often used indiscriminately for each other, it may be remarked that, when we assert that the whole is greater than a part, we state a necessary truth, and one that is a proper object of reason, because the contrary cannot be adopted without embracing an absurdity. When two things are compared together, and their difference or agreement ascertained, the result is denominated Judgment. When this result is again compared with another object or result, and the conclusion with a third, and so on, so as to ascertain the agreement or difference between the first and last of the series, the process is called Reasoning.

This faculty, however, is frequently used in a more extensive sense. It appears at first to have been employed to comprehend those principles which distinguish man from brutes; and afterwards became more limited in its signification, according as the nature of the distinction was more fully developed. In this sense it is used by *Pope* :—

> And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can;
> In this, 'tis GOD directs, in that 'tis Man.

Milton also understood the term in the same sense, as is obvious from the following lines:—

> There wanted yet the master-work, the end
> Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
> And brute as other creatures, but endowed
> With sanctity of REASON, might erect
> His stature, and upright with front serene
> Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence,
> Magnanimous, to correspond with Heaven;
> But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
> Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
> Directed in devotion, to adore
> And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
> Of all his works.

So long as human nature remains what it is, Reason will continue to be the most important of those faculties which constitute the intellect of man. It is not only upon the right use of this endowment that our happiness here, but, in a great measure, our felicity hereafter, depends; for the power of devising means for the attainment of ends, of distinguishing truth from falsehood, and right from wrong, must ever form the principal characteristics of humanity; and these are exclusively the province of Reason.

It is the employment of our intellectual powers in the pursuit of hidden truth, that the process of Reasoning consists. This is usually divided into two distinct branches, as the evidence is demonstrative or probable. In the former of these species, the evidence of the inductive process must be clear and certain at every step; so that if the premises be true, it must be impossible to conceive the conclusion to be false. If any step of the induction be destitute of this necessary dependence, the proof ceases to be demonstrative; for the conviction which attests the conclusion cannot be stronger than that which attaches to the weakest link in the chain of the reasoning. In probable evidence, this necessary connexion between the premises and conclusion is not so apparent; the former may be true while the latter is

false. The strength of probable reasoning, therefore, depends more upon the number of its arguments, all converging towards the same point, than upon the force of any one of them individually. Hence this kind of proof admits of all degrees, from the slightest probability to nearly perfect certainty; which is in some instances almost equivalent to demonstrative proof. This species of evidence, says Dr. *Reid*, 'may be compared to a rope made up of many slender filaments twisted together. The rope has strength more than sufficient to bear the stress laid upon it, though no one of the filaments of which it is composed would be sufficient for that purpose.' This author has enumerated seven distinct kinds of probable evidence, but the following classification appears the most simple: 1. The knowledge derived from experience. 2. That from analogy. 3. Human testimony; and, 4. The calculation of chances. The slightest review of our mental operations, and of the subjects upon which they are employed, in reference to the daily occurrences of life, will show how large a portion of our knowledge rests upon these four kinds of contingent evidence; so that if we wait either for demonstrative proof, or moral certainty, on many subjects, we shall frequently be compelled to hesitate when we should decide, and to pause while we should act. The current of duty would be interrupted, the flow of benevolence checked, and much both of happiness and utility suspended by inaction.

After this sketch of the intellectual faculties of man, it will be clearly seen that the most unlettered barbarian possesses the elements of all those powers which raise him to a height in the scale of animated being, which the most sagacious of the brute creation can never reach; and which, if properly developed and regularly trained, would fit him for a useful and an honourable member of society. As no human beings have been found totally devoid of all

the physical senses, so none have been met with who are destitute of all traces of mental endowments. The variety of circumstances in which men are placed has a manifest influence upon their mental as well as their physical characters; but still the same means of improvement which have been found beneficial in one instance will prove so in another.—What has contributed to the intellectual grandeur of Britain, would also succeed in the deserts of Africa, or the wilds of Siberia: in both instances the same faculties are engaged, and by the same means might be developed, and mankind thus proved to have descended from the same parent stock, as much by the qualities of their mental, as of their physical structure—while the blessings of knowledge and the advantages of civilization might be enjoyed and appreciated by the whole human race.

We must, however, be careful to guard against the conclusion, that all mankind are endowed with mental faculties capable of acting with *equal* energy; for scarcely is there a greater disproportion between mere animal and intellectual life; scarcely can we conceive a more immeasurable distance between the human mind, encumbered with the flesh, and the intelligences of heaven, than we know and feel to subsist between the grovelling sentiments of a capacity originally contracted and wholly uncultivated, and the luminous and enlarged sphere of a soul all fire, disdaining the fetters of mortality, almost refining the elements which imprisons it into spirituality, and comprehending at once the character of its duty, and the glory of its destination. To the one, Nature is a blank. He sees not the wonders that are accomplishing around him—he is insensible to the beautiful forms of existence, and their various adaptation to the end of their being. He scarcely lifts his eyes to the heavens, when the night kindles their blaze of glory, and, if they attract his notice, it is 'a brute inconscious gaze,' which excites no emotion, conveys

no sentiments, communicates no pleasure. We must not attribute this apathy merely to the absence of instruction. There are minds, under similar disadvantages, which soar above their circumstances, and present, in the most humble stations of life, a modest but striking example of all that is noble in principle, dignified in sentiment, firm in purpose, benevolent in heart, and enlarged in capacity. There are others upon whom rank reflects no glory, to whom cultivation can impart no generous sentiments, who are incapable of appreciating or employing their advantages. The mind, in the first instance, like a few favoured tracts of earth, spontaneously produces the most luxurious vegetation, the richest fruits, and the fairest flowers: in the other, it resembles the arid sands of the desert, upon which the showers of Spring descend, and the Summer's sun shines, in vain; for as the one produces no blossoms, the other can mature no fruits.

This variety in the mental attainments of man, which is the subject of daily observation, necessarily supposes a diversity of application, as well as of original ability. It were absurd to condemn a man as destitute of capacity, because its exercise takes a different direction to that of his neighbour. All are not actuated by the ambition of the statesman; all are not animated with the courage of the hero; all do not feel the inspiration of the poet; all are not fitted for the laborious researches or the patient investigations of the philosopher. If it were so, the beautiful variety of nature would be destroyed, and the harmony of society broken. Every man would be the rival, not the associate—the enemy, not the helper of his neighbour. Diversity would become sameness—beauty would be changed into deformity—and order converted into chaos[1].'

[1] 'Essay on the Right Use of Talents.—*Investigator*, No. ix.

Section III.

ON THE MORAL PERCEPTIONS OF MAN.

Nor this[1] the Deity's sole aim in Man's
Supreme endowment. That impress divine
The new created being marked, no less
The MORAL than the mental image bore
Of Him whose love the gracious boon bestowed.
These formed the double link that human with
Angelic nature joined, and both in close
Alliance with the GODHEAD bound.

IN delineating the physical structure and intellectual faculties of man, he has been considered merely as placed in circumstances calculated to call his powers into exercise, to augment their energy, and to excite the pleasures and pains of the present state of existence.

But it now becomes our duty to treat of the moral constitution of our nature; and those principles must be pursued that were adopted in the former part of the plan. The faculties of man are not creative; their right direction is to explore, to arrange, and to combine. We have merely to examine particular phenomena, and establish general laws. We must bear in mind that we are not to legislate for ourselves, but to ascertain what those laws are which have been established, and which it is our imperative duty to obey. It is our province to investigate and to interpret, and our duty to submit. 'We must look for the basis of morals, not in the speculative theories of moralists, however illustrious their talents, however eminent their names: we must not be seduced or dazzled by the glory irradiating the head of genius in ancient or in modern times, but we must seek this basis in the circumstances and the nature of man; in those facts which are disclosed to us by *observation* on the

[1] Referring to his intellectual faculties. See the motto to *Section ii.*

one hand, and *consciousness* on the other. These seem to be the most natural arrangements of our thoughts, because all our knowledge of the external world we derive from observation, and all our acquaintance with our own moral nature is suggested to us by consciousness.'

By observation we perceive the RELATION *of one being to another* to be the only foundation of morals, *conscience* the only *natural law* of morals, and *responsibility* their only sanction. In contemplating man as related to all intelligent beings, that connexion which subsists between him and the Deity is the most distinguished. It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves. The spring of moral obligation rises here. Supposing all other relations but this to have ceased, and their correspondent duties and obligations to have perished with them, man's relation to Deity remains. In every thing must he be regulated by this absolute and indissoluble tie. Upon this relation to the God who made us, we depend for all our present supplies and future happiness; upon this all connexions with mankind at large are dependent, and by it they are sanctioned. If this be disputed, the common sense and the common creed of man must be obliterated: the testimony of conscience, the voice of reason, and the language of nature, must be silenced; for all the emotions of the heart—all the consent of antiquity—all the hopes of mankind—and all the promises of religion, conspire to fix upon the Author and End of our Being, the endearing name of *Father*.

This relation to the Supreme Being was pointed out by St. Paul, when surrounded by the philosophers of Athens. Standing on the hill consecrated to Mars, under the covering of heaven, and encompassed with all the bright evidences of Deity, the images of superstition and idolatry caught not his attention, except for a little moment, which he dedicated to pity: he pointed to the heavens above, and the earth beneath him; he pleaded the relation of

these philosophers to God who made the world, as the basis of their moral obligation. As he confirmed the testimony of these natural witnesses by the language of their poets, it was an argument which their philosophy could neither impugn nor resist. It was the voice of reason as well as of nature, which had been heard by all nations. It was the testimony which the sun had borne in his restless career, and carried round the circle of the earth; while the night repeated the evidence when his beams were withdrawn.

It is not possible to admit the being of a God, without granting at the same moment his claims upon our unbounded love and obedience. We cannot pay homage to the Creator without conceding the obligations of the creature: we cannot, therefore, admit the existence of a Deity, without making our relation to him, as our rightful sovereign, the basis of our moral constitution. This principle is as simple as it is important. God is the creator, and we are his creatures: He has a right to command, and we are compelled to obey. The obligation is not merely expedient, but just; not contingent, but absolute. It is the voice of Nature around us—the voice of God within us. It is this broad foundation alone upon which we can establish the principle, that *right* must be done, at whatever hazard, irrespective of any apparent consequences which may result to the individual or to society. When God has issued the command, our duty becomes imperative, and we must press forward in the path of obedience, though the conclusion of duty be the crisis of danger. It will also be perceived that this position is directly opposed to the fashionable doctrine of *expediency*, in every form, under every modification, and in every degree—a doctrine most false in itself, most pernicious in its results, and most ruinous in its application—out of which have arisen the most terrible calamities that have ever afflicted mankind.

This basis being once established, the utility and extent of its application will be readily seen.

Commencing with the Deity, it embraces the whole moral world, and runs through all the relations of human life. It comprehends society in all its complicated forms, and extends to man in all his domestic and political relations. Wherever relation exists, morality exists also. As the relations of life branch into innumerable ramifications, so morals arise in correspondent degrees: as, in the scale of creation, a chain of beings subsists, from an atom to a seraph, so an infinity of obligations harmonize with each other, and arise out of one grand position—the relation of man to his Maker.

'On this basis, the law of Nature and that of morals are coincident, and unite intellect and feeling in every possible combination. Nature demands filial obedience, and so does this law of relation. The obligation arises simply out of the importance of the relation to the individual, and the result proves beneficial to society, as the principle is recognised by the conscience and cherished by the heart. 'The indissoluble relation of the individual to the common Parent of all, and the general relation of the entire creation to the same Being, secures the moral obligation from decay or dissolution, and prescribes its due action through all the magnificent and infinitely diversified range of being. It promotes the advantage of the whole, by a due adjustment of the parts, and a correspondent attention to their proportionate claims. The rule thus provides for universal philanthropy, not only without violating nearer and more immediate duties, but precisely in the discharge of these relative interests, and in proportion as they are respected and honoured, obeyed and accomplished[1].'

Having thus briefly explained the basis upon which

[1] For many of the preceding, and some of the following, observations, the writer is indebted to a course of lectures on Ethics, originally delivered at the SURREY INSTITUTION, by the *Rev. Dr. Collyer, in* 1817.

the structure of our moral constitution reposes, it is equally interesting and necessary to inquire into the law by which it is regulated. This we have already stated to be *conscience*; that internal consciousness so difficult to define, but so universally felt and acknowledged. Whatever name this moral sense may bear (and it has been called by several), its dictates are imperative, and its dominion as extensive as human nature. 'It lives under the various forms of external observances and political enactments, but it lives still, often hated, but never despised; feared, but not to be extinguished: it may be weakened, but it cannot be destroyed; it may be lulled, but it cannot be annihilated; and when it rouses from its sleep, the hero turns pale before its accusations: it rushes on with the irresistible fury of the lion, coming up from the swellings of Jordan, roused from the thicket where he had couched by the sudden overflowing of the river. Even to its silent whispers, which none but the man himself can hear, the thunder of heaven is but as the murmur of the distant water fall, when its remote echoes are borne at fitful intervals by the light breeze of the summer's evening.'

Had we been left to our own observation to ascertain the law of our moral constitution, by determining the relation of being to being, our perceptions of moral duty would have been extremely imperfect; for, however firmly that duty may be established in the relation, it could not, from the limited nature of our faculties, have been fully known to us. But conscience has been given as a law within the breast, answering to that suggested from without, as the impression to the seal, or the reflection from the mirror to the object before it. It is of little importance, in reference either to our convictions or the obligations they impose, whether, with some moralists, we regard consciousness as applied to moral questions as a distinct faculty, or, with others, consider it as a law incident to all our mental powers, im-

planted there by the Wisdom that formed us. In whatever sense we understand it, conscience was obviously given as the actual judge of human actions, and is designed to preserve us from the allurements of vice and folly, and to stimulate us in the pursuit of wisdom and virtue. 'It scrutinizes our thoughts, examines our affections, investigates our designs, and discriminates our actions. It reminds us of our duties, sets before us our dangers, and elucidates our prospects. It renders our hopes animating, and our fears terrible. It demands allegiance from all the faculties, and requires them to render all their movements subservient[1] to its pleasure. It pronounces sentence of unqualified reprobation against our follies, corruptions, and vices, and severely corrects us with the rod of self-condemnation and apprehended misery: it rewards our rectitude with the smiles of approbation, the promise of felicity, and the tranquil delights of internal peace. Conscience, in its primeval uncorrupted state, was the perfect test of moral character, and the supreme law that determined the reward of innocence, and the punishment of guilt.'

The testimony of conscience shows, that, with all his boasted dignity, man is but a dependent creature. He is neither the author of his own being, nor has he the supreme disposal of his own faculties. He can neither preserve the spark of life from extinction, nor protract its existence; nor can he follow the dictates of his own corrupt inclinations, without awakening the sensibilities of the moral faculty, and standing condemned as a criminal at that bar at which he is himself the judge. Like all the other powers entrusted to man, conscience is susceptible of culture, and may be silenced or impaired by neglect and inattention, by opposition and repulsion. But, notwithstanding the variations to which it is subject, its

[1] Finch's *Essays on the Intellectual and Moral Qualities of Mankind.*

dictates, in every age, are essentially the same in nature, though not in degree, and the happiness of man is everywhere inseparable from obedience to the natural law of his moral constitution.

We have stated *Responsibility* as the sanction of this law, a position which requires only the being of a God to be admitted for its establishment. From this it is inseparable. Consciousness at once informs us, that He made us, and not we ourselves; and that, as our Creator, He has a right to command, and we, as *his* creatures, are bound to obey. The relation which subsists between man and his Maker, therefore, implies obligation, and that obligation responsibility. This has ever been the common sense of mankind; for those who wished to silence conscience, have always begun by denying responsibility. Because judgment against an evil work was not speedily executed, they blotted the article of future retribution from their creed, and assumed that the thunders of heaven would never be roused; and that man, therefore, was only responsible to himself and society: then the goddess of Reason assumed the throne of the Supreme, and anarchy marked the potency of her sway. This responsibility is not merely proportional to actual, but to possible knowledge; not simply to what we have attained, but to what we might have accomplished. Human laws embrace but a part; conscience widens the circle, and partially includes our duty to ourselves as well as to others; but it is the Omniscience of the Deity alone, that grasps the whole, and is the perfect judge of man's responsibility.

Though conscience is thus universal in its existence, and impartial in its decisions, it is by no means equal in its operations. It is, indeed, 'that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' but daily experience shows, that, in some persons, it is watchful, susceptible, and tenderly alive to the slightest touch, while in others it is so

callous as scarcely to be affected by the strongest percussion. Reason was bestowed upon man to enable him to discriminate between good and evil; and this internal monitor, by perpetually reminding him of his responsibility to his Heavenly Benefactor, continually prompts him to choose the better part, while it assures him that his duty and his happiness are alike inseparable from obedience to its dictates, and urges him to aim at the perfection of moral excellence as the source of the noblest satisfaction of which his nature is susceptible.

In reference to the results of morals on society at large, it may be remarked, that every man is the centre of a circle, the radii of which diverge in all directions, but its circumference has no definite limits. The relations of life, however, are either more near, or more remote; and in this respect the moral world presents the same diversity as the natural. All things are not formed upon the same scale of magnitude, clothed in the same forms of beauty, or impressed with the same characteristics of intrinsic excellence; yet the field-flower which is trodden under foot is a part of the magnificent whole, as well as the planet that rolls its ample orb through the vast regions of space, and sheds its reflected light upon our path. In this diversity of individuals, connected by mutual relation to each other, consists the enchantment of Nature's variety. Nothing is superfluous—nothing defective—and the well-balanced harmony of the whole displays the power and godhead of the Architect, while its 'still small voice' of deep and affecting instruction steals in audible whispers through the human heart.

Equally diversified and associated are the relations of the moral world. As every thing in creation is necessary—the atom as well as the orb,—as every thing has its place and its appointment in the formation of the whole,—so all the parts of society are essential to its relative harmony—to its permanent integrity—

to its moral constitution. The duties and relations of life correspond with each other; both are eternal and universal—both are infinitely varied and important, and the relation is always the measure of the duty. It is upon this most simple and equitable principle that the claims of society are so nicely balanced, that its most remote and ultimate necessities are neither overlooked nor neglected. It is this principle also which cherishes that expansive benevolence which passes the limits of its own social sphere, and finds its barrier only where there is no human bosom to become its recipient. It is the individual alone who is deeply impressed with the relations of life in all their vast and boundless variety who is the true philanthropist, and who can practically as well as theoretically embrace the sentiment of the poet, and say—'I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to my affections.'

Every one, however, who has consulted the pages of faithful history, observed the manners of mankind, or scrutinized the feelings of his own heart, must be conscious that numerous impediments retard the progress of mental and moral improvement, and cramp the operation of this diffusive and deified benevolence. Scepticism and infidelity not unfrequently depress the mind, till their demoralizing effects render its degeneracy no longer problematical. The tyranny of custom, too, destroys independence of thought; a species of moral turpitude seizes the soul; an aversion to intellectual labour is stamped upon every act, and an implicit obedience to the opinions of others becomes the goddess to which the mind pays the willing homage of its blind devotions. Superstition, bigotry, and vice, are as multifarious as the divinities of the ancient mythology, and equally efficacious in paralizing the moral sensibility of the soul. The passions, originally designed by the Deity to exalt our felicity, have, by the depravity of nature, been perverted to work our ruin. Anger de-

stroys the loveliness of friendship, and breaks in a moment through all the ties of social life. Revenge, too, has prevailed in all ages and climates, from the savage to the sage; has been dignified with most of the epithets that belong to a purer feeling, and has stimulated to exertions which would have done honour to a nobler motive. Numerous as the instances of this description are, which the history of every period presents, none occurs to the mind of the writer in which this passion was so sublimated into refinement, as that of the Carthaginian, who led his son to the altar to engraft this base passion upon the venerable stock of religious theory, and stamp it with the rites of devotion, by inducing him to swear eternal hatred to the Roman name. What a contrast to the doctrine of true morality, as announced by HIM to whom error was impossible! '*Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*' Avarice contracts all the finer feelings of the soul, and dries up the springs of benevolence—the most deified evidences of moral sensibility which the human character can present. Nor is ambition less inimical than avarice, as objects seen through this distorting medium assume a magnitude and dazzling radiance which is not their own, and lead the mind from the pursuit of moral dignity, to grasp at the deluding phantom of human glory.

Man has ever been conscious of his responsibility to a superior power, convinced that his conduct did not correspond with his knowledge, and desirous of obtaining a reconciliation with an offended Deity. Hence, the multiplied victims that have bled; the self-tortures inflicted; and the penances imposed, from the primeval ages of the world to the present period: yet all was vain. Conscience still remonstrated, still reproved; while experience partially evinced, that holiness gives energy to its dictates, severity to its reproofs, and delight to its approbation;

and thus demonstrated, even to the mind of the wisest of the heathens, the necessity of a more perfect standard, and a more definite law of morals. The moralists of antiquity vainly sought, in the darkness by which they were surrounded, for this heavenly knowledge; but, when the subject is touched by Him who spake as never man spake, every difficulty vanishes, and every duty is concentrated in the command, '*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.*' Thus, what Greece could never accomplish, even when the arts adorned her temples, and wisdom walked hand in hand with eloquence in her academic groves, or reclined in her magnificent porticos; what Rome, the mistress of the world, could never realize, even while she poured forth her legions alike over the tents of the savage and the cities of the civilized, is embodied in one precept, as simple as it is grand!

When, therefore, expediency has been proved insufficient and dangerous; when relation, however just, is not sufficiently definite; when conscience, however forcible, is liable to be seduced; when the reasons for morals, however cogent, are too weak to contend with the passions; when every natural system is found to be defective theoretically, and still more so practically; when the philosopher sits down in despair, and the moralist is bewildered in his mighty subject; then the Christian may rise, and, laying his hand upon the open pages of the sacred volume, say—'Yet I show unto you a more excellent way.' It is, '*Thus saith the Lord,*' which alone can supply an adequate sanction to morals; for he, who would effectually assail the human heart, by reasoning on 'righteousness and temperance,' must, like St. Paul, be able to sustain his argument by a direct and unequivocal appeal to 'Judgment to come.' Present sanctions are all too feeble to be binding. Human laws may be evaded; the conscience may be laid asleep; reason subordinated to the passions; the understanding

seduced; talents abused; judgment perverted; and there remains nothing to check the course of vice, and give sanction to morals, but that grand tribunal which raises its awful head at the termination of man's mortal career, to which all are amenable; at which the irrevocable sentence will be pronounced that involves eternity in its consequences, and from which there can be no appeal.

The sacred volume does not, indeed, lay down specific rules for all the various questions connected with the moral perceptions of man; but, as Dr. Paley has remarked, it establishes such general principles as are universally applicable, and extend practically to all possible moral subjects. But when it does describe particular duties, the delineation is so accurate, the principles so just, the motives so sublime, the arguments so convincing, that he who reads without prejudice rises from the illuminating page, and says, 'The finger of GOD is here.'

'If it be important to learn the crude elements out of which mighty elements have been composed—if it be interesting to trace grand political results to their secret source, a source sometimes as obscure as the effects are tremendous and astonishing—if nothing is indifferent which associates itself with the faculties of man, and points at the march of intellect—if we cannot contemplate the sublime operations of human skill and industry without being anxious to ascertain by what mind they were conceived, and by what hand they were executed, that the immortality of the artist may be co-extended with that of his work—a nobler principle than curiosity impels us to learn the history of morals. When the pyramids of Egypt shall be covered with the sand of the desert which drift upon them, or, yielding at last to the influence of time which they have so long resisted, even when these stupendous monuments of ancient science shall sink under the weight of accumulated ages;—the structure of morals, whose foundations are laid in eternity,

shall rear its awful head in the heavens; and, standing unmoved amidst the shock of elements, surviving the dissolution of nature, remain alone majestic and uninjured, surrounded by the wrecks of the natural universe[1].'

When first on Man
The Deity his sacred image breathed,
Grandeur of intellect and holiness of heart
Harmonious joined to form him truly great.
Nor, now the fall his moral excellence
Has withered by its touch, can mental pow'rs,
However great, true dignity assume,
Unless the end its sanctifying grace
Impart, and scent them with the breath of heav'n.
If 'tis not thus, then, as the powers of man
Are nobler, so he rushes swifter on
The Almighty's arm, to fall with heavier crash.
But these combined our bliss exalt beyond
What Eden knew, and Man is raised to more
Than Adam lost; till, disencumbered of
Its clay, the spirit rise, unchecked by time,
And through eternal ages all its pow'rs
Expand to infinite perfection.

CONCLUSION.

THE phenomena of Nature, as well as the knowledge and circumstances of the world, derive all their value and importance from their relation to man. Could human nature be suddenly reversed, their influence and utility would vanish—order would be changed to confusion, and ornament to deformity. Philosophy, which marshals human attainments, and renders them subservient to the welfare of humanity, rests upon this basis, and derives its dignity from this source alone. Nor is it solely from the perfection of his mental and moral constitution that man derives his pre-eminence over the other parts of the lower creation; his elevated posture, his commanding attitude, and the noble expression of his countenance, all harmonize with his other qualities in demanding for him the right of universal sovereignty. Of all objects

[1] DR. COLLYER'S *Lectures*, previously referred to.

in Nature, the human countenance, when its native energy is exerted with undaunted fortitude, is the most commanding; and is not only capable of silencing the reproaches of malignity and violence, but of extorting a reluctant veneration from its very enemies, and checking the ferocity of the most savage of the animal species. But it is as the index of the mind that the countenance exerts its chief influence, and assumes its true dignity. It is as it displays the grand outlines of our mental operations, and unfolds the secrets of the soul, that its principal interest is excited; for it is here that the morose and gentle—the benevolent and selfish—the deceitful and ingenuous—the dignified and grovelling affections, discover their ruling influence.

Possessing a double nature, man is chained to the earth as an animal—connected with heaven as a spirit. He is the only being that reaches not his destiny here—accomplishes not his final existence below. In attempting to examine his structure, and analyze his functions, new wonders break upon us at every step, and we soon reach the *ne plus ultra* of our researches: yet impenetrable as this barrier may seem, it is not so lofty but some glimpses of light break from beyond, which show that man is only designed to bud here, but to blossom and ripen in a future scene—another and a purer state of existence. We find in him much to astonish us—much to admire—and something almost to adore. He is, in fact, a compound of mixed characters and properties, prompted to action by self-love, regulated by reason, and tempered by benevolence. We see him combining qualities and attributes apparently incongruous and incompatible—weakness with strength—light with darkness—wisdom with folly—and paucity with plenitude. Here he often displays elevation of thought and dignity of sentiment, with imbecility of conduct—sometimes soaring above this grosser atmosphere, basking in heaven's sunshine, and drinking its descending dews; at others not merely touch-

ing the earth as a resting-place, but dwelling on it as a home. At one moment grovelling amidst the fogs and vapours of this lower world, ever fitted to delude and mislead—at another presuming into the very councils of the Deity, and writing laws for the universe, yet ignorant of the very means by which he moves his pen, and unconscious of the smallest movement of his frame.

> A Beam ethereal! sullied and absorpt,
> Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine,
> Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
> An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!
> *Helpless* immortal! insect *infinite!*
> A worm!—a god!

Human excellence is inseparable from a high degree of moral elevation. The man of superior talents and intellectual attainments alone may aspire to the epithet of great, but to those of wise and dignified he can urge no claim: they belong exclusively to him who draws his morality from the pure fountain of divine inspiration, which enlightens while it purifies, and elevates as it refines. The mind of such a man ever delights to contemplate the grandest objects, his hope anticipates the sublimest joys, and his conduct is regulated by the noblest principles; till the influence of these ultimately assimilates his character to the source from which they were drawn, and stamps it with a dignified consistency. Ever active in the ways of truth and virtue, he never shrinks from his principles, but always maintains them with firmness: resisting the allurements of temptation and the smiles of interest, he steadily urges on in the career of duty, daily increasing in lustre and worth, like the Sun advancing to his meridian splendour.

Upon these principles of morality, may all our youthful readers establish the basis of their self-improvement! Then will they be able to proceed with courage and perseverance in the line of duty, unawed by danger, unfettered by custom, unbiassed by example. Consciousness of moral rectitude will be

a perennial spring of the noblest satisfaction, which will survive the desolations of time, and accompany them to that throne of perfect equity, where the Supreme Judge of the human character has said, '*Them that honour me, I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.*' Then will it be seen that the morality of the Gospel alone will stand in that trying hour, and its possessors, supported by the arms of mercy, shall triumph amidst a world in flames.

In conclusion, then, the final appeal must be to Him from whom the whole emanates—to the last tribunal where all destinies will be fixed, and the sentence will be irrevocable. Time is already giving warning of this hour, and all things are hastening to this awful consummation. The close of temporal engagements naturally directs our reflections to the termination of all our personal and individual activity —to the period which death shall soon put to all our labours. From these considerations, we should gather fresh motives to perseverance in the path of duty, and be excited to greater watchfulness against separating moral obligation from religious principle; while with trembling anxiety, blended with humble confidence, we wait the restitution of all things, to be ushered in by the shout of the Archangel, and the trump of GOD.

With the following beautiful poem we shall conclude these cursory observations on the most important subject that can occupy the mind of Man—a subject that will not cease to interest till the vision of the poem shall be fully realized, and the Sun himself shall set to rise no more.

The LAST MAN.

[By Thomas Campbell, Esq.]

'All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom;
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely Man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying 'We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

'What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will,—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned King of Day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

'Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again.
Its fictious pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain, anew to writhe,
Stretched in Disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

'Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire:—
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast:
Th' eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heav'nly spark:
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark;—
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death.

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief, that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!'

The meanest *Insect* we can see, the minutest and most contemptible *Weed* we can tread upon, is really sufficient to confound ATHEISM, and baffle all its pretensions. How much more that astonishing variety and multiplicity of God's works with which we are continually surrounded! Let any man survey the face of the earth, or lift up his eyes to the firmament; let him consider the nature and instincts of brute animals, and afterwards look into the operations of his own mind: Will he presume to say, or suppose, that all the objects he meets with are nothing more than the result of *unaccountable accidents* and BLIND CHANCE? Can he possibly conceive that such wonderful order should spring out of confusion? Or, that such perfect beauty should be ever formed by the fortuitous operations of unconscious, inactive particles of matter? As well, nay better, and more easily, might he suppose that an earthquake might happen to build towns and cities; or the materials carried down by a flood fit themselves up without hands into a regular fleet. For what are towns, cities, or fleets, in comparison of the vast and amazing fabric of the Universe! DR. BALGUY.

To study GOD, God's student, *man* was made;
To read him as in Nature's text conveyed,
Not as in Heaven; but as he did descend
To earth, his easier book: where, to suspend
And save his miracles, each little *flow'r*,
And lesser *fly*, shows his familiar pow'r.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

I have long thought that the motions of the heavenly bodies, the propagation and growth of animals and plants, the faculties of the human mind, and even *the ability of moving my hand up and down, by a simple volition*, afford, when deliberately reflected on, more convincing arguments against ATHEISM than all the recondite lucubrations of the most profound philosophers. In a word, *the Argument for the Existence of God, which is drawn from the Contemplation of Nature*, is so clear and so strong, that the most ignorant can comprehend it, and the most learned cannot invent a better.

BP. WATSON.

TIME'S TELESCOPE

FOR

1826.

TIME is duration in reference to finite beings. An *almanack* may be regarded as a divider or marker of time by the *year;* a *calendar,* one by the *month;* and an *ephemeris,* by the *day*. This is consistent with the derivation of the several words.

A *year,* in Latin *annus,* is the interval of time which the Sun occupies in his apparent motion through the twelve signs of the zodiac. This is the natural or tropical year, and consists of 365 d. 5 h. 48 m. 45½ s. The vicissitude of the seasons obviously gave occasion to the first institution of the year; and but slight observation would lead men to refer the principal cause of such vicissitude to the motion of the Sun: but in a matter where all was fleeting and mutable, it was not so easy to assign a fixed point, from which, as from a starting post, the year should be said to commence. Nor was it easy, in the early ages of astronomy, to assign, with tolerable precision, the length of the yearly period.

The commencement of the year took place at the autumnal equinox among the Egyptians, the Chaldæans, the Persians, the Syrians, the Phœnicians, and the Carthaginians; at the same epoch among the Jews for their civil year, and at the vernal equinox for their

ecclesiastical year; at the winter solstice among the Greeks before *Méthon*, and at the summer solstice after *Méthon*, or *Meton;* at the vernal equinox among the Romans, with Romulus, and at the winter equinox with Numa Pompilius; at this latter epoch among the ancient inhabitants of the north; among the Chinese, it took, and still takes place, in the month which answers to February.

The *ecclesiastical year* commences with *Advent*. The English *civil* year formerly commenced at *Lady-day*, March 25th, although the historical year commenced on the 1st of January. The part of the year between these two terms was expressed thus, $172\frac{3}{4}$, $174\frac{5}{6}$, &c.; but by the English act for altering the style, the civil year, ever since 1752, has commenced with January 1st. With us, also, the *exchequer* year commences in March; and municipal years at various times, as in London at *Lord Mayor's Day*, &c. The year begins at the winter solstice, among the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Germans, the Siamois*, and the Peruvians; at the vernal equinox among the Mexicans; without a determinate epoch among the Mahometans and Arabians.

According to Varro, Livy, Ovid, &c. the Roman year, in the time of Romulus, had 10 months, and consisted of 304 days. It began in the month of March, and December was the last. This year is designated by chronologers under the title of the Romulean year. Numa Pompilius, who succeeded the founder of Rome, added 2 months to this year, because he thought that 12 lunar months were sufficient to agree with the seasons, and he extended it to 355 days, because he believed *even days* unlucky. Some chronologists assert that the ancient year in Italy always consisted of 12 lunar months, forming,

* Since 1752, with the exception of the Greek churches, they have abandoned the old style, and date according to the Gregorian calendar.

in the whole, 354 days, which was that of the ancient Latins, and consequently anterior to Romulus. So that Numa Pompilius did but change the order of the months.

JANUARY.

JANUARY was so named, because sacred to Janus. Its tutelar divinity was *Juno*. On the first day of this month, the artificers were anxious to commence those works which they intended to perform during the course of that year. The principal feasts of January were, on the 1st of the month a festival in honour of Jupiter, Juno, and Janus; on the 24th, the feast of corn sowing; on the 27th, the grand festival in honour of Castor and Pollux. The ides of this month were announced by criers dressed like women—a singular custom; for which history has assigned no reason.

The sign of this month is *Aquarius*, supposed to denote that snows and rains are now more frequent than in any other season of the year.—See the *Imperial Almanack* for 1825[1].

Remarkable Days

In JANUARY 1826.

1.—CIRCUMCISION.

THIS festival commemorates the circumcision of our Lord on the 8th day of his nativity. It was first observed, so far as we have been able to ascertain, in the year 487. The day of its observance of course depends upon the time assigned to Christmas day.

[1] This *Library Compendium of Astronomical, Statistical, Scientific and interesting Information* (to which we are frequently indebted in the course of the present work) is edited by an eminent Astronomer and Philosopher of the day, and its contents are far more valuable than those of any Almanack we have seen: being printed in 12mo, it may be bound up with our volume, to which it forms a convenient and even necessary Appendix.

This, or the Feast of the Nativity, as it was called, was observed certainly in the 2d, and probably in the 1st century. During the Dioclesian persecution, that monarch finding a multitude of Christians assembled in a large place of worship, to celebrate the day of Christ's nativity, commanded the doors to be fastened up, and the church to be set on fire; so that, in a short time, the church, and the numerous Christians which it contained, were burnt to ashes.

Baronius, and some other writers, affirm that Christmas day was always observed on the 25th of December; but that is not correct. Clemens Alexandrinus informs us that the Basilidians observed it in *April*, and that many other Christians, who had taken great pains to affix it correctly, assigned it to the 25th day of the Egyptian month *Pachon*. This would place it in our month of May, as Basnage shows. The present dates however, both of Christmas Day and the Circumcision, have been recognized in England ever since the year 1550.

The first of January is called *New Year's Day*, a day the best suited for a universal holiday of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. It is the period of the regeneration of the Calendar in the most interesting parts of the civilized world. Persons of all ranks and occupations take an interest in it. It is the beginning of a new era. We have made up our accounts of happiness and sorrow with the old year; we have struck the moral balance, calculated the profit and loss, and taken stock as a trader does of his goods. We turn over a new leaf, we enter upon a fresh series of transactions; and the common maxim, 'As is the beginning so shall be the ending,' disposes us to enter upon it joyfully.

> The King of Light, Father of aged Time,
> Hath brought about that day which is the prime
> To the slow gliding months, when every eye
> Wears symptoms of a sober jollity.

In *looking back* to the past year, we shall be struck

very forcibly with the circumstance of so few of our undertakings in that space of time having turned out as we planned and expected: our wisest schemes have been thwarted; and events that at the first glance seemed to threaten mischief and ruin to us, have, on the contrary, proved beneficial. Death has been busy with our friends on the one hand, but, on the other, friends have had children born to them; young friends have been *married and given in marriage:* it has been indeed, like all the years that have gone before it since the flood—a chequered scene.

But in *looking forward* to the year that is just commencing, we see a blank, perhaps a dreary page—who can read it? All is dark and unknown; it is like commencing a journey through some wild country as yet unexplored; dangers may await us on every side; dangers which, if they never arrive, must yet be guarded against: new connections in life will probably be formed; old ones broken up: our fortunes may be bettered or made worse by a thousand unforeseen public or private occurrences: in the midst of many plans to secure earthly felicity, we may be cut off in a moment; or it may be the Almighty's will, that we should remain among men for years to come. As Blair says, 'Life and death, prosperity and adversity, health and sickness, joy and trouble, lie in one undistinguishable mass, where our eye can descry nothing through the obscurity that wraps them up.' In a word, look at it as you will, it is a period fraught with awful uncertainty to us all.

HYMN

Composed by the late Bishop of Calcutta, and always sung on New Year's Day, by his desire.

As o'er the past my mem'ry strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;

And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r,
That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee!

New Year's Gifts were formerly presented on this day, in England, by the husband to the wife, the father to the child, or the master to the servants. It was customary, also, for the nobility to present some offering to the king at this season, and for his Majesty to return the compliment. This was the practice so late as the year 1660, as appears from the following entry in Mr. Pepys's Diary: 'Jan. 2. 1660. I had been early this morning at White Hall, at the Jewell Office, to choose a piece of gilt plate for my Lord, in returne of his offering to the King (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an Earle gives twenty pieces in gold in a purse to the King). I chose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and a half, and he is allowed 30; so I paid 12*s.* for the ounce and half over what he is to have: but strange it was for me to see what a company of small fees I was called upon by a great many to pay there, which, I perceive, is the manner that courtiers do get their estates.'

It was formerly the custom at Queen's College, Oxford, on New Year's Day, to give a Needle and Thread to the Fellows, being a rebus on their Founder's name, *Eglesfield*; Aiguille, in French, signifying a Needle, and *Fil*, a Thread, a proper memorandum of their Founder.—*Pointer's Oxoniensis Academia*, p. 38.

For an account of some curious ceremonies yet extant in the Highlands of Scotland on this day, see our last volume, pp. 3-5.

*1. 1067.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CROWNED.

The English having for many years groaned under a foreign yoke, were most desirous of restoring the line of the ancient British monarchs; accordingly, after the death of their Danish tyrant, Hardicanute, they placed one of the Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, on the throne. This prince having no offspring, bequeathed the crown to William Duke of Normandy, afterwards called the Conqueror; who being supported in his claims by the people, appeared in the field against Harold the Danish monarch, and overcame him; the latter prince dying amidst the thickest of the battle, with his sword firmly clinched in his hand. William having thus succeeded with much ease to the British throne, was crowned on this day at Westminster, by the Archbishop of York, taking the usual oath to protect the church, observe the laws, and govern the people with strict justice and impartiality. This day may, therefore, be hailed as the end of the Saxon government in England, and the beginning of a new monarchy under the most favourable auspices.

*2. 1666-7.—A WINTER AMUSEMENT.

Strongly recommended to all our fair readers, as an admirable prophylactic; it was in use in the time of K. Charles II, and is thus noticed by Mr. Pepys: 'My wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to *frost-bite themselves*.' Pity that such an excellent custom as this should ever go out of fashion!

6.—EPIPHANY, *or* TWELFTH DAY.

The word Epiphany was of old used both for what we now denominate Epiphany and for Christmas Day. About the 3d and 4th centuries, it was often called Θεοφάνια, *the appearances of God in the flesh*, and applied to Christ's manifestation to the world in four several respects: 1, by his Nativity; 2, by the appearance of the *star*, which was his Epiphany to the Gentiles; 3, by the glorious appearance at his Bap-

tism, when the voice from heaven declared, '*This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased;*' 4thly, by the manifestation of his Divinity, when, at the marriage at Cana in Galilee, he turned water into wine. In the early ages, notice was usually given, at the Epiphany, of the precise time on which the ensuing *Easter* would fall.

On this day, the Eastern magi visited Bethlehem to offer adoration and gifts to the infant Messiah, as the Saviour of the world and the *sent of God*, offering him presents emblematical of his divinity, royalty, and humanity—*incense*, as given only to God—*gold*, as denoting his kingly capacity—and *myrrh*, with which bodies were embalmed in the East, as showing the mortality of his body.—Stanhope, in his excellent 'Commentary on the Epistles and Gospels,' says, 'It was a farther accession to the honour of this day, that the Holy Jesus is supposed to have been, upon it, baptized in the river Jordan, by John; which St. Chrysostom mentions, not only as a thing notorious in his time, but as a principal cause of the respect paid to it by the church. To which let me add an ancient tradition, that, upon this day also, our Saviour is supposed to have given the first proof of his Divine power, by turning water into wine, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee.'

Twelfth day has long been observed with great festivity in most parts of Europe. It was formerly, as is well known, the custom to put a bean into a cake made of flour, honey, ginger, and pepper; sometimes a pea was added for the Queen. The cake was then divided into several portions, allowing one for our Saviour, one for the Virgin, and the same for the three Kings (which were all given to the poor), and one portion for each of the company: the happy man who found the bean in his share, was installed *King* for the evening, and chose the Ministers of State, Maids of Honour, &c. In later times the bean was disused, and tickets were prepared, in-

scribed with the name of King, Ministers, &c. who were thus chosen by lot. At present, it is true that the characters of King and Queen are drawn for; but instead of Ministers, &c. being chosen by them or by lot, we have burlesque cards for Billy Button, Polly Wryneck, and such silly incongruous personages. To get rid of these, and nominate their wonted predecessors, is now the most ingenious way to make a Twelfth Night Festival agreeable and entertaining.

8.—SAINT LUCIAN.

This is the first name of a saint, which stands in our British almanacks. He was a Presbyter of the Church at Antioch, and, as some affirm, a disciple of St. Peter. He suffered martyrdom on the rack in Nicomedia. Many persons have recommended that this earliest place among the saints should be assigned to LUCIUS, *the first Christian king.* He was a *British* monarch, and was called *Lever Maur,* or, the great brightness. He flourished about A.D. 180, and founded a church at Winchester. The festivals in commemoration of the martyrs were very early observed among Christians. They knew that 'the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church,' and therefore assembled annually at their graves, to celebrate their memory, and to pray for grace to emulate their excellencies. The earliest instance of this kind on record, relates to Polycarp, who suffered in 168. The church at Smyrna, over which he was bishop, in an epistle still extant, express their determination to assemble at the place where his bones were deposited, and 'celebrate the *birth-day* of his martyrdom with joy and gladness.' In after-times, when many Christians became rich, they introduced their συμπόσια, or feasts of charity, and, by and bye, common banquets at the graves of the martyrs. Riot and disorder succeeded; so that, in the times of Ambrose and Augustine we find those eminent men labouring to check the enormities which had thus grown out of a laudable custom.

In the Roman and Greek churches, some saints or other, real or pretended, have long got possession of every day in the year; but with us, since our reformation of the calendar in 1752, the number is restricted within much narrower limits. Of those which are retained, some names have descended from the times of primitive purity and simplicity; some are transmitted to us by the Roman church; and a few are British worthies doing honour to the British name.

9.—PLOUGH MONDAY.

This is always the Monday following the Epiphany. Some curious ceremonies are still observed on this day in the northern counties, particularly in Yorkshire.—See T. T. for 1822, p. 9.

*10. 1558.—THREE MEN AND TWO WOMEN BURNT

In one fire, at Canterbury. These blessed martyrs prayed, at the stake, that their blood might be the *last* that might be shed in England for the Gospel; to which prayer, God said, *Amen!* Q. Mary dying five days afterwards.—See the immortal 'Acts and Monuments' of that honest and faithful chronicler JOHN FOX,—whose venerable tomes offer an invaluable record, as Mr. Strype justly observes, 'of the memories of those holy men and women, those bishops and divines, together with their histories, acts, sufferings, and their constant deaths, willingly undergone for the sake of Christ and his Gospel, and for refusing to comply with Popish doctrines and superstitions.'

During the short, but bloody reign of the bigoted Mary, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN human beings were sacrificed to the diabolical vengeance of Bonner and his furious priests; viz. 1 archbishop, 4 bishops, 21 divines, 8 gentlemen, 84 artificers, 100 husbandmen, servants and labourers, 26 wives, 20 widows, 9 single women, 2 boys (one of these only 8 years old being *scourged to death*, by the infamous Bonner, in his own house), and 2 *infants*. Many also died in prison, were scourged, and otherwise cruelly treated.

'Prepare the stake, the pile uprear,'
The triple-crowned tyrant cries,
The Friends of Persecution hear:
A lurid gleam o'er Europe flies.
Hark, ceaseless hammers forge the chain;
And crowded dungeons are enlarged in vain.

Behold unripened youth and nerveless age,
And female weakness mock their rage!
See holy WISHART climb the pyre,
Nor shrink though BEATON watch the fire!
See mitred RIDLEY, bold in death,
And dauntless HOOPER gasp for breath:
See LATIMER augment the glorious band;
And CRANMER eye serene the firm repentant hand!

13.—SAINT HILARY.

He was a pious father of the Christian church, a native, and afterwards bishop, of Poictiers, where he died in the year 367. Interesting accounts of this, as well as many others of the *fathers* of the Christian Church, may be seen in *Cave's Lives of the Apostles and Fathers*, 2 vols. folio, 1677.

18.—SAINT PRISCA,

A pious Roman virgin, said to have been put to death by order of the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 47.

*18. 1824.—JOHN COX DIED,

Principal in the firm of Cox, Barnett, and Co. Copper-plate Printers. To the careful superintendance and taste of this gentleman is owing much of the graphic beauty of many of the splendidly decorated works which have appeared during the last thirty years. In his office were printed the plates of the large works published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Dilettanti, and other Societies, the Topographical and Architectural works published by Taylor, and a large portion of the valuable publications of Messrs. Britton, Cooke, Neale, and others. To his correct taste and accurate judgment is also owing the superior style of execution in which the Portraits by Lodge have been lately produced, and the examination of each impression of this noble series of portraits was the last active occupation in which he was engaged.

20.—SAINT FABIAN

Was the 19th bishop of Rome. He was chosen to that office in the year 241, and after being bishop

thirteen years, suffered martyrdom in the Decian persecution.—See *Euseb. Lib.* vi, *cap.* 28, 38.

21.—SAINT AGNES

Was a beautiful girl, beheaded at the early age of 13, by order of Dioclesian. The rustic damsels in our northern counties used to assemble on Saint Agnes' night, and have recourse to simple spells to ascertain whom they should marry.

*21. 1661.—A MILD WINTER.

It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flyes fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves: such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here.—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

22.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, when the season of Lent was extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals.

22.—SAINT VINCENT

Was deacon of a church in Spain. He was born at Saragossa, and, under the Dioclesian persecution in 304, suffered martyrdom of the most dreadful kind.

23.—HILARY TERM BEGINS.

The word *Term* is evidently derived from *Terminus,* the god of boundaries, or landmarks, and also of the limits of time as well as of space. The common expression *term,* as a duration of time, springs from the same source, as terms of life, terms of years, &c. The four law terms are those of *Hilary, Easter, Trinity,* and *Michaelmas;* the commencements of each of which are specified in our almanacks. There is one day in each Term in which not any business is transacted, namely: Candlemas Day in Hilary Term, Ascension Day in Easter Term, Midsummer Day in Trinity Term, and All Saints' Day in Michaelmas

Term. These four days are called *Grand Days* in the Inns of Court; *Gaudy Days* at the two Universities; and *Collar Days* at St. James's.

The Terms kept by the students at the universities vary from those observed by the courts of law in their commencement and termination. These, also, for Oxford and Cambridge are duly recorded in the calendar of each year: viz. at Oxford *four*, at Cambridge *three*.

The *first day of Term* is prettily described in 'The Bar; a Poem,' 1825:—

But hark! huge porters with loud echoing ring,
The clanging doors back on their hinges fling!
The *Term* begins! the ancient structure shakes,
And startled silence from her slumber wakes!
Now, full of bustle like a summer hive
Of bees, the busy Temple's all alive!
Grave gownsmen, full of thought, 'to chambers' hie,
From court to court, perplexed, attornies fly;
A Dowling[1] each! quick scouring to and fro,
And wishing he could cut himself in two,
That he two places at a time might reach,
So he could charge his 'six and eightpence' each.

Through the dark regions of the low'ring sky,
Now red-tailed writs like angry comets fly,
Portentous in their course! with fear of change
Perplexing awe-struck mortals as they range.
Attornies' clerks in haste each other greet,
And porters hurry on from street to street.
Now watchful Bums[2], (dark messengers of fate,)
In lurking corners for their victims wait.

Now Special Pleaders all their skill display,
And spin, like spiders, through the live-long day,
Their subtle webs to catch their careless prey!
Pleas, declarations, and replies abound,
Eventful 'issues' thicken o'er the ground,
And every hostile movement, *pro* and *con*,
'Gives dreadful note of preparation;'
While 'notices of trial' sound from far,
The signal of a dreadful—'paper war.'

[1] A celebrated character in 'Tom Jones.'

[2] *Bum*-bailiffs, a corruption of *bound*-bailiffs, so called from their being bound to the sheriffs for the due execution of their duties.

Lo! through the Hall[1], indulging harmless talk,
In full costume the learned judges walk,
Greet their grave brethren—nod—shake hands and bow,
Gracious this day to all—a goodly show!
Grimly they smile, as slowly they advance,
The pinks of courtesy and complaisance,
As if their pictured ancestors of yore
Had left their frames and stepped upon the floor!
And now, with due solemnity of face,
And needful form, each judge resumes his place;
Business begins,—no time must now be lost,
But ev'ry man stand steady at his post.

25.—CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

This festival was first instituted in 813; it was not adopted in the ritual of the Church of England until 1662.

*26. 1825.—ALEXANDER TILLOCH DIED.

He was Proprietor and Editor of the 'Star Newspaper,' and of the 'Philosophical Magazine,' which latter he established in the year 1797. During the early period of its existence, Dr. Tilloch was the sole proprietor; and such he continued until about four years since, when the name of Richard Taylor, F. L. S. was added to his own as joint proprietor. During the whole of this long period, this work was almost exclusively under Dr. Tilloch's management; nor did he wholly relinquish its superintendence, until he was compelled by those debilities of nature which terminated in his death. But amidst these various avocations and duties, Dr. Tilloch found time to turn his attention to subjects of theology. In the Star, during the early years that it was under his management, he published numerous essays and dissertations on the Prophecies, some of which were on detached points, and others in continuation of the same train of thought and argumentation. These compositions were afterwards collected together by a gentleman in the North, and published in a volume, under the name of 'Biblicus.' In the year 1823, Dr. Tilloch published in

[1] Westminster Hall.

one volume, octavo, 'Dissertations introductory to the Study and right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse.' Of Dr. Tilloch's uniformly virtuous and amiable character, it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. From the year 1789 his name has constantly been before the public; but through this long march of thirty-six years, it never contracted a single stain. He was a member of several useful literary bodies, and in the Society of Arts he took a distinguished lead; its records witnessing so many valuable propositions and plans, determining in practical benefit, which proceeded from him. As an antiquary and virtuoso, he possessed taste, judgment, and industry; and has left behind him a valuable collection of coins, medals, manuscripts, obsolete and unique publications, &c. The *steam-engine* was another subject to which Dr. Tilloch devoted his comprehensive mind; and we have the best reasons for stating, that the improvements made on the useful and mighty machine, which goes under the name of Woolf's engine, were suggested and matured principally by Dr. Tilloch: nor did even age or sickness prevent his labouring in order to render the steam-engine still more complete; for, among the list of new patents, we find one dated the 11th of January last, only fifteen days before his death, 'To Alexander Tilloch, of Islington, Doctor of Laws, for his invention or discovery of an improvement in the steam-engine, or in the apparatus connected therewith, and also applicable to other useful purposes.' The experiments made by Dr. Tilloch in 1781 and 1782, laid the foundation of stereotype printing.

29. 1820.—KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S ACCESSION.

30. 1649.—KING CHARLES I, MARTYR.

This day is memorable in history for the decapitation of K. Charles I, who suffered more from the violence and ambition of his enemies, than the faults of

his own character. Though some of the leading events of his reign were the offspring of a false system of government, and a despotic stretch of regal authority, still the minds and dispositions of the people were so turbulent, revolutionary, and fanatical, as to cause, perhaps, more of the misery of this period, than the errors and mismanagement of the king. At any rate, the allegations laid to his charge were unsupported by such facts as would have justified them in ever bringing him to judgment, much less to the scaffold. — Hervey, in one of his letters, speaking of some observations which had been made on one of his publications, says, 'With regard to my calling those persons, who took up arms against King Charles I, rebels; you know it is the avowed tenet of the Church of England, and the declared sense of our legislators. If I were to alter that expression, especially since it has stood so long, it might probably disgust readers who are in a contrary way of thinking; at least, it would give occasion for speculation, and stir up the embers of mutual animosity, which, I hope, are now sleeping, and upon the point of being extinguished. For my part, I look upon King Charles as one of the best men that ever filled a throne; and esteem the Puritans as some of the most zealous Christians that ever appeared in our land. Instead of inveighing against either, I would lament the misfortune of *both*. Through some deplorable mismanagement, they knew one another no better, and valued one another no more; otherwise, how happy might they have been!—They, in so devout a sovereign; he, in such conscientious subjects.'

It is a remarkable circumstance, that *Cromwell* went to look at the murdered king, opened the coffin himself, and put his finger to the neck where it had been severed; he even inspected the inside of the body, observing in how healthy a state it had been, and how well made for length of life.—See T. T. for 1821, p. 17.

A brutal and unmanly insult to the memory of this

martyred sovereign was offered by the adherents of Cromwell, in the institution of the CALVES' HEAD CLUB, the orgies of which were celebrated so late as the year 1735.—See the ceremonies described in T. T. for 1814, p. 10. The following satirical lines are from *Hudibras Redivivus*, vol. i, part 5, p. 24, 4to, 1708:—

O sanctify the Calves' Head Club,
Those valiant patriots of the mob;
O make them steadfast, wise, and wary;
Strengthen their zeal, they ne'er may vary
Their good old feast in January.
O bless the *Calves*, whose heads they choose
For this their pious, heav'nly use:
May they abound with brains, to fit 'em
For sauce, above the saints that eat 'em.

It is still a custom, we believe, among such as are called the 'rigid Dissenters,' to have a calf's head for dinner on the 30th of January; but this repast is unattended with any of those disgusting orgies practised by the celebrated, but infamous Club, above noticed.

At *Newark upon Trent*, which was famous for its loyalty to the unfortunate Charles, there exists a singular custom of raffling for oranges upon this day —a practice which is also observed on Shrove Tuesday.

Some *admirable Letters* of King Charles I will be found in *Mr. Ellis's Royal Letters, illustrative of English History*, 8vo, 3 vol. *second edition*, 1825. —See also our last volume, pp. 18-20.

31. 1820.—KING GEORGE IV PROCLAIMED.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JANUARY 1826.

The radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Soon to reverse the long career;
And northward bends his steady reins.

ONCE more we invite the attention of our youthful readers to the use of TIME'S TELESCOPE in surveying the occurrences of the seasons as they pass in review before them; hoping, that while they are thus engaged in studying the wonders of creation, and the phenomena of the heavens, the trifles of time and sense will lose their influence, and the mind be gradually drawn to the contemplation of objects of higher and more momentous importance.

Obliquity of the Ecliptic.

Having already explained the nature and variation of this obliquity (see T. T. for 1816 and 1817), we shall refer our young readers to these pages, and merely give the quantities for the following epochs during the present year.

January.....	1st, the obliquity is	23°	27″	40·5″
April	1st, ...	23	27	40 5
July	1st, ...	23	27	38·8
October	1st, ...	23	27	38 7
December . 31st,	.....	23	27	37·3

The equation of the equinoxial points for the same eras are the following, viz.

January.....	1st, the equation is.....	17·0″
April	1st, ...	16·4
July	1st, ...	15·7
October	1st, ...	14·8
December . 31st,	.....	14·0

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Aquarius at 11 m. past noon on the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets during several days of the same period as in the following table. These times are calculated for the first meridian; but may easily be reduced to any other by proportion, at the rate of 15 degrees to an hour; an example of which may be seen at page 22 of T. T. for 1824.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

January 1st,	Sun rises	5 m. after	8	Sets	55 m. after 3
6th,		1	8	59	3
11th,		57	7	3	4
16th;		52	7	8	4
21st,		45	7	15	4
26th,		37	7	23	4
31st,		29	7	31	4

Equation of Time.

Most of our youthful readers are aware that the time as indicated by a good sun dial is not the real time of the day, or that which ought to be given by a well regulated clock or watch at the same moment. The former is called *apparent*, the latter *true* time. The one, however, may at all times be found from the other, by means of the *Equation of Time*, which is the difference between them at any specified hour. This is also calculated and arranged in tables to be referred to when required. For all the requisite information on this subject, we refer to our volumes for 1814, 1816, 1823, and 1824; see the pages 60, 19, 18, and 23 respectively. The equation for noon of each of the following days is given below; that for any of the intermediate epochs must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Sunday, Jan.	1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	3	50
Friday,	6th,		6	8
Wednesday,	11th,		8	14
Monday,	16th,		10	5
Saturday,	21st,		11	39
Thursday,	26th,		12	53
Tuesday,	31st,		13	47

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter	1st day,	at 24 m. after	0	afternoon
New Moon	8th		39	9 morning
First Quarter	16th		38	4
Full Moon	24th		2	0
Last Quarter	30th		9	8 evening.

Moon's Passage over the first Meridian.

The Moon will south, or pass the first meridian of this country at the following times during the present month, which will afford our young observers opportunities of seeing her in that position, should the atmosphere be favourable. These times will, of course, require a slight correction, should the place be on any other meridian than the *first;* but this may readily be found by proportion from the quantities given in the Nautical Almanac, as for the equation of time, and other phenomena.

TABLE

Of the Moon's Passage over the first Meridian.

January 1st, at	32 m	after	5	in the morning
2d, ...	23		6	.....
3d, ...	16		7	.....
4th, ...	12		8	.....
5th, ...	10		9	.....
13th, ...	55		3	in the afternoon
14th, ...	37		4	.....
15th, ...	10		5	.....
16th, ...	2		6	.....
17th, ...	47		6	.....
18th, ...	35		7	in the evening
19th, ...	25		8	.....
20th, ...	17		9	.....
21st, ...	9		10	.....
22d, ...	2		11	.....

Time of High Water at London.

The Moon being the chief agent in regulating the Tides, we shall here insert the times of High Water at London, for both morning and afternoon of every fifth day. Though local circumstances, as winds, &c. may sometimes occasion slight variations, the times specified below are generally very near the truth:—

		Morning.			*Afternoon.*	
January	1st, at	45 m. after	6	.....	13 m. after	7
	6th, ...	0	0	.....	31	0
	11th, ...	53	3	.....	7	4
	16th, ...	54	6	.....	17	7
	21st, ...	59	11	.....	0	0
	26th, ...	35	3	.....	5	3
	31st, ...	14	7	.....	48	7

If the time of high water be required for any of the intermediate days, it must be determined by proportion, as in the preceding cases for other subjects. It may also sometimes be desirable to ascertain the time of high tide at other noted parts; for which purpose we subjoin the following statement, viz.

To the Time, as given for London, *add*	*h.*	*m.*
For Tinmouth Haven, Hartlepool, and Amsterdam	0	30
Brest, Rochelle, and Rochford	1	0
Scilly, Cape Clear, and Leith	1	45
Mount's Bay, Edystone, and Falmouth	1	55
Bridlington Pier, Humber, and Antwerp	2	0
Fowey, Looe, Plymouth, and Waterford	3	10
Dartmouth, Harborough, Hull, and Sidmouth	3	30
Torbay, Teignmouth, and Cork	3	40
Exmouth, Topsham, and Lyme	3	50
Bridgewater, Texel, and Cherburgh	4	5
Boston, Bristol, Lynn, and Weymouth	4	20
Harfleur, and without the Vlie	5	40
New York, New London, George Town, Savannah	6	30
For the following places, *subtract*, viz.		
For Leigh, Maes, and Gouries' Gut	0	15
Gravesend, Rochester, and Rammekins	1	0
Buoy of the Nore, Flushing, Cadiz, and Yarmouth	1	20
Portsmouth, Ostend, Shoe Beacon, and Redsand	2	30
Calais, Dover, Harwich, Liverpool, and Spithead	3	10
Orfordness, Gunfleet, Shoreham, and Dieppe	4	0
Brighton, Dunkirk, and Boulogne	4	15
Needles, Cowes, Yarmouth (Isle of Wight)	4	40
St. Helens, Havre-de-Grace, and Dunnose	5	30
Poole, Dublin, and Caen	5	45

The most remarkable high tides in the course of the present year will be about the 24th of February, the 24th of April, the 3d of October, and the 2d of November. Should these be increased by particular winds, they may be productive of much inconvenience on some parts of the coast.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

The beautiful planet VENUS will be a *morning star* till March 10th; then an *evening star* till December 24th; and afterwards a *morning star* again to the end of the year.

JUPITER will be a *morning star* till the 28th of

February; an *evening star* from that time to the 18th of September; and then a *morning star* for the remainder of the year.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of Venus are subject to regular changes, like those of the Moon, and like them also are susceptible of calculation. We have already explained the method of doing this (see page 17, T. T. for 1819); and shall at present leave these calculations as exercises for our astronomical tyros to perform at their leisure; and only insert the results for each month.

January 1st, { Illuminated part = 11·543
Dark part..... = 0·457

Venus has for some time appeared, and even still appears like a full moon; but her distance from the earth so far diminishes her brilliancy, that she is by no means the brightest when she presents the greatest illuminated disk. This, indeed, takes place when less than half her disk is enlightened; and, for the method of solving this problem, see p. 51 of T. T. for 1819.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

In our volume for 1818, p. 169, we have given some useful information respecting this class of astronomical phenomena, to which we shall, in this place, merely refer our readers, and insert such here as will be visible this month at the Royal Observatory. They are recorded in *mean* time corresponding to that place.

Immersions.

First Satellite	3d	day, at	49 m.	50 s. after	4 in the morning
	4th	.....	18	7	11 in the evening
	10th	.....	43 ...	8	6 in the morning
	12th	.....	11 ...	27	1 .....
	19th	.....	4 ...	49	3 .....
	20th	.....	33 ...	11	9 at night
	26th	.....	58 ...	13	4 in the morning
	27th	.....	26 ...	37	11 at night
Second Satellite	8th	.....	0 ...	37	2 in the morning
	15th	.....	35 ...	14	4 .....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

This phenomenon varies but slowly; we shall therefore, only insert the proportions of its axes for every third month; and refer to p. 52 of T. T. for 1819, for the method of ascertaining this ratio for any required time.

January 1st, { Transverse axis = 1·000 / Conjugate axis = — 0·498

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars[*].

January 4th,	with ♂ in Scorpio, at	midnight		
7th, ...	Venus, ...	0 m. after	6	morning
7th, ...	Mercury, ...	0	8	.....
9th, ...	β in Capricorn, ...	0	10	.....
18th, ...	♂ in Aries, ...	0	3	.....
20th, ...	Saturn, ...	0	8	.....

Jupiter will be stationary on the 1st of this month, and Mercury on the 11th. Georgium Sidus will be in conjunction at 5 in the evening of the 10th. Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 22d; and Venus will be in conjunction with Georgium Sidus at 3 in the afternoon of the same day. Mars will also be in quadrature at 15 m. after 6 in the evening of the 23d.

We shall conclude the Occurrences of the present month with the following sweet and pensive lines; and may our young readers feel, as they peruse them, the importance of sometimes retiring from the glare of the world, and communing with *themselves*.

MIDNIGHT.

'Twas midnight, and I stole away
From ev'ry haunt where life was gay,
Where blooming wreaths, and festive boards,
Were in a wild profusion spread,
And ev'ry bliss that earth affords
To tempt me was around me shed.

I flew, unheeded and alone,
To seek a spot my heart could own,

[*] These conjunctions are restricted to stars of the first *four* magnitudes.

Where I could view the stars arise,
And watch the silvery Moon's decline,
And glance from earth to seas and skies,
And make each passing moment mine.

I passed a vale where all was still,
And gained the summit of a hill,
From whence I saw the ocean far
In silent splendour calmly glide,
While o'er it many a lustrous star
Shed her soft radiance o'er the tide.

And thus unto myself I said,
'When youthful years I've numbered,
Then, far away from worldly strife,
May I with cool reflective brow
Scan o'er my long fled tide of life,
With eye as calm as I gaze now.

And as o'er Ocean's bosom shine
Rays hallowed, bright'ning and divine,
May I then, trembling, grateful feel,
Within this aged breast of mine,
Religion's rays consoling steal,
And meekly bend before my MAKER's shrine.'

RICHARD RYAN.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JANUARY 1826.

For never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous WINTER, and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone;
Beauty o'er-snowed and barrenness every where.
Then were not Summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with Winter meet,
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE green leaves are now withered and decayed, and the bare branches are hung with icicles, and bent down under the weight of accumulated snows. 'Hideous Winter' stalks abroad, and spreads desolation around him; the flowers and the birds of

Spring, the insect-myriads of Summer, and the luscious fruits of Autumn, are no more; all have fled at the cold touch of icy Hyems. Numerous animals are now retired to their winter sleep, and many of the feathered tribe have sought a warmer and more genial clime.

The wrathful Winter hast'ning on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the treen,
And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and ev'ry tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemingly was seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue,
And stole fresh flow'rs (wherewith the Summer's queen
Had clad the earth:) now *Boreas* blasts down blew,
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rew
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced,
In woful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery;
The naked twigs were shiv'ring all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields. EARL OF DORSET.

Not so, however, the inquisitive *Naturalist;* he neither regards the keen wind, nor the falling snow: he passes by no opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of the beauties and the wonders of creation. The *Entomologist,* in particular, will be amply repaid, in this and the succeeding month, by a walk through the fields and woods; and although they may be covered with the fleecy mantle of winter, the industrious collector will readily find objects of sufficient interest to reward his assiduity. 'Often (observes Mr. SAMOUELLE), in the month of January, have I repaired to the woods, and, though much snow lay on the ground, have taken great numbers of insects from under the bark of trees, moss, &c. and of

species which have been scarce even in the summer months. At this season, the Entomologist should not omit to collect a quantity of moss from the roots of trees, which may be carried home in a pocket handkerchief and examined by shaking it over a sheet of paper, upon which the insects will fall, and are easily discovered. At this period also, if the weather be mild, the Entomologist should dig at the roots of trees for the pupæ of *Lepidoptera*; for this purpose the digger is used, or a small trowel: the principal places worthy attention are the roots of oaks, elms, lime-trees, &c. or beneath the underwood, opening the earth close to the tree, and searching to the depth of several inches. Such pupæ as penetrate into the wood require more care, lest they be destroyed when the attempt is made to extricate them; sound on the bark with the digger, and the hollows will soon be discovered where no external sign is visible; tear off the bark (and carefully examine it, for minute Coleoptera are frequently found adhering to it), and with a knife cut away the wood that surrounds the orifice of the cavity, to enlarge it, and take out the pupæ as carefully as possible.[1]—See *Mr. Samouelle's Introduction to the Knowledge of British Insects*, (p. 314) an indispensable text book to every student in this delightful and highly popular branch of Natural History. This work exhibits the fruits of much labour and scientific research into a very attractive department of knowledge, and is presented to the public in a style of minute elegance and accuracy, highly worthy the interest of the subject which it illustrates. It does infinite credit to the author's industry and acquirements as a Naturalist, and we feel a sincere pleasure in earnestly recommending it to the notice of our readers[1].

[1] We think it right to give the title of this ingenious work at length, that our friends may be enabled to form some opinion of the immense mass of valuable information which it contains:—

The throstle is now seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pursuit of *snails*, which he destroys in abundance, particularly in hard winters; he delights also in chrysalids and worms. Other birds now quit their retreats in search of food. The nuthatch is heard, and larks congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter.

The shell-less snail or slug makes its appearance, and commences its depredations on garden plants and green wheat.

The hedge-sparrow and the thrush now begin to sing. The wren also 'pipes her perennial lay,' even among the flakes of snow. The blackbird whistles: the titmouse pulls straw out of the thatch, in search of insects; and linnets congregate. Pullets begin to lay; young lambs are dropped now. The fieldfares, red-wings, skylarks, and titlarks, resort to watered meadows for food, and are, in part, supported by the gnats which are on the snow, near the water. The tops of tender turnips and ivy-berries afford food for the graminivorous birds, as the ringdove, &c.

The house-sparrow chirps, and the bat is now seen.

The *garden* presents scarcely any object of attraction during this month: in December there are still some lingering signs of vegetation; some annuals coming into flower, and some change to be

'THE ENTOMOLOGIST'S USEFUL COMPENDIUM; or an Introduction to the Knowledge of British Insects: comprising the best Means of obtaining and preserving them, and a Description of the Apparatus generally used; together with the Genera of Linnè, and the modern Method of arranging the Classes Crustacea, Myriapoda, Mites, and Insects, from their Affinities and Structure, according to the Views of Dr. Leach; also an Explanation of Terms used in Entomology: a Calendar of the Times of Appearance and usual Situations of near 3000 Species of British Insects; with Instructions for collecting and fitting-up Objects for the Microscope. Illustrated by 12 coloured Plates. By GEORGE SAMOUELLE, Associate of the Linnæan Society of London.'

observed in a few culinary plants, as the savoy and the leek. Now, however, almost every thing is at a stand, and so it must remain, whelmed in cold, till the first or second week of February gives relief, when the gooseberry bush and the elder will afford signs of the sap's motion. From that time, the lover of plants dates his delight in watching their progress, till (beginning with the sloe) the whole round of fruit trees have come into blossom. In the absence of garden-flowers, however, the golden saxifrage and the stonecrop afford their little aid to give life and beauty to the wintry scene. The bramble still retains its leaves, and gives a thin scattering of green in the otherwise leafless hedges; while the berries of the hawthorn, the wild rose, and the spindle-tree, afford their brilliant touches of red. The twigs of the red dog-wood, too, give a richness amid the general brown of the other shrubs. Ivy, 'which kills the thing it loves,' now casts its leaves.

The *Helleborus niger*, or Christmas rose, shows its pretty flowers at this season, and, towards the close of the month, the *snowdrop* blooms.

The SNOWDROP.

I've oft admired the lonely flower
That 'midst the wintry snows,
When other flow'rets bloom no more,
Its silv'ry bosom shows.

I've thought it represented Hope,
Which, with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup
A more than earthly sweet.

Yes, let affliction force the tear,
The world our bosoms sting;
Hope, like the snowdrop, still shall cheer,
And point to coming Spring. T. PAGE.

The flowers of the *rosemary*, an emblem of fidelity among lovers, now begin to open. Its appearance at this season is thus beautifully noticed by the poet:—

Sad *rosemary*,
Mocking the winter of the year with perfumes,
Which the first blast that blows will ravish from it,
And waste midst howling tempests.

The pleasures and gratifications which flow from the *fire-side of an English January*, may be considered as almost peculiar to these islands. 'In warmer climates,' (says a popular writer) 'the aid of fire is demanded for little else than culinary purposes; whilst in the northern regions of continental Europe, the gloomy and unsocial *stove* forms, in general, the only medium through which the rigours of their intense winter are mitigated. To the enlivening blaze and the clean-swept hearth, and to all the numerous comforts which, in this country, so usually wait upon their junction, they are perfect strangers.' Let us add, also, to these attractions, the society of a *friendly neighbour*—a race of bipeds extinct in great cities and towns, but still to be found in many of the villes and villages of the United Kingdom.—MARY LEADBETTER, a Quakeress, (we love their pretty, chaste, *simplex munditiis* style of dress) has favoured us with the following effusion on this subject, which has never yet been in type:—

MY NEIGHBOUR.

Who is it, while adown the tide
Of rolling Time our vessels glide,
I see, fair sailing by my side?
MY NEIGHBOUR.
Scarce conscious that thou art so near,
Scarce conscious that thou art so dear,
Onward my quiet course I steer,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
But should the stroke of death divide
The twisted bands so firmly tied,
Should absence tear thee from my side,
MY NEIGHBOUR,
How wide the vacuum I should feel!
How deep the wound, how hard to heal!
How oft to thee should Mem'ry steal,
MY NEIGHBOUR!

For while my heart o'erflows my eyes,
And countless acts of kindness rise,
For ev'ry act still more I prize
MY NEIGHBOUR.
If pressed with grief, if worn with pain,
Patient thou bear'st while I complain,
And sweetly bid'st me hope again,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
And when distress and sickness fly,
And round me shines a brighter sky,
I read thy gratulating eye,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
I see thy hearth, so bright and clear,
Thy cordial welcome greets mine ear,
And converse pleasant as thy cheer,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
To spread the mental feast is thine,
The Sage's thought—the Poet's line;
If thou possess them, they are mine,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
Thou lead'st me to thy garden rare,
With me its treasures thou wilt share,
And wishest mine to bloom as fair,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
Needs not that each to other's mind
By tastes congenial should be joined,
For stronger links our union bind,
MY NEIGHBOUR.
Thus still adown life's rolling tide
Together may our vessels glide,
And may we anchor side by side,
MY NEIGHBOUR!

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY received its name from the word *Februa*, because the expiatory sacrifices so called took place in this month. Its tutelar divinity was Neptune. In the first ages of Rome, it was at the end of the year; a decree of the Decemviri placed it after January. On the 15th of this month, the *Lupercalia* were celebrated in honour of the year, and of Pan. The sign of this month is *Pisces*, indicative of the waters and rains which then flooded the country.

Remarkable Days

In FEBRUARY 1826.

*1. 1825.—THE UNIVERSITY SEAL OF OXFORD

WAS this day affixed to an instrument releasing the mayor and citizens of that city from the performance of the acts till then annually required of them, on the 10th of February, named *Dies Scholastica.* The origin of this custom is detailed by Anthony à Wood, in his History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, and though long, claims a place in our pages, as illustrative of the turbulent manners of our ancestors in the reign of Edward III.

'On Tuesday, 10th February, 1354, (observes Ant. à Wood) being the feast of S. Scholastica the virgin, came Walter de Springheuse, Roger de Chesterfield, and other clerks, to the Tavern called Swyndlestock (being now the Meermaid Tavern, at Quatervois, [Carfax] stiled to this day in leases Swynstock) and there calling for wine, John de Croydon, the Vintner, brought them some, but they disliking it, as it should seem, and he avouching it to be good, several snappish words passed between them. At length, the vintner giving them stubborn and saucy language, they threw the wine and vessel at his head. The vintner therefore, receding with great passion, and aggravating the abuse to those of his family and neighbourhood, several came in, encouraged him not to put up with the abuse, and withal told him they would faithfully stand by him. Among these were John de Bereford, owner of the tavern, Richard Forester, and Robert Gardiner, who out of propensed malice, seeking all occasions of conflict with the scholars, and taking this abuse for a ground to proceed upon, caused the town bell at St. Martin's to be rung, that the commonalty might be summoned together in a body. Which being begun, they were in an instant in arms; some with bows and arrows, others with divers sorts of weapons. And then they, without any more ado, did in a furious and hostile manner, suddenly set upon divers scholars, who at that time had not any offensive arms, no, not so much as any thing to defend themselves.

'They shot also at the Chancellor of the University, and would have killed him, though he endeavoured to pacify them, and appease the tumult. Further also, although the scholars, at the command of the chancellor, did presently withdraw themselves from the fray, yet the townsmen did thereupon more fiercely pur-

sue him and the scholars, and would by no means desist from the conflict. The chancellor perceiving what great danger they were in, caused the University bell at St. Mary's to be rung out, whereupon the scholars got bows and arrows, and maintained the fight with the townsmen till dark night, at which time the fray ceased, no one scholar or townsman being killed or mortally wounded or maimed.

'On the next day, being Wednesday, Albert, the chancellor of the University, caused public proclamation to be made in the morning, both at St. Mary's Church, in the presence of the scholars there assembled in a great multitude, and also at Quatervois, amongst the townsmen, that no scholar or townsman should wear or bear any offensive weapons, or assault any man, or otherwise disturb the peace, (upon which the scholars did, in humble obedience to that proclamation, repair to the schools, and demeaned themselves peaceably till after dinner) yet the very same morning, about lecture time, the townsmen came with their bows and arrows, and drove away a certain master in divinity and his auditors, who was then determining in the Augustine schools. The ballives of the town also had given particular warning to every townsman at his respective house, in the morning, that they should make themselves ready to fight with the scholars against the time when the town bell should ring out, and also given notice before to the country round about, and had hired people to come in and assist the townsmen in their intended conflict with the scholars. In dinner time, the townsmen subtilly and secretly sent about fourscore men, armed with bows and arrows, and other manner of weapons, into the Parish of St. Giles, in the north suburb; who, after a little expectation, having discovered certain scholars walking after dinner in Beaumont, (being the same place we now call St. Giles's Fields) issued out of St. Giles's Church, shooting at the said scholars for the space of three furlongs: some of them they drove into the Augustine Priory, and others into the town. One scholar they killed without the walls, some they wounded mortally, others grievously, and used the rest basely. All which being done without any mercy, caused an horrible outcry in the town: whereupon the town bell being rung out first, and after that the University bell, divers scholars issued out, armed with bows and arrows, in their own defence, and of their companions, and having first shut and blocked up some of the gates of the town, (least the country people, who were then gathered together in innumerable multitudes, might suddenly break in upon their rear in an hostile manner, and assist the townsmen, who were now ready prepared in battle array, and armed with their targets also) they fought with them, and defended themselves, till after vesper tide; a little after which time entered into the town, by the west gate, about 2000 countrymen, with a black dismal flag, erect and

displayed. Of which the scholars having notice, and being unable to resist so great and fierce a company, they withdrew themselves to their lodgings. But the townsmen finding no scholars in the streets to make any opposition, pursued them, and that day they broke open five inns, or hostles of scholars, with fire and sword.

'Such scholars as they found in the said halls or inns they killed or maimed, or grievously wounded. Their books, and all their goods which they could find, they spoiled, plundered, and carried away. All their victuals, wine, and other drink they poured out; their bread, fish, &c. they trod under foot. After this the night came on, and the conflict ceased for that day, and the same evening public proclamation was made in Oxon, in the king's name, "That no man should injure the scholars, or their goods, under pain of forfeiture."

'The next day, being Thursday, (after the chancellor and some principal persons of the University were set out towards Woodstock to the king, who had sent for them thither) no one scholar or scholar's servant so much as appearing out of their houses, with any intention to harm the townsmen, or offer any injury to them (as they themselves confessed) yet the said townsmen, about sun rising, having rung out their bell, assembled themselves together in a numberless multitude, desiring to heap mischief upon mischief, and to perfect by a more terrible conclusion that wicked enterprize which they had began. This being done, they, with hideous noises and clamours, came and invaded the scholars' houses, in a wreckless sort, which they forced open with iron bars and other engines; and entering into them, those that resisted and stood upon their defence (particularly some chaplains) they killed, or else in a grievous sort maimed.

'Some innocent wretches, after they had killed, they buried in dunghills, and some they let lie above ground. The crowns of some chaplains, viz. all the skin so far as the tonsure went, these diabolical imps flayed off in scorn of their clergy. Divers others, whom they had mortally wounded, they haled to prison in a most lamentable manner. They plundered and carried away all the goods out of fourteen inns or halls, which they spoiled that Thursday. They broke open and dashed to pieces the scholars' chests, and left them not any moveable thing which might stand them in any stead; and which was yet more horrid, some poor innocents that were flying with all speed to the body of Christ for succour, (then honourably carried in procession by the brethren through the town, for the appeasing of this slaughter) and striving to embrace and come as near as they could to the repository, wherein the glorious body was with great devotion put, these confounded sons of Satan knocked them down, beat, and most cruelly wounded. The crosses also of certain brethren, (the Fryers) which

were erected on the ground for the present time, with a "*procul hinc ite profani,*" they overthrew and laid flat with the cheynell. This wickedness and outrage continuing the said day from the rising of the sun till noontide, and a little after, without any ceasing, and thereupon all the scholars (besides those of the Colleges) being fled divers ways, our mother the University of Oxon, which had but two days before many sons, is now almost forsaken and left forlorn.'

The number of scholars killed in this sanguinary affair was *sixty-two;* and in consequence, the Bishop of Lincoln issued his letters of excommunication, interdicting the town, which were read in each parish church in Oxford, for several days, 'with ringing of bells, crosses erected, lighted and extinguished candles, by the priests or chaplains of the said churches, in their sacerdotal vestments and robes.' By this interdict the townsmen were deprived of hearing service, receiving the sacrament, burial, marriage, &c. The mayor and the principal ringleaders were sent to the Tower; and, in the following year, the townsmen made submission to the king, surrendering up their persons, chattels, rights and privileges: the University also made a similar submission, and a new charter was granted to them. After some time the Bishop of Lincoln's interdict was taken off, fresh liberties were granted to the town, and a new mayor and officers appointed, upon the condition, however, of the following 'repentance' being performed by them and their successors, viz. 'That the mayor for the time being, the two baillives, and threescore of the chiefest burghers, (sworn to the University according to the antient use) shall personally appear in St. Mary's Church, on the day of St. Scholastica (the 10th February), and there at their own charges celebrate a mass, with a deacon and sub-deacon, for the souls of the said scholars that were slain, (unless a rational cause, approved of by the chancellor, be given for their absence); and that the said laics or burghers shall be present at the said mass, from the beginning

to the end, and, after the Gospel is read, every one of the said laics shall offer at the great altar in the said church one [silver] penny: of which oblation forty pence shall presently after be distributed to forty poor scholars of the University, by the hands of the proctors, and the residue of the oblation shall be given to the curate of St. Mary's Church.'

At the reformation of religion in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a sermon or communion was substituted for the mass, which was at length changed into the common service, and, with the annual offering of sixty-two silver pennies, continued till the year 1824.

'As for the constant tradition (says Ant. à Wood) that the mayor was wont to come to St. Mary's on the said day, with a *halter about his neck* (as Dr. Jo. Cay reporteth), which after, for worship or modesty sake, was changed into a silken string, I find no such mention on record.' The origin of this tradition may be traced to the circumstance related of John de Bereford, and the other delinquents, who, after their lives had been forgiven, were 'led to St. Mary's and through most parts of the town, with halters about their necks, to the terror of all.'—*See Wood's History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, by Gutch*, 4to, vol. i, pp. 456-473.

2.—PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

Or, *Candlemas Day*. This is the day set apart to commemorate the Purification of the Virgin Mary. In the church, after the time of Constantine, it was celebrated with great splendour, and with many *lights:* on this day, also, they consecrated the candles for sacred use throughout the year.

The *Benediction of the Candles at Rome*, on this day, is described in T. T. for 1822, p. 34.

In Scotland, the *Candlemas Crown* is a badge of distinction, for it can scarcely be called an honour, conferred at some grammar schools, on him who

gives the highest gratuity to the Rector at the term of Candlemas. 'The scholars pay a Candlemas gratuity, according to their rank and fortune,—from 5 shillings even as far as 5 guineas,—when there is a keen competition *for the Candlemas Crown.* The king, i. e. he who pays most, reigns for six weeks, during which period, he is not only entitled to demand an afternoon's play for the scholars once a week, but he has also the royal privilege of remitting punishments.'—(*Statist. Acc.* vol. xiii, p. 211.)

3.—SAINT BLASE.

Blase was bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom by decapitation, in the year 289. Saint Blase is the Patron Saint of the Woolcombers, and some account of the processions made on this day may be seen in our previous volumes. Of the ecclesiastical as well as military *Order of St. Blase and the Virgin Mary,* see T. T. for 1825, p. 41.

*4. 1555.—JOHN ROGERS BURNT.

He was the protomartyr of the English protestants, and suffered in Smithfield in Queen Mary's time. His saying was, 'I am in prison, till I am in prison.' Rogers was a clergyman who had shone among the most distinguished of the protestants. He was prebendary of St. Paul's; and refused all submission to the church of Rome. When he was brought to the stake, he had it in his power to save himself, by recanting his opinions: but neither hopes nor fears could prevail upon him to desert his religion. When the faggots were placed around him, he seemed no way daunted at the preparation, but cried out, *I resign my life with joy, in testimony of the doctrine of Jesus.*

5.—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* SEPTUAGESIMA, p. 12.

A PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shady way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah, do not deem,
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with GOD.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to THEE, that holy peace impart,
Which soothes th' invokers of thy awful name.

Oh, all-pervading SPIRIT! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! eternal power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour! W. B.

5.—SAINT AGATHA.

Agatha was born in Sicily. She was laid naked upon live coals by order of Quintianus, governor of Sicily, because she refused to yield to his brutal desires, and thus died, Feb. 5th, 251.—See T. T. for 1823, p. 37, for an account of the fête of this saint.

7.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

The term *shrove*, which applies equally to this day and the preceding Sunday, is the preter tense of the Saxon verb *to shrive*, i. e. *to confess*. — Shrovetide was a solemn season of confession preparatory to Lent. Among the British Protestants, especially in villages, Shrove *Tuesday* is better known as *Pancake Day*.

The making of pancakes and fritters used to furnish as much amusement in the kitchen, as their mastication did in the parlour, the operators piquing themselves on tossing them skilfully in the pan. But the custom is now on the wane. In the year 1684, it existed in all its glory, as appears from Poor Robin's Almanack for that year.

But hark, I hear the *pancake bell*,
And *fritters* make a gallant smell;
The cooks are baking, frying, boyling,
Stewing, mincing, cutting, broyling,
Carving, gurmondizing, roasting,
Carbonading, slashing, toasting,
Hacking, cracking, breaking, brewing.
* * *
This is for *Lent* the preparation,
And *fasting* now used in our nation,
Whilst calves and lambs and bullocks dye,
To satisfie our gluttony.

It was the custom at Harding, in Flintshire, on this day, for the lord of the manor by his bailiff to provide a foot-ball, and throw it down in a field near the church (called thence Foot-ball field), in which field, though sown with any sort of grain, the young and old met, all to play at foot-ball.—*Kennett MS., Brit. Mus.*

At Eaton, on Shrove Tuesday, as soon as ever the clock strikes nine, all the boys in the schoole cry ΤΩ ΒΑΚΧΩ, ΤΩ ΒΑΚΧΩ, ΤΩ ΒΑΚΧΩ, as loud as they can yell, and stamp and knock with their sticks: and then they doe all runne out of the schoole.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686, *Brit. Mus.*

8.—ASH WEDNESDAY.

This is the first day of Lent. Pope Gregory introduced the sprinkling of ashes on this day; hence its name of *Dies Cinerum*, or *Ash Wednesday*. In the church of England, the service of *Commination* is appropriated to this day in particular. The Lent fast was called by the Latins *Quadragesima;* but whether on account of its being originally a fast of *forty days*, or only *forty hours*, has been much disputed among learned men. Bingham inclines to the opinion, that, at first, it was only forty hours.

*9. 1555.—DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR BURNT AT HADLEIGH, IN SUFFOLK.

Dr. Taylor was put into a pitch barrel, and before the fire was kindled, a faggot from an unknown hand was thrown at his head, which made it stream with blood: still, however, he continued undaunted, singing the 31st Psalm in English, which one of the spectators observing, gave him a blow on the side of the head, and commanded him to pray in Latin: he then continued a few minutes silent, only with his eyes stedfastly fixed upon heaven, when one of the guards, either through impatience or compassion, struck him down with his halbert, and thus delivered him from a life of pain to a world of immortal happiness.

*9. 1555.—BISHOP HOOPER CRUELLY BURNT AT GLOUCESTER,

Being three quarters of an hour in torment: the fire, either from

malice or neglect, had not been sufficiently kindled, so that his legs and thighs were first burnt, and one of his hands dropped off, before he expired.

*12. 1825.—J. H. PARRY DIED,

Author of several poems inserted in the 'Welch Melodies,' and projector of the 'Cambro-Briton.' About six months before his death he published the first volume of a biographical work, entitled the 'Cambrian Plutarch.' He had been lately appointed to superintend the Welch portion of the 'Materials for the History of England,' about to be published by Government.

14.—SAINT VALENTINE.

Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church: after a year's imprisonment at Rome, he was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, in the Via Flaminia, about the year 270, under Claudius II. The modern celebration of this day is well known: see our former volumes, particularly T. T. for 1823, pp. 41-43, where some 'elegant Valentines' are given.

John Gee, in his *Hold Fast Sermon* (A.D. 1624), says, 'The Jesuites upon St. Valentine's day do chuse some female saint for their Valentine: one takes St. Agatha, another St. Clare, another St. Lucie, another St. Catherine, another St. Cicely, &c. I ask't them what they meant to chuse such Valentines. They answered me, that in respect of their vow, they could have no Valentine that lived here upon earth, and, in regard of their evangelical life, they were to chuse Valentines in heaven. I asked them, whether they thought those saints knew that they had chosen them for their Valentines. Oh, yes, say they, we shall be honoured all this year by that Valentine we make choice of, and she will intercede for us, and to some of us our Valentine doth appear in visible bodily shape, telling us what to do all y^e^ year after.'

According to Mr. Aubrey, a curious method of

choosing valentines was formerly practised in North Wilts, in Kent, and many other parts of England. The maid-servants, observes our antiquary, were wont at night (after supper) to make smoothe the ashes on the hearthe, and then to make streakes on it with a stick; such a streake signified privately to her that made it, such an unmarried man, such a one such a mayd: the like for men, then the men and the mayds were to choose by this kind of way, their husbands and wyfes: or by this divination to know whom they should marry. The maydes, I remember, were very fond of this kind of magick.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

Of the customs on this day in the year 1666, Mr. Pepys affords us the following notice: 'This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines.' Again, continues our amusing chronicler, 'I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, "*Most courteous, most fair*;" which as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder, I observed to-day, that there was *no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people*, which is very mean, methinks.'—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

'The sweet St. Valentine' is, even in the present day, remembered with due honours throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland: perhaps the most

agreeable method of keeping this 'Day of Days' is that to which the young people of *Norwich* are accustomed. The Valentines are prepared, perhaps, some days before, and sent out on the evening of the 13th; not per post, for these are good substantial gifts, and are laid at the house-doors of the happy receivers, who often lose many a rare present from numerous wicked urchins being on the watch to seize or snatch them away with a looped string, as soon as fairly out of the servants' hands. Cakes, oranges, packets of sweetmeats made purposely for the day, work-boxes and bags, silver knives and pencils, music, books, drawing materials, colours, puzzles, dissected maps, &c. &c., delight those fortunate children who have friends sufficiently rich to bestow them: but most of the inhabitants of Norwich think Valentines there an extremely 'costly custom,' and money very ill spent, so it is most probable that, in a few years, these *presents* will be discontinued. Children's balls are also held, on this eve, at ————, in Scotland: the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood, wishing for a *select* ball, have instituted a 'Valentine Club,' which, from the rules and the different *orders* of the members of it, is apparently a jocose model of the Society of the Knights' Templars: to the sublime '*Order of the Pincushion*' belongs a Grand Master and a Grand Mistress; different ranks of females, who are all *Ladies;* and different titles and orders of gentlemen, who are all *Knights.* The society, which is *wholly* of a *private nature,* meet for a ball twice in the year; and one time for the celebration of this assembly is on the night of the 14th of February.

It may here, probably, be amusing to the reader, and not *entirely* out of place (particularly as the Valentinian devotions of this day often lead their votaries to the Hymeneal altar), to notice a curious custom in Dublin, called *Boarding.* The stranger in that city will be frequently astonished to behold a young, healthy-

looking man carried about the streets on a board by some of his own sex, attended by a few men and boys, more silent altogether than might be expected. This rabble is likely to be mistaken, in a catholic country, for a ragged procession in honour of one of the saints of that religion; but it is the apotheosis of the living, if the reader choose to consider it as such. The Irish, especially the lower orders, marry when very young, and while they are yet *very* poor; *so* poor, that the pair cannot afford to treat their visitors on the wedding-day with Erin's nectar and ambrosia—*whiskey*—cheap as it is. When this is the case, the *gentlemen* guests take down the door of the unlucky bridegroom's house, oblige him to lie down upon it,—carry him forth,—and go the rounds of the city with him, the whole day; while the bride and *her* company are left to divert themselves as they can in the doorless habitation.—[*M. L. B.*]

*14.—LYNN MART, *or* FAIR.

The mart or fair of Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, lasts a fortnight. The first week is what is called a *free mart*, during which no tradesman of Lynn can be arrested. It is held in the market-place, which is very spacious, containing an area of about three acres, and having a very handsome market-cross of freestone, adorned with statues. In a semicircular form on each side are the butchers' shambles, in two divisions, the frontispieces being supported by Doric columns, and the pediments enriched with various appropriate decorations.

*14. 1789.—JAMES FRANK PENNIE BORN.

The subject of this notice is a poet of no common order, the events of whose life cannot fail to excite the most unfeigned pity. He was born of an ancient, but very reduced family, at East-Lulworth in Dorsetshire, where he still resides. His education was entirely neglected, as he was only at school for *seven weeks*; but notwithstanding his disadvantages in this respect, his thirst for knowledge was great, and he took every possible opportunity of satisfying his ardent desires. The companion of

his childhood was the son of a clergyman; and when this youth first went to school, Pennie anxiously anticipated his return at the vacations, that he might participate the knowledge he had acquired. The boy used to repeat some of the finest passages of Milton, Thomson, Pope, Shakspeare, and others; Pennie listened with rapture, and devoured the words as they fell from his lips. 'Twas then,' says he, in a MS. abstract of his life, which he drew up at the request of some friends, 'the enthusiasm of poetic inspiration took possession of my soul, which has ever since been my highest joy.' From this early period he began to compose and read incessantly, though his father decidedly opposed his wishes.

Before he was fifteen, he had written a tragedy, which, about the year 1802, he showed to a gentleman then residing in the neighbourhood, who was pleased with it, and on taking it to London obtained the promise of a situation for him in a public office. On Pennie's arrival in London, however, he found he was too late; the situation had been disposed of, and the gentleman left him a stranger in the vast metropolis, giving him a guinea, and telling him he could do no more for him. He was thus left without a friend. The only person to whom he had been introduced was connected with one of the minor theatres. He approved of the tragedy as a literary production, though unfit to be brought before the public; and encouraged Pennie to return home, with a promise that, if he would write others better suited for representation, he would bring them forward. Another was composed, but refused, and the disconsolate writer heard no more of his supposed friend. He afterwards obtained a situation in a solicitor's office at Bristol, but ill-health prevented his remaining there. He was next engaged as a tutor in a school in Devonshire.

Some time after this he married, but his circumstances instead of improving, became worse; as at the birth of his first child, he had but *five shillings* in the world. Poverty, with all its attendant evils of sickness and distress, was then his lot. 'It was now,' he observes, 'among these scenes of trial and sorrow, that I commenced writing the "Royal Minstrel." I may say the ink with which I wrote was mingled with bitter tears; and one whole winter of the time we had not any fuel to burn, except what I picked up privately in the woods.' After proceeding for some time, Pennie showed his work to some friends who had approved of a previous poem of 'Bonaparte,' written in 1804. He obtained one hundred subscribers; and, after much difficulty, got a printer at Dorchester to undertake the work; and while it was going through the press, *frequently walked from Lulworth to Dorchester (about fifteen miles), and back again the same day, to correct the proof sheets.* The work, however, was com-

pleted in 1818, and reprinted again in London in the following year.

About this time he commenced a small school, but a Roman Catholic schoolmaster in the village, who had a fixed salary, house, &c., opened his school for *Protestant boys free*, and hence all resource from such an undertaking was cut off. Finding his work remain unsold, he determined to dispose of it by travelling from town to town, and, after much fatigue, ultimately parted with nearly the whole impression. The cost of printing, and the expense of travelling, *though on foot*, was great; and after paying a few other debts, his circumstances were upon the whole but little improved. The sale of his work, however, procured him some letters of introduction to the *London booksellers*, and on going to the metropolis he sold the copyright of his poem for a trifling sum. It was on this journey, in 1818, by way of Bath, that he first met with the REV. JOSIAH ALLPORT, then curate of Chippenham, a man of christian kindness and extensive benevolence, who has since been Pennie's greatest benefactor. On returning home he composed, amidst much distress, his tragedy of '*Ethelwolf*,' and a second epic poem, named '*Rogvald*.' He was again obliged to try his fortune among the BOOKSELLERS in London, and *all he obtained for his copyright was barely sufficient to pay the expenses of his journey*; so that on arriving at home he found he had scarcely enough to purchase a loaf of bread. His miseries seemed to have reached their climax: he lost all confidence in the GOD who had hitherto supported him; and was about to plunge at once into a dread, unknown futurity. At this moment of accumulated agony he determined to state his case fully to Mr. Allport. To this noble-minded individual the broken heart did not apply in vain. Mr. Allport entered with alacrity and true feeling into every part of the case, and having scrutinised Pennie's moral character, and proved his uncommon talents, made every effort to obtain for him temporary, and, if possible, permanent relief.

In the year 1823, his '*Rogvald, an Epic Poem in Twelve Books*,' appeared, and the sale of this, with some pecuniary assistance from friends, enabled him to pursue his literary labours with a transient hope of success. His works, however, were never sufficiently brought before the public in the first reviews of the day; and through this unmerited neglect, the poet has been debarred from those opportunities of obtaining public patronage, which other writers enjoy. The wretchedness of extreme poverty was again his lot, and the unbounded gratitude he had evinced for what had been done for him before, induced his kind benefactor to devise fresh means for his relief. He stated the circumstances in the *Bath* and *Cheltenham Gazette*, and strongly urged his case upon the generosity of the public; while

to the liberality of the editor of that excellent journal, and to the earnestness with which his cause was pleaded in this paper, from week to week, is to be attributed the success attendant on these honourable exertions. A sufficiency was thus collected merely 'to feed the lamp of life' for a short time, while his pen was employed on fresh subjects. Early in the summer of 1825 his '*Scenes in Palestine, or Dramatic Sketches from the Bible*,' were published, a poem which we strongly recommend to the notice of our friends. And, we are sure, when they are informed that the unfortunate author, his wife, child, and mother, are dependent for support on the sale of his various productions, we shall not appeal in vain to the benevolence of our readers. The following specimens, on subjects accordant with this work, with some others scattered through our volume, will sufficiently evince the great beauty and sweetness of Mr. Pennie's poetry:—

A SPRING MORNING.

Sweet is the sound
Of the young breeze low-whispering through the pines,
Kissed by the Moon's blue mists, its voice so soft,
So musically plaintive, seem the sighs
Of some departed friend still dearly loved;
But sprightlier sounds the dash of yonder flood,
As o'er its moss-grown rocks, with age quite grey,
It tumbles, chiming to the rosy morn;
While on the lofty tower, with winnowing wing,
The eagle flutters in the sunbeam bright.
Along the mountain skips the gladsome hind,
By yon far day-star's emanations cheered;
Who with proud exultation darts his rays
Betwixt the skirts of those gold-bordered clouds,
And chases to their dens the beasts of prey.
Sweet is the bleating of the scattered flocks,
Blent with the lacteal kine's far distant low;
But sweeter sounds than all the virgin's pipe
In you green bow'ret, dressed in roses sweet,
That glitter with the tears of weeping night.

PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel.*

A MORNING *in* AUTUMN.

The wakeful *lark*,
Amid the misty vapour's whiteness, pours
His sun-lit hymn of love,
A solo wild,
To the full chorus of a thousand throats
From bush and brake and woodshaw, bower and grove:
The beauteous pheasant spreads his gaudy wing
In the warm daybeam, and amid the bowers

The silver-talking *stock-dove* her soft tale
Fondly prolongs.
On the clear water's brink
The dappled *stag* his antlered forehead bends,
And drinks his morning draught;
While cradled in its bed
Of dewy flowers, the merry *cricket* sings
Its song of gladness. PENNIE's *Rogvald.*

—

TWILIGHT.

Pleasant the hour
Of dim-eyed Twilight, with her balmy breath,
And sweet the music of the west wind's song
Idling among the woods; where fancy hears
Airs of Æolian harp from every tree,
While through their mossy leafage brightly gleams
The day's last lingering glories. PENNIE's *Rogvald.*

—

The EASTERN HURRICANE.

Still, still the hurricane waves along
The darkly dreary sky, winged with the pale
Blue death-flame. The earth, that late
Was one wide garden, fields with dewy flowers
Stained by the morn in her own lovely tints,
Rich woods of cedar, spicy-breathing bowers,
And groves with fruits of gold and purple hung,
Where love and beauty dwelt; where still were heard
Harmonious sounds of pastoral reed and pipe,
And joyous lay of birds, and fragrant winds
Idling amidst the dancing leaves and blooms;
Cities with gates and bars, temples and spires,
Palace and tower, and pyramid sublime,
All overthrown, o'erwhelmed, and sunk beneath
The wide destroying waters, which roll on
With still increasing swell, making the world
A hideous wreck, a sea without a shore.
PENNIE's *Scenes in Palestine.*

15, 17, 18—EMBER DAYS.

The *Ember Days,* as now established, are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whit Sunday, September 14th, and December 13th, respectively.

The weeks in which these days fall are called *Ember Weeks,* and are ordination fasts. Pope Leo de-

rives the *Jejunia quatuor temporum*, the fasts of the four seasons of the year, now called Ember weeks, from apostolical tradition; but we have not been able to find any satisfactory evidence of them earlier than the fifth century. The council of Mentz, in the time of Charles the Great, affixes these fasts to the first week in *March*, the second in *June*, the third in *September*, and the week before that in which Christmas Day falls. The Ember weeks are in the Anglican, as in the Post-Nicene Church, seasons of ordination.

*15. 1400.—WILL OF SIR THOMAS CUMBYRWORTH.

The following curious document affords a specimen of our language more than four centuries ago, and contains some singular directions respecting the funeral of the testator:—

'In the name of God, and to his Loveyng Amen. I Thomas Cumbyrworth Knyght the xv. day of Februer ye yer of oure Lord MCCCC, in clere mynde and hele of body blyssed be gode ordan my last wyll on this wyse following. Furst I gyff my sawle to Gode my Lorde and my Redemptur & my wrechid body to be beryd in a chitte & withoute any kysle in the Northyle of the parych kirke of Someretby by my wyfe, and I will my body ly still, my mouth opyn unhild xxiiii howrys and aftyr laid on bere withoutyn any thyng theropon to cover it bot a sheit and a black cloth wth a white crose of cloth of golde, bot I wyl my kysle be made und stande by und at my bereall I gyff it to hym that fillis my grave, also I gif my blessed Lord God for my mortuary there I am berer my best hors.'—*(Reg. Lumley Episc. Linc.)*

*18. 1546.—MARTIN LUTHER DIED, ÆT. 63.

This illustrious German divine, and reformer of the church, died in the sixty-third year of his age. He studied at Erfurth, being designed for a civilian; but an awful catastrophe made such an impression on his mind, that he resolved to retire from the world. As he was walking in the fields with a fellow-student, they were struck by lightning, Luther to the ground, and his companion dead by his side. He entered into the order of Augustine hermits at Erfurth, whence he removed to Wurtemburg, being appointed professor of theology and philosophy in the university just founded there by the elector of Saxony. In 1512, he was sent to Rome to plead the cause of some convents of his order; this gave him an opportunity of observing the corruption of the pontifical court, and the debauched lives of the dignitaries of the church. Upon his return he grew unusually pensive, and more

austere in his life and conversation; he likewise read and expounded the sacred writings in lectures and sermons, and thus prepared the minds of his auditors for carrying into execution his grand plan of reformation. Against the sale of indulgencies, and other vile practices, Luther openly preached with wonderful success, and thus began the Reformation in Germany.

*22. 1825.—ELEANOR ANNE FRANKLIN DIED, ÆT. 30,

Wife of Captain John Franklin, R.N., one of the gallant officers of the Northern Expedition. This accomplished lady was the daughter of, the late Wm. Porden, Esq. an architect of very considerable talents. At a very early age, Miss Porden discovered a genius for poetry; but the work of this much lamented lady which was first known to the public, was called 'The Veils, or the Triumph of Constancy,' a poem in six cantos, highly estimated for its union of poetical grace and scientific intelligence; it was published in 1815. The success of the fair writer upon this occasion, however, does not appear to have urged her into any precipitate display of further efforts, as it was not till three years afterwards that she again appeared before the public, as the author of 'The Arctic Expedition,' an interesting poetic tribute to the gallant adventurers who were engaged in one of the most perilous enterprizes by which the present age has been distinguished. This poem, it is said, led to her union with Captain Franklin.

Another effusion of Miss Porden's muse was, 'An Ode on the Coronation of His most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth, in July, 1821.' The circulation of this, we believe, was rather private; but her grand work, 'Cœur de Lion, or the Third Crusade,' in sixteen cantos, 2 vols. 8vo, and one of the greatest efforts of a female pen in the annals of English literature, was published in June 1822.

In the month of August 1823, Miss Porden gave her hand to Captain Franklin, to whom she had

been some time engaged, and who had then recently returned from the land expedition employed to assist in exploring the Polar Regions. Happy, but brief was their union. In the circumstances of Mrs. Franklin's death, there was something unusually distressing. Constitutionally delicate, it has been generally, though erroneously understood, that the fatal event was occasioned by grief at her husband's departure, acting upon a previously debilitated frame; this, however, was not the case.

Mrs. Franklin, whose mind eagerly sought after every kind of useful information, entered with great energy into the enterprising spirit of her husband; and, notwithstanding her devoted attachment to him, and the severe trials and dangers attendant on the expedition, she earnestly wished him to repeat the attempt, hoping that he might accomplish the object so much desired. With this delightful anticipation she looked forward to welcome his return; but, alas! a pulmonary complaint, from which she had suffered nearly two years, reached its crisis about the time that Captain Franklin received his orders to proceed on the expedition, and she was given over by her physicians five days previous to his quitting home She expired exactly one week after having bidden her beloved husband an eternal farewell; leaving a daughter, eight months old, unconscious of the loss of so truly valuable a mother.

24.—SAINT MATTHIAS.

St. Matthias was chosen by lot into the apostolical office, in the place of the traitor Judas, (see Acts i, 26), and was afterwards murdered by the Jews.—See our last volume, pp. 45, 46.

*24. 1825.—THOMAS BOWDLER DIED, ÆT. 71,

A gentleman of great benevolence, and well known for his 'Letters from Holland,' in September and October 1787; and for his *Family Shakspeare*, in which the indelicate passages are omitted.

This work has been extremely successful; but twenty plays were published in the first edition in 1807, and a second edition, containing thirty-six plays, appeared in ten vols. 12mo, in 1818; when an edition was *called for*, by the Edinburgh Review, in a *larger print*, and was published accordingly.

*25. 166$\frac{4}{7}$.—A PATTERN FOR WIVES.

'Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it.'—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

*FEB. 1825.—OLAB PHELAIR DIED, ÆT. 96,

The celebrated Persian poet. He was the Voltaire of Persia, and has left behind him a very considerable number of MSS. on astronomy, politics, and literature. The Sophi had just granted him a considerable pension from the treasury. He was very expensive in his living, his principal food being the flesh of larks, which were brought from Europe; and he went very rarely on foot. He has left no children.

Astronomical Occurrences

In FEBRUARY 1826.

Chilly blew,
With mournful howl, prelusive of a storm,
The blust'ring night-wind; and the groaning oak
Of all its pride with force unruly stripped.
While ever and anon the wolf was heard,
Betwixt the pauses of th' exhausted blast,
With hunger howling. PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Pisces at 56 m. after 2 in the morning of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following Table. The rising

and setting for the intermediate epochs may easily be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

February 1st,	Sun rises	27 m. after 7.	Sets	33 m. after 4
6th,	.....	18 7	.....	42 4
11th,	.....	9 7	.....	51 4
16th,	.....	0 7	.....	0 4
21st,	.....	51 6	.....	9 5
26th,	.....	41 6	.....	19 5

Equation of Time

When the time of the day has been observed on a good Sun-dial, the time that should be indicated by a clock at the same moment, may be found by adding the numbers in the following table to the hour shown by the dial; and then by comparing this with the hour pointed out by the clock, it will be seen how much it is either too fast or too slow; when it may, consequently, be regulated accordingly.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	*s.*
Wednesday,	Feb. 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	13	56
Monday,	6th,	.....	14	26
Saturday,	11th,	.....	14	36
Thursday,	16th,	.....	14	26
Tuesday,	21st,	.....	13	58
Sunday,	26th,	.....	13	14

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	7th day, at	22 m. after	0 in the morning
First Quarter,	15th	11	2 .....
Full Moon,	22d	25	0 in the afternoon
Last Quarter,	29th, ...	31	4 in the morning

Passage of the Moon over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon are selected, as affording the best opportunities of observing her on the meridian this month. Should the place of observation not be situated on the first meridian, reduce the times in proportion to the difference of longitude, as before directed.

February 1st, at	54 m. after	7	in the morning
2d, ...	51	8	.....
3d, ...	46	9	.....
12th, ...	52	3	in the afternoon
13th, ...	37	4	.....
14th, ...	24	5	.....
15th, ...	12	6	in the evening
16th, ...	2	7	.....
17th, ...	54	7	.....
18th, ...	47	8	.....
19th, ...	40	9	.....
20th, ...	33	10	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following times of high tide are calculated for London Bridge on the respective days; but should it be required for any intermediate day, it must be obtained by proportion, as already directed in other instances. It may likewise be found for a great number of other places by adding or subtracting the numbers given under the same head last month. The tide will be remarkably high about the 24th of this month, particularly if increased by the wind.

TABLE.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
February 1st, at	33 m. after	8	0 m. after	9
6th, ...	27	1	53	1
11th, ...	21	4	37	4
16th, ...	59	7	31	8
21st, ...	56	0	22	1
26th, ...	28	4	49	4

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The illuminated phase of this beautiful planet is now diminishing; but as she is at the same time approaching to the earth, there will not be much apparent difference in her brilliancy at present. The breadths of the two parts of the disk are the following; viz.

February 1st, { Illuminated part = 11·862
Dark part ..... = 0·138

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies that will be visible this month. These are recorded in mean time, for the *first* meridian of Great Britain.

Immersions.

First Satellite,	4th	day, at	20	m.	7	s. after	1 in the morning
	11th	.....	13	..	41	.....	3 .....
	12th	.... ..	42	..	5	.....	9 in the evening
	18th	.....	7	..	2	.....	5 in the morning
	19th	.....	35	...	47	....	11 in the evening
	27th	.....	29	...	24	....	1 in the morning
	28th	.....	11	...	57	.....	10 in the evening
Second Satellite,	1st,	.....	3	...	8	.....	11 .....
	9th,	....	38	...	36	.....	1 in the morning
	16th,	.....	14	...	17	... .	4 .....
	26th,	.....	7	...	53	.....	8 in the evening

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

February	1st, with ♉	in Scorpio,	at 5 in the morning
	5th ..... ♐	in Capricorn	... 6 in the evening
	14th ..... ♉	in Aries	... 11 in the morning
	16th	Saturn	... 4 in the afternoon

Mercury and Georgium Sidus will be in conjunction at 4 in the morning of the 3d of this month. Saturn will be stationary on the 14th; and Jupiter in opposition at 2 in the afternoon on the 28th.

As many interesting phenomena take place in the atmosphere, we shall subjoin accounts of a few of the most remarkable of them to our Astronomical Occurrences for this and the following month or two; not doubting they will be both new and acceptable to many of our readers.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Polar Regions.

'December 22d, our shortest day, was extremely fine, and the Sun rose 1° 37′ above the horizon, giving us three hours daylight; at least, sufficiently clear to allow of our taking a long walk. How great the difference between this place and Melville's

Island, when, for ninety days, the Sun was not seen! This winter, however, we were blessed by the daily appearance of the Sun, although it was powerless as to warmth.'

'As we had now seen the darkest, although not by many degrees the coldest season of the year, it may not be irrelevant to mention the beautiful appearance of the sky at this period. To describe the colours of these cloudless heavens would be impossible; but the delicacy and pureness of the various blended tints exceeded any thing I ever saw, even in Italy. The Sun shines with a diminished lustre, so that it is possible to contemplate it without a painful feeling to the eyes; yet the bluish colour, which in severe frost always accompanies it, is, in my opinion, far more pleasing than the glittering borders which are so profusely seen on the clouds in warmer climates. The nights are no less lovely, in consequence of the clearness of the sky. The Moon and stars shine with wonderful lustre, and almost persuade one to be pleased with the surrounding desolation. The aurora borealis does not appear affected by the brilliancy even of the full moon, but its light continues still the same. The first appearance of this phenomenon is generally in showers of falling rays, like those thrown from a rocket, although not so bright. These being in constant motion, have the appearance of trickling down the sky. Large masses of light succeed next in order, alternating from a faint glow, resembling the milky way, to the most vivid flashes, which stream and shoot in every direction with the effect of sheet lightning, except that, after the flash, the aurora still continues to be seen. The sudden glare and rapid bursts of these wondrous showers of fire render it impossible to observe them, without fancying that they produce a rushing sound; but I am confident that there is no actual noise attending the changes, and that the idea is erroneous. It is remarkable, that, whenever the weather is calm,

the aurora has a tendency to form an arch, at whatever position it may occupy in the heavens. In stormy weather, the northern lights fly with the rapidity of lightning, and with a correspondent wildness to the gale which is blowing, giving an indescribable air of magic to the whole scene.'

Referring to another period, Capt. L. observes—'This night the Moon exhibited a very singular appearance; for a ray or stream of light shot up and down alternately from the upper and lower edge, and resembled in either case the tail of a comet. This phenomenon invariably acquired additional brilliancy from the intervention of a passing cloud, which caused no change in the form of the ray.'

Again—'On this afternoon, we for the first time witnessed the beautiful phenomenon of a pair of mock suns; they were situated on each side of a brilliant halo, of which the Sun was the centre, and whose diameter was 22°; their regular form continued about half an hour, after which they gradually vanished.'

The morning of the 14th was rendered particularly interesting, by uncommonly beautiful appearances which attended the rising of the Sun. Previous to its becoming visible, a spiral ray of a most delicate pink hue shot from the horizon, and, increasing in size and brilliancy, at length reached the zenith, at which time its form was like that of the flame produced by a blowpipe. On the appearance of the Sun, the whole eastern sky partook of the bluish colour of the first ray, and the snow, the ships, and the whole of the desolate surrounding scenery, were warmly illuminated, until the entire of the Sun's disk had risen above the horizon; then the usual grey tints assumed their accustomed place, the scene became doubly desolate, and a fall of snow completed the contrast with the delightful vision which was past.

Lyon's Private Journal.

[To be continued.]

The following lines will appropriately close the Occurrences of the present month.

To the EVENING STAR.

[From the Spanish of Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola.]

Pura luciente estrella.

O fair and goodly Star
Upon the brow of night,
That from thy silver car
Shoot'st on the darkened world thy friendly light;
Thy path is calm and bright
Through the clear azure of the starry way,
And from thy heav'nly height
Thou see'st how systems rise and pass away—
The birth of human hopes, their blossom and decay.

Oh! that my spirit could
Cast off its mould of clay,
And, with the wise and good,
Make wings unto itself and flee away;
That with thy bright array
We might look down upon this world of woe,
Even as the God of Day
Looks on the restless ocean-flow,
And eyes the panting waves that fight and foam below.

Alas! it may not be—
For mortal fetters bind
To dull mortality
The prisoned essence of th' immortal mind:
Our course is too confined;—
And as, beneath the Sun that blazed too bright,
The Cretan's waxen wing declined,
Before the splendour of immortal light
Our failing pinions fall, and plunge us back to night.

The Naturalist's Diary

For FEBRUARY 1826.

And though the whistling winds, by winter loosed,
Do, as the storm-king leads, upraise their voice,
Howling their joy, like greedy hounds new set
Upon the startled prey, yet there secure
Where hospitality her covert makes,
May we abide their burst, nor fear their fangs.

THIS month frequently presents a most wintry appearance; the ground is covered with snow; all

Nature is wrapped in a robe of dazzling whiteness; and the 'bitter-biting cold,' showers of sleet, and sudden gusts of wind, drive us to our homes for shelter, against the inclemency of the season. The sudden thaws, also, which take place in February, —the return of frost and snow,—and the change again to rain and sleet, contribute to render this month particularly unfavourable to the pedestrian and the lover of out-of-door exercise and amusements. Yet there are some intervals of clear, frosty weather, and these should not be suffered to pass away without a daily enjoyment of them in pleasant and healthful walks. Although the deciduous trees are stripped of their gay dress, the *evergreens* present an attractive variety, and are doubly endeared to us, from the agreeable contrast they offer to the forlorn and barren scenery by which they are surrounded.

Of late years, February has been remarkable for mild and open weather; such a state of the season is, however, not to be desired; for, although the eye may be gratified by the premature appearance of the unfolding vegetation, our plants will be found to suffer greatly by the reduction in temperature which generally takes place in March.

About the beginning of the month, the *woodlark*, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note.

The *thrush* now commences his song, and tom-tits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks revisit their breeding trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel thrush is now heard. The yellow hammer and chaffinch are heard towards the end of the month.—About this time also, or the beginning of March, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow commences its chirping note, as indicative

of the approach of the pairing season.—See T. T. for 1823, pp. 54, 55.

Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes; and wood-owls hoot: gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. Moles commence their subterraneous operations. About this time, the green woodpecker is heard in the woods making a loud noise.

If the weather be mild, a *walk in the garden* will discover to us many pleasing objects; among these, the botanist and the admirer of Nature's beauties will not consider the modest *snowdrop* beneath his passing notice,—and will watch its gradual protrusion from the bosom of the all-nourishing earth, and the final expansion of its beautifully white corollas, with no common interest. The bloom-buds of the fruit trees may be seen to swell every day, and imagination already pictures the garden one sheet of fragrant blossom. The *laurustinus* is still in blossom, and so is the *China-rose*. The buds of the *lilac* tree are very forward, and only wait the signal to burst their prison-house. *Mosses* now occupy the attention of the botanist, and much amusement may be derived from observing the various species that may be seen this month, clinging to the roots of trees and near ponds, or in a marshy soil. The *green-house* is an object of attraction in this month, and much pleasure will be derived from a morning visit to its inmates; among these, not the least curious is the *ice-plant*, which has given birth to a pleasing trifle from the prolific muse of our friend RYAN,—a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with 'POETS and POETRY,' whether in *three* or thirty volumes.

The ICE PLANT:

Addressed to * * *.

Where'er your lightsome footsteps flew
In airy form did glide,
That moment found me near you too,
And saw me at your side.
In vain in ev'ry path a snare
Was by some fair one thrown;
None, none but thee my heart could share,
Each thought was thine alone.

Yet, coldness robbed me of thy smile,
And every fond advance
I trembling made, could ne'er beguile
One warm approving glance.
The love that mantled in my cheek,
Whene'er I sought to share
With thy young heart, how faint, how weak,
Was its reception there!

If Love to me one hour was kind,
And lent this brow of mine
A warmer tint, that hour I'd find
A deeper chill on thine.
Like those sad flow'rs that coldness yield
On ev'ry leaf, when shine
The warmest beams—those eyes revealed
A deeper coldness thine. RICHARD RYAN.

MARCH.

MARCH was so named from the god Mars, to whom Romulus had dedicated it. Minerva was its tutelar deity. This month began the Romulean year. It was for a long time the custom at Rome to give new year's gifts. This usage was carried back to January, when it began the year. On the 1st of this month was the festival of the *Ancillæ*; these were shields, which were supposed to have fallen from heaven. The Roman history has therefore its miracles! On the 6th, a festival in honour of Vesta; on the 17th, the Bacchanalia; these were celebrated in

the country. The sign of this month is *Aries*. Iconologists represent it surrounded with flowers; to indicate that it is in this month the earth begins to be enamelled with them.

The vulgar in the West of England (says Mr. Aubrey) doe call the moneth of March, *Lide*, a proverbiall rhythm—

Eate Leekes in Lide, and Ramsins in May,
And all the yeare after Physitians may play.

Remarkable Days

In MARCH 1826.

1.—SAINT DAVID.

DAVID, to whom the 1st of March is assigned, is the tutelar saint of Wales. He was uncle to King Arthur, but, being ordained a priest, sought retirement. After the synod at Brevy, in 519, Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his see to St. David. He transferred it to Menevia, now called St. David's. He was an eloquent preacher, and preached still more eloquently by a holy life; so that he may well be regarded as the glory of the early British church. He died at a very advanced age, towards the end of the sixth century.

2.—SAINT CHAD.

Chad, or *Ceadda*, was educated in the monastery of Lindisfarne, and was afterwards made Bishop of Lichfield, where he died in 673, the year in which Bede was born. In the cathedral of Lichfield, there is still a fine MS. of the Latin Gospels, called the *Textus Sancti Ceddæ*, and dedicated to St. Chad. The MS. is in the *Roman-Saxon* character, and was probably written in the seventh century, about the time of St. Cuthbert's Gospels.

5.—MIDLENT SUNDAY.

The middle or fourth Sunday in Lent was formerly

called the Sunday of the Five Loaves, the Sunday of Bread, and the Sunday of Refreshment, in allusion to the gospel appointed for this day. It was also named *Rose Sunday*, from the Pope's carrying a *golden rose* in his hand, which he exhibited to the people in the streets as he went to celebrate the eucharist, and at his return.—Some curious ceremonies on this day, in the *South of Spain*, are described in T. T. for 1824, p. 75.—In Catholic countries, there are *processions* on every *Friday* during Lent. Among the penitents (observes Mrs. Baillie, in her 'Lisbon in 1821, 2, 3') was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Saviour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking barefooted through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the rude stare of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back every moment for at least a hundred times running: but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags, and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented.

*6.—REV. SAMUEL PARR, LL.D. DIED, ÆT. 79.

His classical knowledge, which, however, formed but a part of his many and great attainments, placed him far above his contemporaries in that department of learning; and his death has occasioned a chasm

in literature which it will be easier to lament than supply. From the failings of humanity he was undoubtedly not free; he had many eccentricities, and some weaknesses; but they may be truly said to have been lost in the radiance of his virtues; and surely, whoever shall hereafter attain the deepest classical erudition, and the most comprehensive practical excellence, need not think his learning or his piety undervalued, when laid in the balance with, and compared to, that of Dr. Parr.

7.—PERPETUA.

Perpetua was a noble lady of Carthage, who suffered martyrdom at twenty-two years of age, under Severus's persecution, in the year 203.

*9.—ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD DIED, ÆT. 82,

Daughter of the late Rev. John Aikin, D.D. She was indebted to her learned and exemplary father for the solid foundation of a literary and classical education—a boon, at that period, rarely bestowed upon a daughter. In the year 1756 she accompanied her family to Warrington, in Lancashire, where her father was appointed one of the tutors of a dissenting academy. She published, in 1772, a volume of poems, which immediately gave her a place in the first rank of living bards. The next year, in conjunction with her brother, the late John Aikin, M.D., she gave to the world a small, but choice collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose. On her marriage in 1774, she went to reside at Palgrave, in Suffolk; where her Early Lessons and Hymns in Prose for Children were composed—master-pieces in the art of early instruction—monuments at once of her genius, and of the condescending benevolence which presided over its exercise.

In 1785, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld quitted Palgrave; and, after a tour on the Continent, and some months passed in London, they settled at Hampstead. Some pamphlets on public topics, printed anony-

mously, but marked for her's by a style of great brilliancy and animation, and a poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce on his exertions for the abolition of the Slave Trade, were the principal efforts of her pen during many succeeding years.

In 1802 she and Mr. Barbauld fixed their abode at the village of Stoke Newington, whither they were attracted by her affection for her brother, and the desire of enjoying his daily society.

A selection from the Guardian, Spectator, and Tatler, introduced by an elegant essay; another from the MS. correspondence of Richardson, with a life of the author and a view of his writings prefixed; and a collection of the best English novels, with biographical and critical prefaces, served in succession to amuse her leisure: another effort of her powers was the poem, entitled 'Eighteen Hundred and Eleven,' which appeared early in the ensuing year. This was the last of her separate publications; but she continued occasionally to exercise her poetical powers, which she retained in undiminished vigour nearly to the latest period of her life. She sank by a gradual decay, without any severe bodily suffering, and with perfect resignation and composure of mind. The moral qualities of this admirable woman reflected back a double lustre on her intellectual endowments. Her principles were pure and exalted; her sentiments on all occasions mild, candid, and generous. No one could bear her faculties more meekly: neither pride nor envy had the smallest share in her composition: her beneficence was proved by many acts of bounty; and her courtesy, kindness, and indulgence to others, were unbounded. Her society was equally a benefit and a delight to all within her sphere. She possessed many and warm friends, and passed through a long life without an enemy.

A complete edition of her works, with a selection from her correspondence, has been lately published in two volumes octavo.

12.—FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Dominica in Passione, or Passion Sunday, was the name given to this day in missals; as the church now began to advert to the sufferings of Christ. In the north, it is called *Carling* Sunday; and grey peas, first steeped a night in water, and fried with butter, form the usual repast.

Children were sent first to school on this day, and questions asked them in their sleep.—*Kennett MS.*

12.—SAINT GREGORY.

Gregory, commonly called *the Great,* was elevated to the papal chair A.D. 590. He was a man of rank, talents, education and piety; and furnished a rare instance of a Roman pontiff anxious to promote a knowledge of the Scriptures among all ranks and classes of persons. It was this Gregory who, zealous for the conversion of Britain, sent over the monk *Augustin,* with forty companions, on a mission to the Anglo-Saxons. They were favourably received by Ethelbert, king of Kent, and formed a Christian church at Canterbury. Gregory's sentiments on the inutility of *force* in matters of religion deserve to be recorded. 'Conversions owing to force,' says he, 'are never sincere; and such as are thus converted, scarcely ever fail to return to their vomit when the force is removed that wrought their conversion.'—See *Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature,* vol. i, page 212.

*12, 1825.—REV. ROBERT BLAND DIED.

His high classical attainments, his ardent and extended benevolence, and his pleasing and polished manners, contributed to form a character of no common worth, and to secure for him, in no small degree, the respectful and affectionate regards of his friends, and of all by whom he was known. His published works are Edwy and Elgiva, poems, 8vo, 1808; the Four Slaves of Cythera, a poetical romance, 8vo, 1809; a Collection of the most beautiful Poems of the Minor Poets of Greece, with notes and

illustrations, and an admirable preface, 8vo, 1813; and other works of classical utility.

*15. 166¾.—THOMAS PEPYS DIED,

Brother of Samuel Pepys, whose 'Memoirs' have furnished so many amusing extracts for our volume. He thus describes his brother's funeral:—To church, and with the grave-maker chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombes are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, (as his own words were) 'I will justle them together, but I will make room for him;' speaking of the fulness of the middle isle, where he was to lie. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Besse; and so to my brother's again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they come not till four or five. But at last, one after another, they come, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cosen Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holding, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains, not only in getting the house and every thing else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served in order to mine and their great content, I think; the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the Conduit, and so across the street; and had a very good company along with the corps. And being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for buriall: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave.

17.—SAINT PATRICK.

This is the tutelar saint of Ireland. He was born near Dumbarton in Scotland. After various and singular adventures, he went to Ireland, with a view to convert the barbarous natives. He travelled over the whole island, preached frequently, established schools, and instructed the natives in the use of *the Roman letters*. He died about the year 460, at an advanced age. The schools which he formed in Ireland long maintained a high reputation, and many from other countries went there to study. —See T. T. for 1824, p. 68, for some curious particulars in the life of this Saint.

18.—EDWARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS.

He was stabbed at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, March 18th, 978, by order of Elfrida, his stepmother. The custom of *pledging* while drinking had its origin in the perpetration of this murder.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 69.

19.—PALM SUNDAY.

In the missals this day is denominated *Dominica in ramis palmarum*. It is in commemoration of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, recorded in Matthew xxi, Mark xi, and Luke xix. Palm Sunday was also called *Dominica Magna*, 'the great Sunday,' in reference to the following week.

It was formerly the custom in some of the northern parts of England for the young men and maids who receive the sacrament, to walk after dinner into the corn fields, and repeat some forms of blessing the corn and fruits of the earth.—*Kennett MS.*

About ten o'clock at night, on the eve of Palm Sunday, the 'unwashed and lean artificers' of the eastern part of London, proceed in a body often amounting to several hundreds (many of them accompanied by their wives and children), to the Sluice House, at Hornsey, where, and in the adjoining fields, they carouse till the break of day, 'murdering

the sleep' of all faithful lieges in the neighbourhood with their obstreperous and John Bullish rejoicements. When morning dawns, they do not scruple to commit sundry trespasses on the grounds of the 'nobility and gentry,' collect their 'palm branches,' and in 'maudlin mood,' quarrelling with their spouses, and castigating their turbulent brats, they *roll* their weary way to dirt and wretchedness, not failing to insult every respectable person they may meet *en route*. We would not abridge the few, few pleasures of the labouring mechanic, 'pent in city close,' nor would we curtail him of the 'fair proportion' of his Sunday mornings' ramble over 'those fresh fields and pastures new,' which are daily vanishing from the precincts of our modern Babylon—the only opportunity he has of breathing a little 'pure air,' and refreshing his toil-worn limbs: yet we would recommend him to comport himself with respect to his superiors, and to return home in time to 'seek the house of prayer,' rather than spend the morning in witnessing pugilistic combats, encouraging dog-fighting, and giving way to inebriety, the parent of all evil and of all misery.

21.—SAINT BENEDICT

Was an Italian devotee of great austerity of manners. He was born in the dukedom of Spoleto about the year 480, and died in the year 542.

*21. 1801.—VICTORY OF ALEXANDRIA.

If the martial exploits of a country be worthy a place in the minds of its people, or the deeds of illustrious forefathers deserving a hallowed remembrance in the hearts of their children, the bravery and heroism of the gallant ABERCROMBIE, as evinced in that memorable engagement at Alexandria, which decided the fate of Egypt, and told an usurper that 'thus far might he go and no farther,' ought to be indelibly fixed on the memory of every Briton.—It would ill suit the nature of this volume to give a full

detail of that important victory which this day saw achieved on the shores of the Bay of Aboukir: let it suffice, that the ambition of France, flushed by conquest and heated by warlike ardour, met its full fall at the hands of earth's noblest hero, the knight, *sans peur et reproche*, the brave Sir Ralph Abercrombie. After a bloody and desperate contest he overcame his foe, but his own blood signed the scroll of his honours and achievements. He fell early in the action; still, as life ebbed away, he continued to command, till at length nature yielded, and he sank with the palm of victory on his brow into the embraces of death.

*21. 1656.—THOMAS CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, BURNT AT OXFORD.

Cranmer had this peculiar aggravation of his calamity, that he was prevailed upon to abjure his principles and sign his recantation in the hopes of pardon. Being, notwithstanding this, brought to the stake, his confusion and shame were there inexpressible: there he retracted all that false promises had made him abjure; and resolving that the hand which had signed should first suffer, he held it out, with an intrepid countenance, in the flames, till it dropped off; frequently crying out, in the midst of his agony, *that unworthy hand!*

23.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

This day is called, in Latin, *dies mandati*, the day of the command; being a commemoration of our Lord's washing the feet of his disciples. Annually, on this day, the lord almoner, or the sub-almoner, relieves at Whitehall as many poor men and as many poor women as agree with the years in the king's age. This practice was instituted by Edward III, in the year 1363.

On this day, at Rome, called *The Day of the Lord's Supper*, a particular Bull, called BULL *in Cœna Domini*, is read every year, in the Pope's presence, containing excommunications and anathemas against heretics, and all who disturb or oppose the jurisdiction of the Holy See. After the reading of the Bull, the Pope throws a burning torch in the public square, to denote the thunder of his anathema.—For further par-

ticulars of this day, see T. T. for 1821, pp. 96-98; our last volume, pp. 67, 68; and *Mr. Ellis's Original and Royal Letters from Autographs in the British Museum*, vol. ii, p. 27, *second edition*, for a curious letter respecting Queen Catherine of Arragon 'keeping her Maundy.'

24.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its more ancient and general appellation; the name *Good Friday* is peculiar to the English church.—It was observed as a day of extraordinary devotion. Buns, with crosses upon them, are usually eaten in London and some other places on this day, at breakfast.

It was formerly the custom, at Brazen-nose College, for the scholars to have almonds, raisins, and figs, for dinner on Good Friday, as appears by a receipt of thirty shillings, paid by the butler of the college, for 'eleven pounds of almonds, thirty-five pounds of raisins, and thirteen pounds of figs, serv'd into Brazen-nose College, Mar. 28th, 1662.'—*Pointer's Oxon. Acad.* p. 71.

At *Hampstead*, in Middlesex, a devout old maiden dying of a sickness, which, in her opinion, she had contracted by *fasting too long on Good Friday*, she bequeathed by will a *perpetual fund*, to be yearly employed in providing small loaves of white bread, to be distributed in the morning, before church time, to all inhabitants within the parish, and to all strangers.—*Kennett MS.*

The observation of Good-Friday by the Roman Catholics in Colombia, is thus described by Captain Cochrane in his interesting 'Journal of a Residence and Travels in that country in the years 1823, 4:'—'Went to church about eight o'clock in the evening with Colonel Rieux. The curate, a young man, preached with great energy, and violent gesticulations, in a sing-song tone. The majority of the audience were women, and the church so excessively crowded,

that we could only obtain entrance through the vestry, and might be said to be behind the scenes. Hence we saw a figure, represented on a cross, and intended for our Saviour, which was veiled from the rest of the congregation by a dark curtain. The preacher having arrived at the proper part of his sermon, describing the agonies of Christ, stamped his feet, and at the second stamp the sombre veil fell from before the figure, whilst a discharge of cannon without announced the supposed convulsion of nature; and the apparently bleeding figure, surrounded by numerous lights, was suddenly exposed to the general gaze. The effect of all this performance was so successful, that many of the females shrieked and fainted. Shortly after, the figure was taken down and carried to a sepulchre, gaily adorned, and having the representation of a Roman sentinel sitting on the top. After the sermon, Colonel Rieux and myself walked into the body of the church, and were immediately presented with long wax tapers, intimating the necessity of joining the procession about to pass through the town; to which we did not object, as it afforded us the opportunity of seeing the whole population of the place, ranged on either side of the streets through which we passed. The beauty of the sex did not appear very conspicuous on this occasion. The procession was also graced by the guard of the sepulchre, dressed in white jackets, blue trowsers covered with black crape, and dark veils concealing the face. They had high conical caps with long feathers hanging over them, which only needed bells to complete the *tout ensemble*, and to afford a lively representation of Tom Fool's cap. They were armed with lances and swords. A man clothed in a white shroud was performing a penance, which consisted in keeping his arm extended as in the act of offering something contained in a glass, and intended to represent the nauseous liquor presented to our Saviour. I observed that he had a stick pass-

ing through his sleeve so as to support his arm. He, as well as the guards, marched backwards with a kind of pantomimic step.'

'On the Wednesday evening preceding Good Friday,' adds the Captain, 'there was a procession, which consisted of the cross, decorated with white scarves, and brilliantly illuminated with lamps; a large car followed, borne by fourteen men, having on it a figure intended as a representation of our Saviour, with his hands bound, and being scourged by a man dressed in the *old Spanish costume*, and another man as an officer looking on.'

It was the manner in times past, upon *Festival Evens* (as Easter, Whitsuntide, &c.) for parishioners to meet in their church-houses and church-yards, and there to have a drinking fitt for the time. Here they used to end many quarrells between neighbour and neighbour. Hither came the wives in comely manner; and they that were of the better sort had their mantles carried with them, as well for show, as to keep them from cold at the table. These mantles also many did use at morrowe masses, and other times.'—*Aubrey MS.* A.D. 1686.

25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, OR LADY-DAY.

This festival, which was intended to celebrate the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting the Saviour of the world, is not of very high antiquity. Bingham refers its institution to the seventh century. Lady Day is one of the legal quarter days.—For an interesting account of the *festa* of the Annunciation as observed at Rome on this day, see T. T. for 1823, p. 63; and a description of some *Spanish* customs, in T. T. for 1824, p. 71.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath th' almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like. BYRON.

26.—EASTER DAY.

The word *Easter* is derived from the goddess *Eastor*, worshipped by our Saxon ancestors, with peculiar ceremonies, in April. The anniversary festival in memory of *Christ's resurrection* falling upon the same time of the year, gave occasion to the transfer of the heathen name in this country to the Christian celebration. There was a dispute, so early as the second century, as to the precise day for the paschal festival. The Asiatic churches kept the feast on the day on which the Jews held their passover, viz. *quarta decima luna*, upon the 14th day after the φάσις, or appearance of the paschal moon. But the western churches kept Easter upon the *Lord's Day* following the day of the Jewish Passover. The Asiatics pleaded the practice of the Apostles; *Polycarp*, bishop of Smyrna, who had lived and conversed with them, observing it upon that 14th day. Yet the bishops of Rome, even at that early season, stickled hard to impose *their* custom upon the eastern churches. Polycarp travelled from Smyrna to Rome, to confer with the Roman bishop, *Anicetus*, on the point. They were not able to settle the dispute, but, in the happy spirit of Romans xiv, agreed to celebrate the eucharist, or communion, together, in token that each regarded the other as a Christian, notwithstanding this difference of opinion and practice. Happy would it have been for the world, if subsequent ecclesiastics had shown

an equal dislike to the *hiera-picra* of religious controversy!

It is now settled that *Easter Day* is always to be observed on the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after, the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. The *earliest* day upon which Easter can fall is March 22; the *latest* day is April 25.—*Imperial Almanack.*

Inferior customary tenants paid a certain number of eggs to their lord at Easter, called, in Yorkshire, *Pasch-eggs.*

This solemnity of Easter (says Bishop Kennett) was anciently observed in *Ireland* with so great superstition, that they thought it lawful 'to steal and rappine all the year to hoard up provisions against this festival time.'—*Kennett MS.*

In Ireland, at Easter, a cake, with a garland of meadow flowers, is elevated upon a circular board upon a pike, apples being stuck upon pegs around the garland. Men and women then dance round; and they who hold out longest, win the prize. Plutarch mentions a trial for dancing, a cake the prize.

In the puritanical times of Cromwell, a pretty custom in the parish of Twickenham was abolished, as appears by the following senatorial mandate: 'April 2, 1645. Order'd in the H. of Comm. that the custom of the Parish of *Twitnam* (being that on Easter Day two great cakes should be broken in the church, and given to the young people) should be forborn, and instead thereof, bread be given to the poor.'—*(Whitl. Mem.*, p. 135.)

It was an old custom for the barbers to come and *shave the parishioners in the church-yard,* on Sundays and high *Festivals* (as Easter, &c.) before matins, which liberty was restrained by a particular inhibition of Richard Flemmyng, Bishop of Lincoln, A.D. 1422.—*Vid. Reg. Flemmyng.*

27, 28.—EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

The church ales, formerly common at this and other festive seasons, and which have been noticed in our preceding volumes, Mr. Aubrey considers to have been derived from the Love-Feasts mentioned in the New Testament. 'At Zerbst, in Germany, every housekeeper that is able bakes at Easter Eve (as also at Whitsuntide) several great cakes, about a yard long, and an half yard broad, for his family to eat in the holydays. As also all the journeymen of every handycraft in the same weeke doe nothing but drink and are merry, going in procession two abreast into the fields, with their ensign or flying colours made of silk, and the joyners make themselves one out of chips variously interwoven and coloured; but the ploughmen have a white tablecloth or sheet, instead of an ensign.'—*Aubrey MS.* A.D. 1686.

An account of some curious customs on these days in different parts of England will be found in T.T. for 1822, p. 107: see also our volume for 1823, p. 75.

*27. 1802.—PEACE OF AMIENS.

The articles of the Peace of Amiens were ratified on this day, when thousands had an opportunity of witnessing so unexpected yet joyous and desirable an event. Never was a peace founded on so perishable a basis as this; indeed, it appeared to be made in one of those pauses from war, which occasionally happen when the combatants wait to draw in fresh breath and courage, and rally their powers for a more arduous struggle. For ere the people had felt what the advantages of peace were, their energies were called forth to meet their treacherous enemy in war, who had availed himself of the calm he had created by raising such forces, and making such provisions to ensure success in his attack upon a free people, as in all human probability would effect his aim, and terminate the strife in his favour. But though great the struggle, and protracted the contest, that ambi-

tious enemy was worsted: he fell from the lofty throne he had erected, like Lucifer from heaven, to end the remnant of a troublous and enterprising life in a solitary isle of the wide-rolling Atlantic.

*29. 1825.—VINCENT DOWLING DIED, ÆT. 68.

For forty years connected with the public Journals of this country and Ireland. Mr. Dowling was distinguished as a political writer in Ireland up to the passing of the Act of Union, and then removed with a family of eight children to this country. He was considered the father of the present race of Parliamentary Reporters, having spent upwards of two and twenty years of his life among them; and perhaps no man ever enjoyed more of the affectionate esteem of his fellow labourers. His company was ardently sought by all who knew him; and his original humour, added to the fund of anecdote of which he was possessed, rendered him the life and soul of the social circle.

None ever boasted yet to charm the hour
A wit more bright, a fancy of more pow'r,
Conjoined with learning and a taste refined,
Which captive led at will both heart and mind:
These were thy gifts; but thy life's steady aim
Was not alone to win a wreath from Fame,
To be recorded brightest wit among
Wit's vot'ries, or the laughter-loving throng;
Oh no!—let me not wrong thy gentle shade.
Thou wert the friend of all who sought thy aid;
My friend wert thou when on life's treach'rous sea
Mid sunny skies I sailed, gay, prosperously;
And when to guide my bark grew past my skill,
I flew to thee, and found thee firm friend still.
I blush not, therefore, if my grateful heart
At thought of thee should bid a tear-drop start;
For thou wert prized by me as fond, as dear,
As human heart can prize a friend sincere.

RICHARD RYAN.

*30. 1282.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS,

Or a general Massacre of all the French in the Island of Sicily, to which the first toll of the bell that called to vespers, or evening prayers, was the signal. The number destroyed was computed at *eight thousand!*

Astronomical Occurrences

In MARCH 1826.

But thou, my Lyre! awake, arise,
And hail the Sun's returning force;
Ev'n now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl th' aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embraced;
Yet gentle hours advance their wing,
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flowers, and dews, and streaming light,
Already decks the new-born Spring. AKENSIDE.

Solar Phenomena.

The Sun enters Aries at 11 m. after 3 in the morning of the 21st of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following Table. For ascertaining the times corresponding to the intermediate days, see the preceding months.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

March	1st,	Sun rises	35	m. after	6.	Sets 25 m. after	5
	6th,	.....	25	.....	6	..... 35	5
	11th,	.....	15	.....	6	..... 45	5
	16th,	.....	5	.....	6	..... 55	5
	21st,	.....	55	.....	5	..... 5	6
	26th,	.....	46	.....	5	..... 14	6
	31st,	.....	36	.....	5	..... 24	6

Equation of Time.

If the following quantities be added to the hour marked by a good sun dial, the results will be the times that should be indicated by a well regulated clock at the same moments.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Wednesday, March	1st, to the time by the dial *add*		12	41
Monday,	..... 6th,	.....	11	37
Saturday,	..... 11th,	.....	10	20
Thursday,	..... 16th,	.....	8	56
Tuesday,	..... 21st,	.....	7	27
Sunday,	..... 26th,	.....	5	54
Friday,	..... 31st,	.....	4	21

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart.

New Moon,	8th day, at	30 m. after	4	in the afternoon
First Quarter,	16th	30	9	at night
Full Moon,	23d, ...	42	10	.....
Last Quarter,	30th, ...	3	2	in the afternoon

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

Should the weather prove favourable, the following times will afford opportunities for observing the Moon's passage over the meridian during this month; viz.

March	1st, at	48 m. after	6	in the morning
	2d, ...	44	7	.....
	3d, ..	37	8	.....
	4th, ...	27	9	.....
	14th, ...	11	4	in the afternoon
	15th, ..	0	5	.....
	16th, ..	50	5	.....
	17th, ...	41	6	.....
	18th, ...	33	7	in the evening
	19th, ...	24	8	.....
	20th, ..	17	9	.....
	21st, ...	9	10	.....
	30th, ...	41	6	in the morning
	31st, ...	33	7	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

If the numbers given at page 21 of the present volume be added to the following, the times of high tide will be found for many other parts as well as London. Those for the intermediate day are to be found by proportion.

TABLE.

		Morning.	*Afternoon.*
March	1st, at	4 m. after 7	37 m. after 7
	6th, ..	8 ..... 0	36 0
	11th, ..	31 ..... 3	17 3
	16th, ..	36 ..... 6	3 7
	21st, ..	43 ..... 11	0 0
	26th, ..	42 ..... 3	1 4
	31st, ..	4 ..... 8	3 8

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of this beautiful planet now bear the following proportion to each other, which shows that the whole of her disk is as nearly illuminated as possible.

March 1st, { Illuminated part=11·991
Dark part .....=0·009

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following eclipses of the first and second of these satellites will be visible this month, viz.

Emersions.

First Satellite,	7th day, at	5 m.	47 s.	after midnight
	9th	34 ..	15	6 in the evening
	15th	59 ..	44	1 in the morning
	16th	28 ..	13	8 in the evening
	22d	53 ...	47	3 in the morning
	23d	22 ...	17	10 at night
	30th	16 ..	28	12 .....
Second Satellite,	6th	35 ...	30	1 in the morning
	13th	11 ...	59	4 .....
	23d	7 ...	36	8 at night
	30th	44 ..	33	10 .....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

March 5th, with β in Capricorn, at 1 in the morning
13th, ... δ in Aries..... ♄ 6 in the evening
16th, ... Saturn ..... 2 in the morning

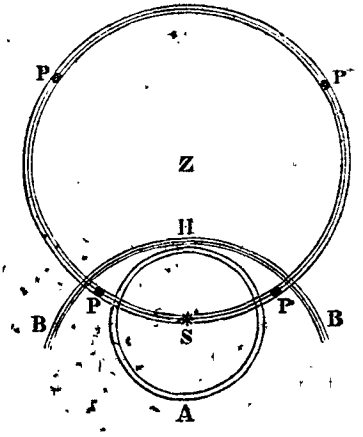
Saturn will be in quadrature at 45 m. after 9 in the morning of the 6th of this month. Venus will be in her superior conjunction at noon of the 10th; and Mercury at a quarter past 3 in the afternoon of the same day. Mercury and Venus will also be in conjunction at 5 that afternoon; and Mars will be stationary on the 30th.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

[Continued from p. 55.]

On Wednesday the 23d April 1806, about 2 o'clock p.m., four parhelia, which continued more than an hour, were observed by the inhabitants of Arbroath

and its vicinity. Through these parhelia and the Sun apparently there passed a corona or luminous ring, the centre of which was in the zenith. There was at the same time a common halo round the Sun, not so lucid as the corona. An eccentric arch coincided with the halo in its highest parts, but diverged from it on both sides till it terminated. This arch was irregularly variegated with the prismatic colours, and became less lucid as it diverged from the halo.



The above figure is nearly an exact representation of the phenomenon, in which Z is the zenith of St. Vigeans in the neighbourhood of Arbroath, S the apparent place of the Sun, the letter P the four parhelia or mock suns, the circles passing through S and P the luminous ring parallel to the horizon, the circles HA the halo inclined to the horizon, and BHB the eccentric arch inclined also to the horizon nearly in the same manner as the halo.

During the phenomenon there was a perfect calm. Almost the whole hemisphere appeared coated with a thin cloud of uniform density, through which the Sun shone faintly; but about the places where the

parhelia appeared, and in the region of the eccentric arch, small clouds of greater density could be distinctly perceived. There was neither rain nor dew at Arbroath, nor in its vicinity, during the phenomenon. Neither the state of the thermometer nor barometer was observed at the time. Towards night there was some dew, and an appearance of rain; but a frosty wind ensued before next morning. The phenomenon on the whole was grand and beautiful, and perhaps not inferior to that seen at Rome in 1629, nor to that at Arles in 1666; though in the former there appeared five, and in the latter six parhelia.

This atmospherical phenomenon was observed, and described as above, by Mr. Bowman, schoolmaster, of St. Vigeans, North Britain. It is now extracted from the common place-book of a friend.

Of the many singular deceptions caused by the atmosphere which might be adduced, we annex the following, by two celebrated travellers:—

Mr. Salt thus describes the effects of the atmosphere on the vision, to which he was an eye-witness.—'At daybreak we continued our route to Aden. As we approached the peninsula, we were much struck with the appearances which the Sun put on as it rose. When it had risen about half way above the horizon, its shape appeared like that of a balloon; and at length the lower limb suddenly starting up from the horizon, it assumed the general form of a globe, flattened at either axis. These singular changes may be attributed to the refraction produced by different layers of atmosphere, through which the Sun was viewed in its progress. The same cause made our ship in the bay look as if it had been lifted out of the water, and her bare masts appear to be crowded with sail: a low rock also seemed to rise up like a vessel, and a projecting point of land to rest on no other foundation than the air; the space between these objects and the horizon having a grey pellucid tinge, very distinct from the darker colour of the Sun.'

Dr. Clarke, speaking of the same phenomenon, says—'One of the Arabs, whom we saw from afar, seemed higher than a tower, and to be moving in the air; at first this was to me a strange appearance, but it was only the effect of refraction. The camel which the Arab was upon, touched the ground like all others.' The effects of the atmosphere, however, in causing these appearances, seem to be confined to hot and arid countries, and almost peculiar to the deserts of Africa, particularly those of Arabia and Abyssinia.

On the COMET *of* 1811.

The appearance of this luminous wanderer is, no doubt, still fresh in the minds of many of our readers; and to such, the following beautiful and descriptive lines need no apology.

How lonely is this wildered scene,
When Silence, from her vault so blue,
Steals soft o'er Teviot's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose tow'ring height
Like shadows scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread trav'ller of immensity!

Stranger of heav'n, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale;
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No; from thy pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Fair herald of th' eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
And streaming locks so lovely pale;
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heav'n, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again?
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou climb'st the milky way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray,
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue.

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee!
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the Sun;
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heav'n! O let thine eye
Smile on a wild enthusiast's dream!
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam.

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern vault at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Sweep the grey portals of the morn! HOGG.

Vividly are the closing evenings towards the end of this month described in the following lines.

'Tis eventide—the downward sloping Sun,
Like a young parting lover bound to cross
Oceans untried, and visit isles remote,
From his bright throne upon the landscape casts
The softened smile of fondness. Lingering still
On his accustomed steep, as if regret
To leave the world to midnight's cold embrace
Retarded his departure; while the flowers
Put forth their sweetest fragrance, and the birds
With wild notes make the grove and valley ring,
To tempt his longer stay—but all in vain:
He may not tarry—his last yellow beams
Give to the waving tresses of the woods,
And the brown mountain's brow, a farewell kiss.
Half his red orb is in a crimson cloud
Immerged, and now 'tis sunk below the ridge
Of those blue hills that drink his latest ray.

PENNIE's *Ragvald.*

The Naturalist's Diary

For MARCH 1826.

March, though the hours of promise with bright ray
May gild thy noons, yet, on wild pinion borne,
Loud winds more often rudely wake thy morn,
And harshly hymn thy early-closing day.

THE cutting blasts of March, so trying to the invalid, are equally injurious to the progress of vegetation; and the 'sweet flowers' are compelled to await the smiles and tears of gentle April to encourage their growth, and to bring them to perfection. Some more bold than the rest, who dare to brave the warrior front of Boreas, often perish in his chilly embrace. The winds of March, however, are highly beneficial in drying up the superabundant moisture of the earth; and although they may retard the delights and the beauties of Spring, these are rendered more valuable to us, because they are less fugacious.

The russet-brown dress of the hedges is now spotted with green, preparatory to their assuming the complete vesture of Spring.—The leaves of the *lilac* begin to peep from beneath their winter clothing, and gooseberry and currant trees display their verdant foliage and pretty green blossoms. The *yew-tree*, 'faithful in death,' as it protects our tombs from the gaze of every passing stranger, when our more gaudy floral acquaintances have deserted us, opens its blossoms about the beginning of this month. Mr. WIFFEN, whose '*Aonian Hours*' should never accompany us in our rambles during the Spring and Summer, speaking of the yew, says—He

Hath built himself a pinnacle, and stands
The guardian of the vale—whose dropping dew
Binds with a deadly barrenness the sands
Which loathe the weeds they nourish: to the bands
Of its mysterious circle not the bee
Comes, which all blossoms seeks, though it commands
A berry beautiful as eye may see;
Nor there one green herb grows, nor harebell of the lea.

But well its shade would please the anchorite;
There might he build him his monastic dome,
Arch, cell, cave, cloister, altar, minaret,
And moan and patter in that Gothic home
O'er creeds of o'erpast centuries: but to roam
Yon dell with moorland fragrance overspread
In the sweet summer tide, would ill become
His ashy cheek, and heart to pleasure dead,
For him that heathy couch were far too soft a bed.

The melody of birds now gradually swells upon the ear. The throstle, second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays. The linnet and the goldfinch join the general concert in this month, and the golden-crowned wren begins its song. The *lark*, also, must not be forgotten.—While the birds delight us with their song, the *bees* read us a lesson of industry, for they are to be seen collecting materials for their elegant condiment of honey on every fine day throughout the year[1].

[1] *The* BEE.

Love in his bosom, like a bee,
Doth sucke his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute—he tunes the string,
He, music plays—if I do sing;
He lends me ev'ry living thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bow'r my bosom be;
O Cupid! do thou pity me,
I will not wish to part from thee. LODGE.

Each succeeding week pours forth fresh beauties from the lap of Flora, and furnishes the botanist with new sources of delight. Golden tufts of *crocuses*, expanding their corollas to receive the genial warmth of the sun, interspersed with pink and blue hepaticas, and the *garden daisy*, with its little tufts of crimson velvet, united with the blossoms of last month, greatly ornament our flower borders. The alpine wall-cress is still in bloom; the mezereon puts forth its leaves; and the *primrose* peeps from the retreating snows of winter: it forms a happy shade of distinction between the delicate snowdrop and the flaming crocus.

Daffodils, yellow auriculas, coltsfoot, with its brilliant golden and sometimes pink or silvery stars, and hounds-tongue, are in blossom about the middle of the month. The *American cowslip*, with its beautiful rose-coloured blossoms, growing in thick branches in the form of a cone, flowers in March. The charming *violet*, whose attractions have been the theme of many a poetic effusion, makes her appearance this month, but not in full perfection, for the chill winds of March are not very congenial to the expansion of so delicate a blossom.

From the Latin of BUCHANAN.

With *violets*, fragrant herbs, let none presume
To crown the summit of my lowly tomb;
Nor grace the spot where my remains are laid,
With the tall pyramid's majestic shade.

Rather let him whose proffered love would claim
The festive honours of fair friendship's name,
While life remains, each kind attention show,
And, ere too late, what friendship asks, bestow.

For when the shears of fate have cleft in twain—
Embitt'ring thought!—sweet life's delusive chain,
I care not then, should thorns their blossom shed
'Mid the wide ruins of my charnel bed.

D. NILLIRN.

If the weather be mild, the rich hyacinth, the noble descendant of the modest harebell—the sweet

narcissus, delicately pale, and some of the early tulips, are now in bloom. The peach and the nectarine begin to show their elegant blossoms.

Protected from the inclemency of the weather by our green-houses, roses, hyacinths, heliotropes, and geraniums, are now in full blossom, regaling the senses with their varied hues and rich perfumes.

In this month, black ants are observed; the blackbird and the turkey lay; and house pigeons sit. The greenfinch sings; the bat is seen flitting about; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan *(Sylvia œnanthe)*, again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. Those birds which have passed the winter in England now take their departure for more northerly regions; as the fieldfare, the red-wing, and the woodcock.

On the 20th, the vernal equinox takes place, and all nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter.

The general or great flow of *sap* in most trees takes place in this month; this is preparatory to the expanding of the leaves, and ceases when they are out. The *ash* now puts forth its grey buds; and the *hazel* and the *willow* exhibit some signs of returning life in their silky, enfolded catkins. The leaves of the thornless rose and of the hawthorn are gradually becoming determinate. The *field daisy* is now seen scattered over dry pastures[1]. This pretty flower, the poet's darling, from Chaucer to Wordsworth and Montgomery, has claimed for itself many an elegant tribute:—the following is from the pen of our kind and valued correspondent, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, Master of the Grammar School at Woodbridge in Suffolk, and deserves to be placed with some of the

[1] See a beautiful 'Tale of the Daisy,' in a clever little volume, entitled '*Fairy Favours*;'—we have much pleasure in recommending this book as a delightful present for young persons of both sexes.

best pieces that have been written on the subject: it is now, for the first time, presented to the public.

To the DAISY.

Little flow'r with starry brow,
Slumb'ring in thy bed of snow;
Or with lightly tinged ray,
Winter gone and storms away,
Peeping from thy couch of green
With modest head and simple mien;
How I love to see thee lie
In thy low serenity,
Basking in the gladsome beam;
Or, beside some murm'ring stream
Gently bowing from thy nest,
Greet the water's silver breast.
Or 'mid fissure of the rock,
Hidden from the tempest's shock,
Vie with snowy lily's bell—
Queen and fairy of the dell.
Thee nor wind nor storm can tear
From thy lonely mountain lair;
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,
Root thee from thy native plain.
Winter's cold, nor summer's heat,
Blights thee in thy snug retreat;
Chilled by snow or scorched by flame,
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair
Of virtue struggling through despair,
Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground,
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm;
Conscious that the hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can, with more than equal pow'r,
Bear it through temptation's hour;
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

The *planting* and *sowing* of FOREST TREES is generally concluded in this month. The mixing of fir-trees with oaks (except in very sheltered situations) is now frequently adopted by the planter.—See our last volume, p. 81.

In March, trouts begin to rise, and blood worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm is found at the bottom of drains and ditches (see T. T. for 1823, p. 85), and the water-flea may be seen gliding about upon the surface of sheltered pools.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 88. Bats now issue from their places of concealment. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale *(Crambe maritima)* begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew-tree expand and discharge their farina. Sparrows are busily employed in forming their nests. Young otters are produced, and young *lambs* are yeaned this month.

The equinoctial gales are usually most felt, both by sea and land, about this time; and now may we exclaim with Ariel, in her beautiful song, in the delightful *Il Pastore Incantato,* lately published:—

I would not be compelled to ride
Over this stormy sea,
For all the gold that misers hide
Under the hawthorn tree.

I would not be obliged to run
Upon this sharp sleet air,
To be made monarch of the Sun,
Without a monarch's care.

My life upon this wind or wave
I should not deem secure;
But, ah! what will not mortals brave,
Led on by fortune's lure?

Yet if but *one* small tear 'twould dry
On the lid of a maiden fair,
I'd climb these waves, though mountains high,
And skim the sharp sleet air.

The brimstone-coloured butterfly *(Gonepteryx rhamni),* which lives throughout the winter, is usually seen in March. It is found in the neighbourhood of woods, on fine and warm days, enjoying the beams of the noonday sun. Some of our most beautiful butterflies belonging to the genus *vanessa,* as *V. atalanta, Io, Polychloros,* and *Urticæ,* are seen in this month; and the *Antiopa,* or Camberwell beauty, has once been captured at this season.

To a BUTTERFLY.

Wee chield o' summer, why sae hasty?
I wad be laith to spoil thy restie,
An a' the down off thy soft breastie
Rudely to brush;
I winna rin wi' cruel hastie
Thy wings to crush.

Thou bouny gem, whene'er thou spiest
Yon orb of day now ride at highest,
Wi' bosom sunward spread thou hiest
His rays to meet,
And blithe wi' flaunting feather fliest
His grace to greet.

Tho' the stern sister fates decree
My days wi' sorrow clouded be,
It oft to sadness suits wi' me,
Tho' truly pining,
Thy spangled wings aloft to see
I' th' sunbeams shining.

For ance like me, in times gane round,
A grovelling worm thou swept the ground;
Yet now where bonniest flowers are found,
Blithsome thou fleetest,
Disporting thro' life's sunnie round
'Mid joys the sweetest.

And sae may I, when death's cauld blast
Youth's withered flowerets low shall cast,
When (earthborn woes and cares all past)
Life's bonds shall sever,
In heaven a seraph burst at last,
And burn for ever?

APRIL.

APRIL derives its name from *aperire*, to open, because the earth then appears to open to new productions. *Venus* was its tutelar divinity. On the 1st was a festival in honour of Venus. The Romans presented her baskets of flowers adorned with myrtle. On the 12th, the *Cerealia*, which continued eight days. *Taurus* is the sign of this month, to

signify that, at this season, the Sun, passing through that sign, increases incessantly in force and heat.

Remarkable Days

In APRIL 1826.

1.—ALL *or* AULD FOOLS' DAY.

ON this day every body strives to make as many fools as he can.—See T. T. for 1822, p. 90.

2.—LOW SUNDAY.

It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter-day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence this Sunday took the name of *Low-Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree.

*3. A.D. 33.—CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Chronologers have fixed upon this day as the one on which the REDEEMER of the WORLD bowed himself to the death of the cross. If, as Christians sensible of the benefits bestowed upon the world by the coming and ministry of the Messiah, we have cause to be thankful to GOD for so marvellous a manifestation of his divine love and mercy, how much more is it our bounden duty to feel and proclaim his wondrous goodness, when we behold him reconciling sinful man to himself by the death and atoning sacrifice of his only and well-beloved SON, the Saviour, the Prince of Peace! Well hath the learned Heylin pourtrayed his sufferings on this occasion: 'The appointed soldiers,' he says, 'dig the hole in which the cross was to be erected. The nails and the hammers are ready—the cross is placed on the ground, and Jesus lies down upon the bed of sorrows: they nail him to it—they erect it—his nerves crack—his blood distils—he groans and expires. Hear, O heavens! O earth, earth, earth, hear!—*The Lord hath nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against him.*'

3.—RICHARD, *Bishop.*

Richard, surnamed *de Wiche,* from the place of his birth, was consecrated bishop of Chichester in 1245, and died April 3, 1253: he was canonized by Pope Urban IV, in 1262, for an obvious reason,—he supported the papal power in open defiance of his own sovereign, Henry III.

On the day of St. Richard it was formerly the custom at Droitwich, in Worcestershire (observes Mr. Aubrey), to keep holyday, and to dress a salt well, of which St. Richard was the tutelar saint, with green boughs and flowers. This practice was discontinued in the time of the civil wars, and the spring dried up. Afterwards they kept their annuall custome (notwithstanding the power of the parliament and soldiers), and the salt water returned again, and still continues. This St. Richard was a person of great estate in these parts, and a briske young fellow, that would ride over hedge and ditch, and at length became a very devout man, and after his decease was canonized for a saint.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

4.—SAINT AMBROSE.

St. Ambrose was born at Arles in France, about 333. At an early age he was made governor of Milan, and resided there. He was chosen bishop of Milan, much against his will, when he was about forty years of age, and while he was yet a catechumen. He was baptized in 374, and a few days afterwards *consecrated* to the bishopric; subsequently to which he pursued his theological studies with great ardour under *Simplician.* He was a most earnest and powerful opposer of the Arian heresy. After an eventful life, he died April 4th, 397. Shortly before his death, when Count Stilicho expressed an anxious desire that his life might be spared, he replied, '*I have not so conducted myself as to be ashamed to live; and I serve so good a master, that I am not afraid to die.*' For accounts of his writings, the reader may consult Cave and Dupin.—*(Imperial Almanack.)*

*5. A.D. 33.—THE RESURRECTION.

Having passed the appointed time in the arms of Death and the deep silence of the tomb, the Redeemer of the World now rose triumphant over his enemy, and sought the presence of his Father in his own eternal kingdom. Nor did he ascend for nought, but, offering his own sacrificial blood for the ransom of man, he once more reinstated him in the favour of GOD, purchased his pardon and peace, and sealed the promises of free redemption to the penitent and faithful. Thus he completed his high character of prophet, priest, and king, and thus perfected the grand and mysterious scheme of human salvation.

*16. 1825.—HENRY FUSELI DIED, ÆT. 87.

Mr. Fuseli was a native of Zurich, and came to England at an early age, more with the intention of making literature his study than art: while he was yet undetermined, and speculating, as he said, on the great resolve of life, he took some of his drawings to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and asked his candid opinion, whether he thought he had any chance of success as an artist. The president was so much struck with the conception and power displayed in them, that, after viewing them attentively, he said, 'Young man, were I the author of these drawings, and offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject it with contempt:' this decided him. But it was not until the opening of his Milton Gallery, about 1798, that the extent of his intellectual acquirements, his lofty imagination, and singular fancy, were fully appreciated. None who witnessed it can ever forget the effect produced on them by that exhibition. The pictures he painted for the Shakspeare Gallery must also be remembered with feelings of high admiration. His Ghost of Hamlet, unquestionably the grandest work in the collection, can never be forgotten. Mr. Fuseli enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished literati of the age. The high opinion entertained of him, even in youth, by his celebrated

townsman, Lavater, was shown by his putting into his hand, at parting, a small piece of paper, beautifully framed and glazed, on which he found written in German, ' Do but the tenth part of what you *can* do.' Hang that up in your bed-room, my friend, said Lavater, and I know what will be the result. The result did not disappoint him—their friendship only ended with life; and on the part of the artist, was continued to Lavater's son with unabated fervour. Mr. Fuseli enjoyed excellent health, probably the result of his habitual temperance. He was a very early riser; whether in the country or in town, in summer or in winter, he was seldom in bed after five o'clock. He enjoyed the most perfect domestic felicity, and was perhaps one of the most affectionately attached husbands that ever breathed. His lady survives him; he leaving her every thing he died possessed of. His remains were interred in the cathedral of St. Paul's.

*16. 1669.—STATE OF THE ARTS.

The following entry in Mr. Pepys's Diary, relating to the Fine Arts, is worthy of preservation:—' To Loton, the landscape-drawer, a Dutchman, living in St. James's Market; but there saw no good pictures. But by accident he did direct us to a painter that was then in the house with him, a Dutchman, newly come over, one Evereest, who took us to his lodging close by, and did show us a little flower-pot of his drawing, the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life; the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced again and again to put my finger to it, to feel whether my eyes were deceived or no. He do ask £70 for it: I had the vanity to bid him £20. But a better picture I never saw in my whole life; and it is worth going twenty miles to see it.'

19.—SAINT ALPHEGE.

Alphege was first Abbot of Bath, then Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Archbishop of Canter-

bury. He was stoned to death by the Danes, at Greenwich, about the year 1012.

*19. 1824.—LORD BYRON DIED.

There was a time when poets should have bowed
In lowly rev'rence to thy foreign tomb,
When England would have decked thy sudden shroud
With flow'rs, the sweetest that about her bloom.
'Twas ere thy wayward fancies taught a doom,
That like wild midnight visions seemed to crowd
About thy path, the harbingers of gloom:—
Yet still we weep thy errant star should set,
Which blazed so glorious in thy early morn,
Ere Fate's dark clouds, conspiring spirits! met
About thy after journey, teaching scorn,
And things we would, but do not dare, forget.
BYRON! thou shouldst have lived new fame to raise,
Or earlier died, when shone bright yesterdays.

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

23.—SAINT GEORGE,

The patron Saint of England.—See T. T. for 1821, p. 107. The King's birth-day is kept on this day, being his *name-day*, in imitation of the custom in catholic countries.

*23. 1661.—CORONATION OF KING CHARLES II.

The king's going from the Tower to Whitehall on the day previous to the coronation is thus described by Mr. Pepys:—'Up early, and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitane. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most

noble. Wadlow the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlin, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turkes; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to White-Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery.'

The Coronation.

'23d. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in, And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chaire) and footstoole on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fidlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crowne too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire, at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my very great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishopp; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crowne) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Armes went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique; and indeed, it was lost to every body. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the

Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crowne on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchin and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolke, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his speare and targett carried before him. And a Herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but, above all, the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife.'—*Pepys's Memoirs*.

25.—SAINT MARK.

This Evangelist wrote his Gospel about the year 63. He died in the 8th year of Nero, and was buried at Alexandria.

The custom of sitting and watching in the church porch on St. Mark's eve, still exists in some parts of the north of England. The 'witching time of night'

is from eleven to one; and the third year the watcher supposes that he sees the ghosts of those who are to die the next year pass by into the church.—For some remarks on the *belief in apparitions,* see T.T. for 1823, pp. 91-93.

A belief in fairies, spirits, and witchcraft, with a variety of other superstitions, is still prevalent among the mountaineers of Monmouthshire and Breconshire, particularly those who speak no other language than their own. This belief, however, has much decreased since the great influx of strangers which the introduction of the iron works has occasioned; and it is rapidly wearing out as the English language becomes more general; but yet many of the mountains and dingles are supposed to be haunted by these supernatural beings. Dafydd ap Gwillym, a bard of the 14th century, says,

Ydoed ym mhob gobant
Eilyllon mingcimion gant:

There are in every little dingle an hundred wry-mouthed goblins.

We cannot wonder at this extensive and universal belief in fairies among the unlettered children of Cambria, when we see that enlightened monarch, James I, and the learned Sir F. Bacon, maintaining their existence; and such was the general credence the whole English nation gave to the tales of these tiny beings, that Reginald Scot, the only man of his age who had sufficient sense to see the folly of it, and boldness to deny it, was by the king, and all the divines of the land, treated with contempt, and his book publickly and contumeliously burnt. It is a circumstance but very little known, that to the superstitions of Breconshire are we indebted for the amusing sprite of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' and that the fairy Puck is not wholly the creation of Shakspeare's imagination. In the vale of Clydach, in Llanelly, near Crickhowel, is a small dingle called Cwm Pwcca, i. e. the valley of the goblin, it having been from time immemorial the persuasion of the common people that it was the haunt of a fairy. They say the elf Pwcca appears to travellers at night, leads them astray to the brink of the precipice, then bounds over the Clydach, laughing at their folly. This traditional tale was probably conveyed to Shakspeare, as were many others, particularly the characters of Sir Hugh Evans, and Flewellyn, by Richard Price of Brecon, son of the celebrated antiquary Sir John Price, of the Priory, and a MS. pedigree of that family notices him as the friend and correspondent of our immortal bard.—*Note to 'Arthur, a Poem.'*

While on this subject, we subjoin a remark of Mr. Aubrey's:—'Before printing, old-wives' tales were ingeniose: and since

printing[1] came in fashion, till a little before the civill warres, the ordinary sort of people were not taught to reade; now-a-dayes [1686] bookes are common, and most of the poor people understand letters: and the many good bookes and variety of turnes of affaires, have putt all the old fables out of doors: and the divine art of printing and gunpowder have frighted away *Robin-good-fellow* and the fayries.'—*Aubrey MS.*

*28. 1825.—DOMINIQUE VIVANT DENON DIED, ÆT. 84.

He was born in a small town in Burgundy, of a noble family: destined to shine in courts, he was at first named a page of the chamber. The king, at an early age, appointed him gentleman in ordinary, and soon after, secretary of embassy; in this quality he accompanied Baron Talleyrand to Naples, and during the absence of the ambassador remained as Chargé d'Affaires, in which post he had several opportunities of displaying a rare superiority of talent, and a depth of conception, which, lying concealed under an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, was not even suspected to exist, till the wit and courtier vanished, to make room for the diplomatist. His wit and gaiety were proverbial. Devoted to the arts with a passion that knew no limits, his mornings were entirely occupied, in Italy, in improving himself in the study of the Fine Arts, and particularly in drawing, as if he had had the *presentiment* that one day he should have the good fortune to render his talents of use to society, in rescuing from the ravages of time, and the still more bar-

[1] 'In the old ignorant times, before woomen were readers, the history was handed down from mother to daughter, &c.; and W. Malmsburiensis picks up his history from the time of Ven. Bede, to his time out of old songs, for there was no historian in England from Bede to him. So my nurse had the history from the Conquest downe to Cha. I, in ballad. The price of writing MSS. before the use of printing, was xxx^{s} per quire.'—(*Aubrey MS.*)—Warton, in his Anglia Sacra, says—'The use of [written] books was granted to particular persons for life, upon bond to restore them to the publick society; and excommunication was pronounced against any person who should alienate a book given to a religious society.'

barous hand of ignorance, the treasures of remote antiquity. Selected by Buonaparte to accompany him to Egypt, he by turns wielded the sword and handled the pencil, and it was difficult to say whether he excelled in arts or arms. His stock of gaiety never left him, even in the greatest reverses, and under the severest privations: it was not an insensibility to suffering, but an enlightened philosophy, that bore him up under evils for which there was no remedy. Many instances are recorded of Denon's humanity and feeling, on crossing the Desert. They who have visited his cabinet at Paris, will recollect the terrific picture of the Arab dying in the desert of hunger and thirst: the sketch was taken from nature by Denon, whose modesty would not suffer the painter to tell the whole of the story. Denon returned with Buonaparte to France, and prepared his immortal travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, during the campaigns of this General: it would be totally unnecessary here to descant on the merits of a work which has obtained the highest suffrages, and been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. Napoleon said one day, on looking over Denon's work, 'If I lost Egypt, Denon has conquered it.'—Napoleon rewarded our traveller's attachment and superior talents by appointing him director and administrator-general of the museums and medal-mint. No medals were allowed to be struck, of which the design and execution had not received the approbation of Denon; and to this cause is to be attributed the uniform superiority of the Napoleon medals, in beauty of execution, over every other collection in the world. When it was proposed to erect a column in the Place Vendôme in honour of the grand army and the battle of Austerlitz, which was to be composed of cannon taken from the enemy in that campaign, Denon was appointed to superintend its execution. The column of Trajan, at Rome, was intended as the type, but Denon has greatly surpassed his model. On the fall of Na-

poleon, Denon was maintained by Louis XVIII in his place; but on the return of the ex-Emperor from Elba, he could not resist the ties of old affection and gratitude, and he of course lost his place on the second return of the king. He since lived in retirement, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* in its fullest extent. His cabinet, open several days in the week, was the resort of strangers from all parts of the world; and his kindness and affability rendered him the most interesting object of his museum. For the last seven years he had employed the leisure moments stolen from the offices of friendship, in the composition of a work on the 'History of Art', with about 300 to 400 plates from his own cabinet. The subscription was closed in a short period after his intention was known. His loss will be very severely felt. He was the protector of rising merit, which he aided both by precept and example. Many of the first French artists owe their advancement in life to his interest and influence.

30.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

This day takes its name from the Latin term *rogare*, to ask; because, on the three subsequent days, *supplications* were appointed by Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the year 469, to be offered up with fasting to God, to avert some particular calamities that threatened his diocese.

APRIL 1575.—TASSO'S TRIBUTE TO THE LIP, Written in honour of Eleonora Sanvitali, a young lady of great beauty and grace of manners; and to these she united a noble disposition and taste for the fine arts. Eleonora was remarkable for the exquisite beauty of her under lip, a circumstance which gave rise to the lines commencing ....

. . . Quel labro, che le rose han colorite.

That rosy lip, that rosy lip,
So soft and swelling, surely is
Shaped thus by Love's own workmanship
To tempt the fond transporting kiss.

But, ah, let none come nigh! for there,
Twix't flow'r and flow'r, that honey-bee
Lies hid to sting young hearts—beware!
I point him out—be warned by me.

I once a lip as rosy viewed,
Admired, and sighing sought the snare;
But, oh the smart! Youths, be not wooed,
I point the risk—beware! beware!

Those roses are but like the fruits
Of Tantalus,—you kiss, you part,
But Love stays with you—Love that shoots
Keen fire and poison through the heart.

J. H. WIFFEN[1].

Astronomical Occurrences

In APRIL 1826.

Now Nature, soothed, assumes her wonted charms,
And like an infant, stilled, laughs through her tears
That glittering hang on every bloomy spray.
The birds their woodland minstrelsy renew
In chorus universal; while the Sun
Gilds with effulgence sweet the azure vault,
And paints the landscape with a thousand flowers.

PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Taurus at 43 m. after 3 in the afternoon of the 20th of this month; and on every 5th day of the same period he rises and sets as follows. The times for the intermediate days must be found as already directed.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

April 1st,	Sun rises	34 m. after	5.	Sets	26 m. after 6
6th,		24	5		36 6
11th,		14	5		46 6
16th,		5	5		55 6
21st,		55	4		5 7
26th,		46	4		14 7

[1] 'Life of Tasso,' prefixed to Mr. Wiffen's Translation of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' p. lx.

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Equation of Time.

When it is required to convert the time shown by a good sun dial to that which should be indicated by a well regulated clock at the same moment, the corrections must be employed as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Saturday, April	1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	4	3
Thursday, ...	6th,	.....	2	23
Tuesday, ...	11th,	.....	1	8
Sunday, ...	16th,	from the time by the dial *subt.*	0	10
Friday, ...	21st,	.....	1	19
Wednesday, ...	26th,	.....	2	17

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon.....	7th day, at	26 m.	after 9	in the morning
First Quarter	15th	58	0	in the afternoon
Full Moon	22d	26	7	in the morning
Last Quarter...	29th	3	1	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

Such as desire to observe the Moon pass the meridian during this month, will find the following times the most suitable for that purpose, should the weather prove favourable, viz.

April 14th,	at 33 m.	after 5	in the evening
15th,	... 23	6	.....
16th,	... 13	7	.....
17th,	... 3	8	.....
18th,	... 54	8	.....
19th,	... 46	9	.....
20th,	... 41	10	.....
27th,	... 40	4	in the morning
28th,	... 34	5	.....
29th,	... 24	6	.....
30th,	... 11	7	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high water at London Bridge. For the intermediate days the hour must be found by proportion; and for other places, as directed at p. 21 of this volume.

TABLE.

	Morning.	Afternoon.
April 1st, at	10 m. after 9	43 m. after 9
6th, ..	17 1	39 1
11th, ..	14 4	32 4
16th, ..	11 8	43 8
21st, ..	3 1	32 1
26th, ..	3 5	27 5

The tide will be very high about the 24th of this month; and should it be increased by the wind, considerable damage may be apprehended in some places.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet has passed her full, and is again declining, though very slowly; and the illuminated parts of her disk bear the following proportion to each other, and to the whole:—

April 1st, { Illuminated part 11·946 / Dark part:..... 0·154

It may be necessary to caution some of our young readers against concluding, that this planet, like the Moon, is the brightest when her whole disk is illuminated. As both her distance from the earth, and her position with regard to that body and the Sun, vary so much, her greatest brilliancy depends upon these as well as the breadth of the illuminated part; and, in fact, takes place when this is a little more than a *fourth* of the whole diameter. For the solution of this problem we must refer to T. T. for 1819, p. 51.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be twenty-five eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies this month, but only the following will be visible at the Royal Observatory; for which the epochs are recorded in mean time. A slight reduction will therefore be necessary for other places which differ much in longitude from that for which the times are specified.

Emersions.

First Satellite,	7th day,	at 10 m.	44 s.	after 2 in the morning
	8th.....	39 ..	19	8 in in the evening
	15th.....	33 ..	42	10 at night
	23d	29 ..	9	0 in the morning
Second Satellite,	7th.....	21 ..	37	1 .....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

This ring sometimes forms, to all appearance, an oval belt encompassing that planet, while at others it looks merely like a line across the surface. In the former state an opening often appears towards the extremities, between the ring and the planet: the transverse axis of the ring is then considered as unity, and the conjugate axis is calculated in parts of that unit. When + is prefixed to this result, it implies that the north side of the ring is visible; and when — is annexed, the south side is seen.

April 1st, { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·502

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

April 1st,	with β in Capricorn	at 6	in the morning
9th,	Mercury	1	.....
10th,	δ in Aries.....	1	.....
12th,	Saturn	1	in the afternoon
28th,	β in Capricon ..	1	.....

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 4th of this month, be stationary on the 13th, and in his inferior conjunction at 15 m. after 2 in the afternoon of the 24th. Georgium Sidus will be in quadrature at noon of the 14th, and stationary on the 28th.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

[Concluded from p. 81.]

Such remarkable optical deceptions occur under particular states of the atmosphere, on the verge of the horizon, and particularly in warm climates, on extensive plains, &c. Objects seen often appear with extraordinary elevation, double or inverted. This singular phenomenon is obviously caused by

refraction of the rays of light passing through the atmosphere, the lower strata of which have different densities. When this effect is confined to the elevation of an object, our seamen call it *looming*. This play of vision has received the appellation of *Mirage* from the French, and by the Italians it is called *Fata Morgana*. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1800, are some pleasing experiments on the subject by Dr. Wollaston.

As illustrations, we shall subjoin the two following recent and well authenticated instances.

Mr. Faux, in his 'Memorable Days in America,' on his passage, February 23d, 1819, within 70 miles of the Azores, observes, 'Daylight from six to six in this delightful climate. I saw, during the day, what sailors call sun-dogs, a species of rainbow, without either pillar or arch, having only a base, and being thought symptomatic of windy, squally weather. The horizon at sun-set glowing with crimson, pink, and blue, the perfection of beauty.'

'March 1st. — Saw this night the young moon in a position new to me, lying horizontally, flat on her back, as the sailors say, with her horns upwards; a sign of fine dry weather. A regular trade-wind, and at sun-rise and set the sky full of beautiful blushing amber clouds, of indescribable richness, but common in this latitude. The sea, by reflexion, becomes a flood of gore, especially while these clouds fly round the horizon. The effect was greatly heightened by a huge rainbow at noon, which gave to the waves all the changeful hues of the camelion.'

A letter from Ramsgate, dated July 16, 1825, states, "About six o'clock on the evening of the 14th, a cloud was presented to our view, which seemed to rest partly on the sea, and extended along the horizon nearly as far as the eye could reach, beginning at the Dover point. Every vessel was not only reflected from it, but there appeared two distinct

images of each vessel—one immediately above the real object, and inverted; the other in its proper position on the top of the cloud, sailing in the air. The French cliffs had a most curious appearance, resembling a white castle, or extended fortification suddenly raised from the sea, at the distance of less than a mile, and covering a space of ten miles. Between this and the spectator, clouds were so dispersed, as to render the clouds a magnificent object. The town of Sandwich also, with the beach, &c. were seen in the air in an inverted position. This interesting spectacle had now lasted an hour and a half, and on the approach of night the whole gradually faded away.'—*St. James's Chronicle.*

The observation of these phenomena, however, is by no means restricted to our own times, but has been the object of delight as well as terror in former ages. The following is a pleasing specimen.

August 15th, 1643.—'On this day,' says Father Angelucci, 'as I stood at my window, I was surprised by a most wonderful and delectable vision. The sea which washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for twelve miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian shore grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one polished mirror, reclining against the aforesaid ridge. On this glass was depicted, in *chiaroscuro*, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then in windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This was the FATA MORGANA, which, for twenty-six years, I had thought a mere fable.' These optical appearances of figures in the sea and air, in the

Faro of Messina, are the great delight of the populace, who, whenever the vision is displayed, run about the streets shouting for joy, and calling on every one to partake of the glorious sight. To produce this pleasing deception, many circumstances must concur. The spectator must stand with his back to the east, in some elevated place, commanding a view of the whole bay. The winds must be hushed, the surface quite smoothed, the tide at its height, and the waters pressed up by currents to a great elevation in the middle of the channel. When these events coincide, and the Sun rises high enough to form an angle of 45 deg. on the water above the city, every object existing or moving at Reggio will be repeated a thousand-fold in this marine looking-glass, which, by its tremulous motion, is, as it were, cut into facits.

The simplicity and beauty of the following lines are so descriptive of the calm serenity of many evenings in this month, that we shall not hesitate to insert them.

The EVENING SUN.

'Tis the last sweet smile of the evening sun:
How bright! how sublime its beaming!
What golden tides of splendour steep
The rosy clouds as they softly sleep
Beneath its holy gleaming!

'Tis the light of innocent thoughts, whose ray
An infant's slumber blesses;
When, weary of paying smile for smile,
Its blue eyes close, and it dreams the while
Of the breast it fondly presses.

The breezy spirits of air float past
With calm and noiseless motion;
Not a zephyr is dimpling the glassy lake—
Ev'n the aspen hath stilled its tremulous shake,
At Nature's high devotion.

As I loiter along my homeward path,
What feelings of deep regret
That last sweet smile of the evening sun
Awakes in my heart—for it speaks of *one*
Whose sun in the grave hath set!

His farewell look, with Christian hope,
Shone as purely, calmly bright!
Alas! when it vanished, the night came down,
And my poor lorn heart no more might own
A Father's guiding light! FEIST.

The following brief poetical effusion is scarcely less adapted to convey to the mind a vivid idea of the harmonious joy that pervades Nature at this season, than it is worthy to be the opening stanza in a small volume on sacred subjects.

The Sun looks out betwixt the golden clouds
That curtain his pavilion, on the top
Of yon proud mountain, clad in purple light.
There is a laughing glory in his eye,
That seems to tell he joys his toil is done,
And gladly sinks to rest. As to a god,
Valley and hill, and forest, grove, and plain,
To him the richest incense offer up
Of fragrant herbs, and fruits, and bloomy flowers:
The earth is one grand altar, and the skies
The canopy of his great temple, decked
With radiant colours inexpressible.
What a wild swell of harmony ascends
Into mid air! The birds with fluttering wing
Strain their love-tuned throats; waters and winds
Join their soft music; while from vine-clad caves
And hollow cliffs, voices of spirits fling
Melodious mockeries of the evening hymn,
That greet yon orb's departure.

PENNIE's *Scenes in Palestine.*

The Naturalist's Diary

For APRIL 1826.

The breath of Spring is on thee, Aspley Wood[1]!
Each shoot of thine is vigorous, from the green,
Low-drooping larch, and full unfolded bud
Of sycamore, and beech, majestic queen!
With her tiara on, which crowns the scene
With beauty,—to the stern oak, on whose rind
The warmest suns and sweetest showers have been,
And soft voice of the fond Favonian wind;—
His thousand lingering leaves reluctantly unbind.

[1] A wood near the town of Woburn, in Bedfordshire.

But of all other trees, a clustering crowd
Bow their young tops rejoicingly, to meet
The breeze, which yet not murmurs over-loud,
But wastes on Nature's cheek its kisses sweet,
To woo her from dark winter:—the wild bleat
Of innocent lambs is on the passing gale,
Blending with pastoral bells; and at my feet,
From yon warm wood the stockdove's plaintive wail
Wins to the curious ear o'er the subjected vale.

WIFFEN's *Aonian Hours.*

IN this picturesque and beautiful description of the poet, the effects of Spring on forest scenery are faithfully delineated, and convey to the mind a vivid representation of the *beauties* to be observed by those who mark the gradual progress of vegetation. But in Nature, beauty is almost always combined with *utility;* and while the senses are feasted with the great variety of colours and odours abounding among flowers and plants, the contemplative mind naturally considers the beneficial effects that result from this beautiful combination of vegetable wonders. All is connected (observes M. Mirbel) in the vast system of the globe, and order emanates from the equipoise of conflicting phenomena. Animals carry off the oxygen of the atmosphere, replacing it by carbonic acid gas; and are thus at work to adulterate the air, and render it unfit for respiration. Vegetables take up acid gas, retain the carbon, and give out oxygen; and are thus purifying the air tainted by animals, and re-establishing the necessary proportions between its elements. In Europe, while our vegetables, stripped by the severity of the season of their foliage, no longer yield the air contributing to life, the salutary gas is borne to us by trade winds from the southernmost regions of America. Winds from all quarters of the world intermingle thus the various strata of the atmosphere, and keep its constitution uniform in all seasons, and at all elevations. The substances which are produced by the dissolution of

animal and vegetable matter, diluted with water, are absorbed by plants, and constitute a portion of the nourishment by which they are maintained; plants in their turn become the food of animals, and these again the prey of others which subsist on flesh. In spite of this perpetual state of war and destruction, nothing perishes, for all is regenerated. Nature has ordained that the two great divisions of organized beings should depend the one upon the other for support, and that both the life and death of individuals should be equally serviceable in keeping up the races of them.

The arrival of the *swallow*, about the middle of this month, foretels the *approach* of summer, whose coming, however, is too often retarded by the return of Winter in angry mood, hurling his last hail-storms at the 'proud-pied' and flower-wreathed head of April.

After the swallow, the next bird that appears is the nightingale *(Motacilla luscinia)*, whose praises have been chaunted by poets of every clime, and have occupied many a page in this month's Diary of our previous volumes. In our climate, the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks, generally commencing the last week in April.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet warbler! still thy song divine
Is heard within the midnight grove,
Where Milton, tuned to notes like thine,
Was wont in former time to rove,
And listen to the lay of love,
That poured like nectar on his ear,
While Echo from her shell above
Responds in accents softly clear.

And still, as erst to make him hear
The music of thy charming voice,
Bears it beyond the starry sphere,
To join the chorus of the skies.
And hark! I ween *those* notes may rise,
Unquestioned, to that holy place,
Where chaunt the birds of Paradise,
All rapturous in the realms of grace.

Sweet warbler! to thy liquid lays,
That fall like nectar on my ear,
My heart hath long been pledged to raise
Some tribute of affection dear;
But not the drip of fountains clear,
Nor lyric odes those founts among,
In sweetness, fulness, power, compeer
The native passion of thy song.
Il Pastore Incantato.

That beautiful bird the wryneck next makes its appearance, preceding the *cuckoo* by a few days,—whose note that tells of the advancing Spring, and its floral pleasures, is hailed with delight by every lover of Nature.

Hark to the merry Gossip of the Spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! give it chase,
In other bow'rs the Fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note in a golden chain
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting CUCKOO! in my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a Summer! it did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladd'ning horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotone
The self-same transport flashes through my frame;
And when thy voice, sweet Sybil, all is flown
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
O may the world these feelings never tame!
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
I still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though grey without, a heart to Nature dead!
WIFFEN's *Aonian Hours.*

The other summer birds of passage which arrive this month, make their appearance in the follow-

ing order: the ring-ousel; the redstart, frequenting old walls and ruinous edifices; the yellow wren, the swift, the white throat, the grasshopper lark, the smallest of the lark kind; and the willow wren, which, as well as the house-wren, destroys many pernicious insects. The *kite* now approaches farm-houses and villages, in search of food and materials for constructing his nest; at other times, unless pinched by hunger, he cautiously avoids man, and all his haunts.—See T. T. for 1824, p. 128.

In April, or early in the next month, the lapwing, or pee-wit *(Tringa vanellus)*, lays her eggs, and sits, for she makes no nest. A few pairs will retire to heaths, downs, or ploughed fields during the season of incubation, but the greater portion of them fix their stations upon the banks of the dikes of marshes, or the great drains in our fenny districts. The feathered tribe are now busily engaged in forming their temporary habitations, and in rearing and maintaining their offspring.

The vine expands its empurpled leaves. Honesty, or moonwort, is in flower; and the new sprung leaves of the sweet chesnut, in their turn, are playing in the breeze.

Various kinds of insects are observed in this month; as the jumping spider, seen on garden walls; and the webs of other species of spiders are found on the bushes, palings, and outsides of houses. The *Iulus terrestris* appears, and the death-watch beats early in the month. The wood-ant begins to construct its large conical nest. Little maggots, the first state of young ants, are now to be found in their nests. The shell-snail comes out in troops; and the stinging-fly and the red-ant appear.

The mole cricket is the most remarkable of the insect tribe seen about this time. The blue flesh-fly, and the dragon-fly, are frequently observed towards the end of the month. The great variegated *Libellula*, which appears, *principally*, towards the

decline of summer, is an animal of singular beauty. The cabbage butterfly, also, now appears. The black slug abounds at this season. (For the best mode of destroying them, see T. T. for 1821, p. 129.)

Of the beetle tribe now on the wing, the *Scolytus destructor* may be noticed for its extraordinary powers of injuring trees. It is described, in Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology, as feeding on the soft inner bark only, and as making its attacks in such vast numbers, that 80,000 have been found on a single tree. The leaves of the trees infested become yellow; the trees themselves die at the top, and soon entirely perish. Their ravages have been long known in Germany, and the insect is formally mentioned in the old liturgies of that country.

'The dung of animals swarms at this season with minute *Coleoptera;* several species of the Lepidoptera will also be found by carefully inspecting garden pales, gates in lanes, &c. Many species of bees may be seen sucking the pollen from the sallow which blossoms at this season. Sand and gravel pits should be carefully examined, and under the stones and clods of earth many insects will be discovered.'—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology,* p. 315.

The progress of vegetation is general and rapid in this month. The sloe puts forth its elegant flowers; a host of others follow, among which may be named the ash, ground-ivy, and the box-tree. The wild and garden-cherry, the plum, gooseberry and currant trees, the sycamore, the apricot, and the nectarine, are in flower:—the garden now is full of

> Crimson hues
> Of the first tint, by April brought
> To the sweet *peach-bud.*

The blossoms of the *apple* and *pear* present to the eye a most agreeable spectacle, particularly in those counties which abound with orchards. The *almond-tree,* whose blush-colour blossoms make their

appearance before any leaves are seen, is among the earliest of the flowering fruit-trees, and forms a splendid ornament to the shrubbery in the months of March or April. It deserves notice on another account;—its fragile beauties are thus beautifully sung by the modern Sappho.

To the ALMOND TREE.

Fleeting and falling,
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair almond tree?
It is sunk to its tomb.

Its tomb, wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms,
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast,—
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest,—

Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below,
And there they lie stainless,
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs
They hung scented and fair;
To-day, they are scattered
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow, those leaves
Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament,
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus
With each hope of the heart?
With all its best feelings
Thus will they depart.

They'll go forth to the world
On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping,
But what will be there?

False lights to deceive,
False friends to delude,
Till the heart, in its sorrow,
Left only to brood;—

Over-feeling crushed, chilled,
Sweet hopes ever flown;
Like that tree, when its green leaves
And blossoms are gone. L. E. L.

The beech, the larch, and the elm, are now in *full leaf*. The larch also exhibits its red tufts or flowers, which soon expand into cones, and the fir tribe show their cones also. Many lovely *flowers* are showered from the lap of April: among them may be named jonquil, anemoné, ranunculus, polyanthus, and the crown-imperial. The double-white, the yellow, and some others of the earlier *tulips*, are fully opened in this month; but the more illustrious varieties will not blow for some weeks.

The yellow star of Bethlehem in woods; the vernal squill among maritime rocks; and the wood-sorrel, are now in flower. This and the wood anemoné have both white blossoms, and inhabit shady woods.

The way-side *violet*[1] is still seen and loved for its

[1] *The* VIOLET.

Violets!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flow'rs grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet!
I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath,
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the east, and bands of gold;
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep-blue violet!
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and bloom;—
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

Improvisatrice.

own and for remembrance sake; and the hedge-banks are now studded with *primroses*, the bright yellow of whose flowers, beautifully contrasted with the surrounding green of the budding trees, offers a most agreeable spectacle to the lover of Spring scenery. Other flowers which adorn our fields at this time are the checquered daffodil, the lady-smock, the hare-bell, and the *cowslip*.

On FINDING *an* EARLY COWSLIP.

[Written for Time's Telescope, by William Howitt, Author of the Forest Minstrel.]

It is the same! it is the very scent
That bland, yet luscious, meadow-breathing sweet
Which I remember when my childish feet,
With a new life's rejoicing spirit, went
Thro' the deep grass with wild flow'rs richly blent,
That smiled to high Heav'n from their verdant seat.
But it brings not to thee such joy complete:
Thou canst not see, as I do, how we spent
In blessedness, in sunshine, and in flow'rs,
The beautiful noon; and then, how, seated round
The odorous pile, upon the shady ground,
A boyish group—we laughed away the hours,
Plucking the yellow blooms for future wine,
While o'er us played a mother's smile divine.

MAY.

MAY was thus named from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury. Its tutelar deity was *Apollo*. They also derived its name from *Majores*, because it was in this month the feast of the ancients was celebrated. On the 24th occurred the festival called *The Flight*, because on that day *Tarquin* was driven from Rome, and the monarchy abolished. The sign of this month is *Gemini*. It is represented encircled with roses, to indicate that the Sun now redoubles its force, and its heat becomes of ruddy energy.

Remarkable Days

In MAY 1826.

1.—MAY DAY.

ALL ranks, formerly, went out into the woods a maying, early on the 1st of this month; returning laden with boughs and garlands, and spending the remainder of the day in dancing round a May-pole. This custom is still preserved in various remote districts of England. In April 1644, there was an 'Ordinance of the two Houses of Parliament, for taking down all and singular May-poles.'

'I doe not remember (says Mr. Aubrey) that I ever sawe a May-pole in France. In Holland, they have their *Meybooms*, which are streight young trees, set up; and at *Woodstock* in Oxon, they every May-eve goe into the parke, and fetch away a number of haw-thorne-*trees*, which they set before their dores; 'tis pity that they make such a destruction of so fine a tree.'

'It is a tradition in Germany,' continues Mr. Aubrey, 'that the witches doe meet in the night before the first day of May, upon an high mountain called the *Blocks-berg*, where they, together with the devils, doe dance and feast; and the common people doe, the night before the said day, fetch a certain thorn and stick it at their house door, believing the witches can then doe them no harm.—At Oxford, the boyes do blow cows' horns all night; and on May-day, the young maids of every parish carry about their parish garlands of flowers, which afterwards they hang up in their churches.'—*Aubrey MS.* A.D. 1686.

It was formerly the custom at *Magdalen College*, Oxford, on May-day, at four o'clock in the morning, to have a *Requiem* or mass sung, on the top of the tower, for the rest of the soul of King Henry VII, the founder. But it is now (says Mr. Pointer, in his Oxoniensis Academia) a concert of vocal and instrumental music, consisting of several merry catches, and last-

ing almost two hours, and is concluded with ringing the bells. The clerks and choristers, with the rest of the performers, are for their pains allowed a side of lamb for their breakfast. They have singing, likewise, early in the morning of Christmas day.

1.—SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES THE LESS.

Philip was born at Bethsaida, near the sea of Tiberias, the city of Andrew and Peter. He was one of the first disciples, and an apostle. James the Less, called also *James the Just*, and by the Apostle Paul, *James*, the Lord's brother, was the son of Joseph, afterwards husband to the Virgin Mary, as is probable by his first wife. The first of these martyrs was stoned to death, and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.

3.—INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This is the day appointed by the Romish church to celebrate the *invention*, that is, the finding of a wooden cross, fancied to be the *true cross* on which our Lord was crucified, by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. As Helena was an Englishwoman, it seemed not unnatural to transplant this day into the English calendar.

4.—ASCENSION DAY.

From the earliest times, a day was set apart to commemorate our Lord's ascension into Heaven. On this day *parish boundaries* are frequently perambulated, accompanied by well-known customs.

*5. 1564.—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE BORN.

Shakspeare was born the 23d of April, 1564, O.S. But the N.S. will bring it to the 5th of May. Like Raffaelle, our poet of all Nature died on his birthday, in the year 1616.

> Let your voice tell of triumphs, sons of song!
> Around your harps be early garlands hung,
> Nature's own offering to her darling child,—
> It is your master's birthday! He among
> The mighty, mightiest, and to whom belong
> The sweetest notes that ever syren sung,

When man in bower or palace was beguiled.
'Tis SHAKSPEARE's birthday! his, the passions' lord,
O'er whom on Hecate's cloud, or Ariel's wing,
His sceptre waved command. At whose rapt voice,
Re-echoed by his lyre's all-powerful chord,
The buried come again, again rejoice.
Your sweetest incense, then, ye poets, bring,
And o'er his laurelled urn your filial offerings fling.

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

6.—JOHN EVANGELIST, A. P. L.

The story which gave rise to this day is as follows: 'The emperour Domycyen commanded Johan should be brought to Rome; and when he was there, they broughte him tofore the gate called *Porte Latyn*, and put hym in a tonne ful of brenning oyle; but he never felte harme ne payne. And wythout suffrying ony harme he yssued out.' This story is as old as the time of *Isidore*, and is preserved by *Fox*, the Martyrologist.

*6. 1790.—DR. C. G. WOIDE DIED.

This learned divine was born in Holland: he became preacher at the Dutch chapel in St. James's Palace, and also reader and chaplain in the chapel in the Savoy. He was employed by the University of Oxford to superintend the publication of 'Scholtz's Egyptian Grammar,' and 'La Croze's Lexicon Egyptiaco-Latinum,' which he completed in 1778. In 1782, he was appointed assistant-librarian at the British Museum, and, in 1786, received at Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the same year he published the Greek New Testament, being a fac-simile of the Alexandrian MS. originally in the king's library, and now in the Museum.

What Dr. Woide performed for the *New* Testament, has been undertaken for the *Old* Testament, by the REV. HENRY HERVEY BABER, M.A. F.R.S., and *Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum*. In 1812, this accomplished scholar published an exact fac-simile of the Book of Psalms, from the same venerable manuscript; and, at the

close of his preface, he announced his intention of proceeding with the entire Old Testament in a similar manner. The British Parliament having munificently engaged to defray the expense of completing this noble work, Mr. Baber has applied himself to his arduous task with equal zeal and ability. Three volumes, comprising the entire text of the Septuagint version, have been finished; and the remaining volume will contain the notes and prolegomena. The whole is executed in a splendid folio size, and in such a manner as faithfully to represent every iota of the original manuscript; which, having been written towards the close of the fourth, or early in the fifth century, is one of the most precious remains of Christian antiquity extant.

*10. 1804.—WILLIAM ALLAN DIED.

This young man might aptly be compared to a vernal flower, blighted when its blossom had just begun to expand. He was the son of a respectable mechanic, still alive in Arbroath, in Scotland. After leaving school he went as apprentice to an attorney, or writer, as that profession is there termed; but his constitution having been always delicate, now became so enfeebled, that he was under the necessity of leaving his employment before the expiration of his apprenticeship. From an early age he had exhibited an attachment to literature; and he continued to improve an innate good taste, by reading during his leisure hours. But it was not till after declining health had disqualified him for business, that he attempted to cultivate an acquaintance with the Muse. To a mind of keen sensibility, delicate and susceptible feelings, heightened and improved by refined taste, her visits must have been dearly welcome, particularly under the circumstances of daily declining health: and he accordingly produced several small pieces, which evinced an accurate observation of nature, correct and energetic expression, with a refinement of feeling which gave fair promise of future excellence. But, alas! 'the sweetest flowers oft soonest fade.' When his mind might be considered as only beginning to expand, the fell disease triumphed over a wasted form; and the young poet died, in the twentieth year of his age. Several of his effusions were published in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, from which they were copied into different London publications. A short Memoir of him also appeared in that work; after which some very beautiful stanzas to his memory (written, we believe, by Cunningham) were published. That the reader may judge for himself, whether the foregoing is the effusion of private

friendship, or a tribute justly due to obscure merit, we annex the first piece that Allan ever published.

MELANCHOLY.

When the tempest howls loud through the dark withered grove,
And the rude blasts of Winter all Nature deform,
Amid the dire scenes unappalled I could roam,
And rest undisturbed by the rage of the storm.
Yet, why, when the wild winds of winter are flown,
When hushed to repose are the waves of the sea,
When Spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,
And the sweet voice of gladness is heard from the tree;

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow
Combine to inspire me with transports of joy,
Oh! why on my tongue dwell the accents of woe?
Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh?
When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east
I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore,
Where the sea-bird screams wild, as she starts from her nest,
And the loud-sounding surges in hollow rocks roar:

I sit by the rock, hoary, rugged, and bare,
That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves,
Where the Mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair,
And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.
When the Sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,
All lonely and pensive I rest by the stream;
I call to remembrance the days that are past,
And compare all my joys to the Sun's setting beam.

I see with regret, where the hawthorn tree stood,
And the yellow furze blossomed—the marks of the plough;
Yet, pleased, I behold the rock shattered and rude,
And view, with delight, the bleak mountain's bare brow.
Beneath the green elm, waving dark in the air,
Oft I rest, when the Moon lights her lamp in the sky;
Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there—
And that there all my hopes and my happiness lie!

14.—WHIT-SUNDAY.

Whit-Sunday takes place of the Pentecostal feast among the Jews, and is in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles, &c. on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii). It is held seven weeks after Easter, and has probably been continued regularly from the apostolical age (Acts xvi). The feast is called *Whit-sunday*, partly because of those vast diffusions of *light* and *knowledge*, which were

shed upon the apostles on the Day of Pentecost, and partly because of the *white* garments which, by the persons baptized on Whit-Sunday, were worn until the Sunday after. These white robes were indicative of the *pure* and *innocent* and *holy* course to which they had devoted themselves in the vows of baptism. In the first two centuries, there is no evidence that any but adults were baptized. They were baptized by immersion (except in the case of *Clinics*); and Dr. Cave informs us that 'in the middle of the font there was a *partition*, the one part for men, and the other for women, that, to avoid offence and scandal, they might be baptized asunder.'—See *Cave's Primitive Christianity*, part ii, ch. 10, p. 312.

Reading, in his Sermons on the First Lessons for the Sundays throughout the Year (vol. ii, p. 291), says 'it was a custom amongst our ancestors, upon this day, to give all the milk of their ewes and kine to their poor neighbours, for the love of God, and in order to qualify themselves to receive the blessings of the Holy Spirit. And from the food which the poor made of that milk, called *white-meat*, this day, is supposed by some to have taken the name of *Whit-Sunday:* though others think 'tis so named from the white garments which those who were baptized at this time put on. For anciently baptism was generally administered to grown persons (as many as came in from Paganism to the Christian church) only at Easter and Whitsuntide: at *Easter*, in honour of Christ's death and resurrection, whereunto the action of baptism corresponded; and at *Whitsuntide*, in memory of his promise accomplished in his apostles, who were then baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and who at the same time baptized three thousand persons. At this season, the newly baptized did anciently come to church in white garments, with lighted tapers carried before them, to denote that they had now cast away the works of darkness, and were become children of light, resolving for the future to

lead a new, innocent, and unspotted life. But afterwards, in the progress of christianity, when few besides infants were baptized, this custom was altered, and baptism administered at all times of the year, as it had been at the beginning of christianity. However, the name was still continued to the day.'

Almost every where in Germany, on Whit-Sunday, they set in their houses, parlors, and chambers, *young birch-trees,* which they keep a fortnight or longer green, in keeping the same in tubs, with fresh water; and in some places the churches are also full.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

15.—WHIT-MONDAY.

This day and Whit-Tuesday are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter. Their religious character, however, is almost obsolete, and they are now kept as holidays, in which the lower classes still pursue their favourite diversions. For an account of the Eton *Montem*, see T. T. for 1815, p. 168.

*15. 1784.—WILLIAM TENNANT BORN,

Author of 'Anster Fair,' the 'Thane of Fife,' &c. East Anstruther, in Fife, was the birth-place of our poet; here he received the usual preparatory education at the parish school; and then went to the neighbouring University of St. Andrew's, to study Latin and Greek under Doctors Hunter and Hill. Here Mr. T. attended two sessions, and finished that part of his education for which he is not indebted to his own unaided exertions. On leaving college he remained for some time in Anstruther, and afterwards in Glasgow, as clerk to his brother, an extensive corn-factor. But, previously even to this period, he had begun a course of severe study, which he continued for many years, becoming a complete master, not only of the classical, the most useful of the oriental, but of all the languages of modern Europe. We have heard Mr. T. say, that to his *early rising* he owes much of the learning he possesses, having been long, as he still is, in the constant practice of getting up at *five every morning*. This fact might be almost ascertained from the perusal of his works,—the rising Sun being ever a favourite theme; see the first five stanzas of Canto III of the 'Anster Fair,' a poem, which has deservedly passed through four large impressions. In 1813, Mr. T. was elected schoolmaster of *Denina*,

a small parish six miles from Anstruther. In 1816, he removed to the school of Lasswade, near Edinburgh, where he taught with great success; and where he remained about three years, amid scenery peculiarly fitted to attract the attention, and please the fancy of a poet. In 1819, Mr. T.'s fame procured him the appointment of teacher of classical and oriental languages in the Dollar Institution, near Alloa,—a splendid, extensive, and still increasing establishment, delightfully situated at the fort of the Ochils, and near the banks of the 'clear-winding Devon,' a spot which has been justly denominated 'the Arcadia of Scotland.' Part of this scenery is beautifully alluded to in the 'Thane of Fife:'—

> From the west,
> Where broad and high Clackmannan's tower ascends,
> And where, on rocky ridge tremendous placed,
> Huge Castle-Campbell o'er his dell impends,
> Thence all along the valley, o'er whose breast
> Wide-sweeping Devon slowly westward wends,
> Five hundred archers, some with bows well strung,
> Their rattling quivers stored with arrows sharp and long.

The Thane of Fife was published about the close of 1821; and in 1823 appeared '*Cardinal Beaton, a drama*,' which was very favourably received[1]. And another dramatic work, entitled 'John Baliol,' of which report speaks highly, is now at press. The 'Thane of Fife,' our author's second great work, is not his *Odyssey* after his *Iliad*. A few years ago, it was confidently predicted that Mr. Tennant would, if it were not his own fault, soon assume the distinguished station in the public estimation, to which his eminent talents and various acquirements so well entitled him, and this we think he has now done. Much has been said and written on the peculiar beauties of his 'Anster Fair,' which, as a *burlesque* or *heroi-comic* poem, is universally allowed to be unrivalled by any other in our language; and it is quite *unique* in its kind, there being no other so much resembling it, either in plan or execution, as at all to admit of a comparison. The 'Rape of the Lock,' the 'Paradise of Coquettes,' and the 'Triumphs of Temper,' are perhaps the only other comic productions of merit, of this distinctive sort, which we can boast of; but their fable, their machinery, and their humour, are all of a quite different cast, resembling the 'Lutrin' of Boileau, and the 'Secchia Rapita' of Tassoni, rather than the more romantic and original Italian and German poets with which Mr. Tennant is

[1] In T. T. for 1824, p. 140, will be found a beautiful night-scene from this interesting performance, which is worthy of its learned author.

well known to be familiarly acquainted. Indeed, without some idea of the manner of Pulci, Berni, Ariosto, and Wieland, the peculiar beauties of Anster Fair cannot be fully appreciated. This same observation applies to the *Thane of Fife*, a poem of much loftier aim, and in which the learned author has formed what we think a work of peculiar difficulty, and which only true genius could form—an alliance between comic humour and the *dignity of epic poetry*. As a specimen of the latter, we subjoin the following animated 'Battle Scene,' from the poem just mentioned.

Anon, with shock and tumult like the sound
Of twice ten thousand billows rolling proud,
And sweeping up the shore's rock-ribbed mound,
Mixed the crushed armies in encounter loud;
Whilst mad Contention, hov'ring o'er the ground,
Walked o'er the heads of each infuriate crowd,
And, waving 'tween the heavens and earth her arm,
Whipt them to conflict on, and scathe and bloody harm.

Then Wrath, and Fury, and Debate, and Strife,
Madness and Murder, ever-coupled pair,
And scythe-armed Death, that sweeps the crop of life,
And Exultation proud, and fell Despair,
And Horror shudd'ring at red Slaughter's knife,
And hellish Hate, whose breath empoisons air,
Stalked glorying o'er each host that toils and bleeds,
Confounding all the field with foul and wicked deeds.

A thousand spears thrust forth, all pure and bright,
Tarnished with Death's red dew returned back;
A thousand swords that waved aloft in light,
Falling, were dimmed with life's unseemly wrack;
And arrows, shot aloft with hissing flight,
In gore alighted from their gleamy track;
And cries arose of triumph and of pain,
And shouts and shrilling skrieks of slaying and of slain.

Canto iv, *stanza* 69-71.

From the enumeration we have given of Mr. T.'s works, it will be seen that he has only occasionally relaxed from his severer studies, to make excursions into the regions of fancy; continuing to discharge all the duties of his situation with much zeal and propriety,—while, in private life, he ensures the esteem and admiration of all who know him. We regret, however, that his extreme modesty has prevented him from giving us any information respecting either his early life or 'after years.' Yet, in addition to what we have already narrated, we have ascertained that he began to write verses in his boyhood, and that many of his early effusions, known to possess much excellence, were destroyed by himself. He has never since been in the practice,

and has now entirely discontinued writing short pieces: the only poems of this description we have seen, are 'Harim, a Pastoral,' and an 'Ode to Peace,' annexed to Anster Fair.

17, 19, 20.—EMBER DAYS.

19.—SAINT DUNSTAN.

St. Dunstan was born at Glastonbury in 924. He was successively Bishop of Worcester and London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 988. Many and ridiculous are the miracles imputed to him.

21.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

The observation of this festival was first appointed by the council of Arles in 1260. Some say that it was not enjoined until the 14th century, under the pontificate of John XXII

25.—CORPUS CHRISTI.

This festival, 'the body of Christ,' was appointed in honour of the Eucharist, and always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish church, beginning on Trinity Sunday, and ending on the Sunday following. The ceremonies of the Fête Dieu at Bogotá, in Colombia, in 1824, are thus described by CAPTAIN COCHRANE, in his journal before quoted.

'The procession is commenced by preposterous-sized figures of the animals of the country, made of pasteboard, and moved by men withinside. The alligator and gallinazo make conspicuous figures, and contribute much to the entertainment of the mob,—the former opening its enormous jaws, and pretending to bite any persons near; and the latter (whose neck is made twelve feet long), by means of springs, moves from side to side, making the bystanders scamper about for safety from the attacks of its sharp bill, which sometimes descends with violence on the head of a gaping spectator. Then follow children, strewing flowers before cars drawn by men, in one of which is David, with Goliath's

head in his hand; in another Queen Esther; Joseph follows on a superbly caparisoned horse, attended by guards in Roman dresses. The performers in this pageant are all of the best families, and no expense is spared to deck them magnificently with jewels, silk, &c. and much interest and exertion are made to secure a part in the procession.

'The clergy next advance, bearing the elevated Host, at the sight of which all fall on their knees, and remain there till it has passed. Music follows, composed principally of violins and clarionets, playing church music. The prettiest girls of the city walk between two rows of the priests, some bearing vessels, others offerings; some incense, others flower-baskets. Young Indians follow, dancing to the flute and tambour, and the whole is closed by soldiers, with their arms and colours reversed.'

For the celebration of *Corpus Christi in* PERU, sumptuous altars and triumphal arches are erected, and the streets through which the host passes are covered with fine carpets, and strewed with flowers. The altars are very high, and built in a conical form, the upper part being covered with splendid looking-glasses from Germany, artificial flowers made of paper and silk, and beautiful feathers. The lower part is surrounded with steps leading to the table of the sacrament, and which are filled with saints and angels dressed in the richest silks and laces, and profusely decorated with jewels; the whole disposed with great symmetry and taste by artists brought up to the business. Every thing rich and rare is employed to beautify these altars and triumphal arches, which display the most gorgeous spectacle to the eye, and at the same time exhibit the immense riches of the country.

On the eve of this festivity, the altars and triumphal arches are hung with blazing chandeliers of great beauty and value, and the streets are crowded with people to gaze upon them. The cities

where these exhibitions are most pompous are Cuzco, La Paz, and Potosi. In Cuzco, the weather is so fine, that the lights are always suspended in the open air. The altars are estimated at 700,000 dollars each, and are erected by the annual contributions of the people, the ladies lending their richest jewels to decorate them. The king also has his altar, but it is the poorest. Before the procession, the tutelar saints of every church are carried, which are from twelve to twenty-five in number in every city. These saints are all of the ordinary size of the human figure, except Saint Christopher, who, as the legends tell us, was a giant, and is generally made about twelve feet high. They are all richly dressed, and covered with gold and silver; they are placed on pedestals of massy silver, each weighing 1600 ounces at least; and these are borne on the shoulders of from forty to sixty Indians. In the midst of the saints are carried the virgins of Carmen, Mercede, and Rosario, which attract much public devotion. The first is under the care of the Carmelite nuns; the two others of the Dominican and Mercedenian friars, of whom there are legions in Peru.—See *Pazos' Letters on the United Provinces of South America, translated by P. H. Crosby,* New York and London, 1819. This work contains an excellent account of the commerce and natural productions (particularly of the *mines*) of Upper Peru and the Rio de la Plata; as well as an interesting sketch of the manners and customs of the diversified inhabitants of these fertile regions.

26.—AUGUSTIN, *or* AUSTIN,

First Archbishop of Canterbury.—This eminent individual was sent over by Gregory the Great, A.D. 596. Austin found paganism covering the greater part of the island; but a considerable number of Christians and seven bishops among the Britons or Welch. He laboured actively and successfully, but not altogether

in the spirit recommended by Gregory, and died May 26, A.D. 607.

27.—VENERABLE BEDE.

This great ornament of his age and country was born at Jarrow, in the bishopric of Durham, A.D. 672, and died in 735. He was a man of incessant occupation, and wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe; he obtained the title of *Venerable*, for his profound learning and unaffected piety. He aimed at the reformation of the calendar, and, after he became a priest, at the conversion of the surrounding people. He translated St. John's Gospel into English, and it is said that a copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles, in Bede's hand-writing, is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. He also composed a valuable ecclesiastical history of the Saxons. His works were published at Basle, in eight vols. folio. For an interesting account of his death, see *Townley's Illustrations*, vol. i, p. 244.

*27. 1600.—THE MATINS OF MOSCOW,

Denote the assassination of Prince Demetrius, and all the Poles his adherents, at Moscow, at six o'clock in the morning, the hour of *matins*, or morning service. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is called the *French Matins*.

*28. 1667.—MAY-DEW AND VAUXHALL.

'My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so *to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with;* and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing,—all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising.'—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

29.—KING CHARLES II RESTORED.

On the 8th of May 1660, Charles II was *proclaimed* in London and Westminster, and afterwards throughout his dominions, with great joy and universal acclamations. The 29th is still celebrated in some parts of England with considerable 'pomp and circumstance,' gaiety and splendour.—Of the rejoicings which preceded the Restoration of King Charles II, *Mr. Pepys* gives a curious account, in his interesting 'Memoirs.'

'We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon. (February 11th) but he would not hear them. And that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried 'God bless them,' and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern, (Monk being then at Benson's.) In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of a spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.'

When Charles was received on board Lord Sandwich's ship, on his voyage from Holland to England, Mr. Pepys gives a very interesting account of that remarkable event; from which we take a few particulars. The date is May 23, 1660.

'The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohémia, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's and Princesse's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but lords and persons of honour

on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royalle company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the names of some of the ships, viz. the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us) the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Successe. That done, the Queen, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down, and kissed his hand, privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms, before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.'

On the day of the 'Proclamation' Mr. Pepys has the following *naive* description.—'At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the city had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to Kingstreete, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house,

to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I preferred the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bed-fellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well.'

Some excellent observations, with reference to this day, are quoted in the *Aubrey MS.* from a contemporary writer:—

'The Druids performed no sacred services without the leaves of oak; and not only the Germans, but the Greeks adorned their altars with green leaves of oak. In the rites performed to Ceres, they were crowned with oak; in those to Apollo, with bays; in those to Hercules, with poplar; in those to Bacchus, with myrtle. Was not the oak abused by the Druids to superstition? And yet our late *Reformers* [in Cromwell's time] gave orders (which was universally observed accordingly) for the *acorn*, the fruit of the oak, to be set upon the top of their crowns instead of the cross. Of happy presage to us that the tree which bore such fruit should (like that in the plains of Mamre) serve for the shelter of our earthly angel King Charles, from the heat and fury of rebellion, till the cross reassumed its place again upon the top of the crown.'

*29. 1825.—CORONATION OF CHARLES X, KING OF FRANCE.

For an account of this curious ceremony, we must refer to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcv, pt. 1, pp. 552 et seq.: we regret that we have not space to transfer it to our pages.

*31. 1669.—THE LAST ENTRY IN MR. PEPYS'S DIARY

Is worthy of preservation, as it will teach us to be careful in the use of those precious organs, the eyes, and, like him, resolutely to abandon any pursuit, however dear to us, by which they may be essentially injured. 'Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes and my neglect for a year or two hath kept me behind-hand in, and so as to render it very difficult now and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day make a satisfactory entrance therein. Had another meeting with the Duke of York at White Hall on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of her's, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late. And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

Astronomical Occurrences

In MAY 1826.

The smiling hours, the lamp of Lucifer
Dimpling the western sky, had now put out,
And oped the crimson curtains of the morn,
Who, robed in mantle blue, with roses fringed,
Stepped o'er the orient mountains with fresh tints,
To paint the dew-bathed flowers, and from her urn
Hung balmy odours to the new born breeze
That panted on her bosom.

PENNIE'*s Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Gemini at 8 m. after 4 in the afternoon of the 21st of this month; and he rises and sets on certain days during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

May	1st,	Sun rises	37 m. after	5.	Sets	23 m. after	6
	6th,	.....	29	4	.....	31	7
	11th,	.....	20	4	.....	40	7
	16th,	.....	13	4	.....	47	7
	21st,	.....	6	4	.....	54	7
	26th,	.....	59	3	.....	1	8
	31st,	.....	54	3	.....	6	8

Equation of Time.

It often happens in the ordinary concerns of life, that it is desirable to convert apparent into mean time, which may be done by employing the equation of time as directed in the following Table:

When the numbers are required for any intermediate days, they must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	*s.*
Monday, May	1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	3	3
Saturday,	6th,	.....	3	35
Thursday,	11th,	.....	3	53
Tuesday,	16th,	.....	3	57
Sunday,	21st,	.....	3	47
Friday,	26th,	.....	3	24
Wednesday,	31st,	.....	2	48

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	7th day, at	16 m.	after 2 in the morning
First Quarter,	15th	12	0 .....
Full Moon,	21st	16	3 in the afternoon
Last Quarter,	28th	46	1 .....

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 21st of this month; but the eclipse will be *invisible* in this country, as will be evident from the following statement.

	Afternoon. h.	m.	s.
Beginning of the eclipse	1	35	36
Beginning of total darkness	2	35	15
Ecliptic opposition	3	16	15
Middle of the eclipse	3	18	45
End of total darkness	4	2	0
End of the eclipse	5	1	45

Digits eclipsed 17° 13′ from the south side of the Earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities of observing her on the meridian during the present month, should the atmosphere in that direction be free from clouds.

May 14th, at	0 m.	after 6	in the evening
15th, ...	48	6	.....
16th, ...	38	7	.....
17th, ...	29	8	.....
18th, ...	23	9	.....
19th, ...	20	10	.....
20th, ...	20	11	.....
27th, ...	6	5	in the morning
28th, ...	52	5	.....
29th, ...	36	6	.....
30th, ...	19	7	.....
31st, ...	1	8	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

In addition to the times given in the following Table, those for any of the intermediate days may be found in the usual way, as well as the hours for several other places, by adding or subtracting the numbers given for that purpose under the same head for the month of January in the present volume.

TABLE.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
May 1st, at	42 m. after 9	9 m. after 10
6th, ...	32 1	55 1
11th, ...	36 4	55 4
16th, ...	45 8	18 9
21st, ...	44 1	13 2
26th, ..	30 5	53 5
31st, ...	50 9	18 10

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The following are the proportional breadths of the parts of the disk, at the beginning of this month, viz.

May 1st, { Illuminated part = 11·682
Dark part ..... = 0·318

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following are the eclipses of the first and second of these satellites which will happen during this month:—

First Satellite	1st day, at	51 m. 18 s. after 8	in the evening
	8th	45 .. 53 10	.....
	16th	40 ... 29 0	in the morning
	24th	3 ... 48 9	in the evening
	31st	58 ... 28 10	.....
Second Satellite	1st	31 ... 22 10	.....
	9th	8 ... 42 1	in the morning

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

May 8th, with Venus at noon
10th, ... Saturn at 2 in the morning
25th, ... β in Capricorn, 9 in the evening.

Jupiter will be stationary on the 1st. Mars will be in opposition at 7 in the morning of the 5th. Mercury will be stationary on the 7th, and attain his greatest elongation on the 22d. Jupiter will be in quadrature at 45 minutes after 8 in the morning of the 27th; and Venus and Saturn will be in conjunction at 2 in the morning of the 25th.

NOCHE SERENA.

[*From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.*]

I gaze upon yon orbs of light,
The countless stars that gem the sky;
Each in its sphere, serenely bright,
Wheeling its course—how silently!

While in the mantle of the night
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur! can it be
That souls whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow place,
This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight—
A good that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
To 'dull forgetfulness a prey,
The rolling of the rapid wheels
That calls the restless hours away;
While ev'ry passing moment steals
His less'ning span of life away.

Awake, ye mortals! raise your eyes
To yon eternal starry spheres—
Look on these glories of the skies!
Then answer how this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities,
With all its hopes and all its fears.

What, but a spark of earth at last,
Amidst th' illimitable sky,
A point that sparkles in the vast
Effulgence of yon galaxy,
In whose mysterious rounds the past,
The present, and the future lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heav'nly lamps, so brightly shining;
Through th' unbounded void of space,
A hand unseen their course assigning,
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining:

Who sees the silver chariot move
Of the bright Moon, and, gliding slow,
The Star whose lustre from above
Rains influence on the world below;
Or the resplendent Queen of Love
So bright and beautifully glow:

Or where the angry God of War
Rolls redder on his troubled way,
Beyond the mild majestic star
That o'er the gods of old held sway,
That beams his radiance from afar,
And calms the heav'ns beneath his sway:

Where Saturn shows his distant beam,
Sire of the golden days of yore,
Or where the starry host, that seem
Thick as the sands that line the shore,
From their eternal seats a stream
Of glory and of radiance pour:

Who that has seen the splendours roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sighed t' escape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bands that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?

There, in their starry halls of rest,
Sweet Peace and Joy their homes have made;
There, in the mansions of the blest,
Diviner Love his throne hath laid,
With ever-during glory graced,
And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O boundless beauty! let thy ray
Shine out unutterably bright;
Thou placid, pure, eternal day,
That never darken'st into night;
Thou spring, whose evergreen array
Knows not the wasting winter blight.

O fields of never-dying green,
Bright with innumerable flow'rs!
O crystal rills that glide between!
O shady vales and sunny bow'rs!
Hath mortal eye these glories seen,
Yet clung to such a world as our's!

At this season of the year, the *rising of the Moon* is frequently attended by a calmness and serenity, which can only be enjoyed by those who quit the busy haunts of men, and contemplate *Nature* in all the majesty of her silent grandeur.

In the East
The changeful MOON, sweet empress of the skies,
In full refulgence rises; o'er her face
A crimson blush appears like damsel fair
When by admiring crowds first gazed upon;
Touched by her wizard ray, a landscape new
Springs up to light, in magic colouring decked,
Beyond the painter's art to imitate.
Silver the mountain seems, silver all
The warbling brooklets and the wav'ring floods,
Wherein from her high throne night's peerless queen
With conscious pride her charms reflected views,
That dim each varied sign around the pole.
The grove, as to the whispering wind it bows,
A shade o'er all its sleeping flow'rets casts
Bedropped with golden spangles.

PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel.*

The Naturalist's Diary

For MAY 1826.

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome SPRING:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my lost love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger,—then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again.

SIR H. WOTTON.

THERE is something revivifying in this season of the year—a gaiety and mirthfulness of which all God's creatures more or less partake. A thousand joyous feelings are associated with the smell of hawthorn, and the sight of the bright green trees, and the sound of the notes of the sweet singing birds; and the daisies and cowslips spangle the surface of the grassy fields, and the playful butterflies wanton in the glittering sunbeams. To wander at will, in the earliest hours of spring (as it is beautifully observed by Mr. Wiffen,

in his Preface to the 'Aonian Hours') is one of the sweetest and most refined enjoyments. The face of things and the mind's feelings have then a fresher aspect and a dearer sensation than at any other period of the year. It is only at the first starting of Nature from the repose of winter, that these emotions are forcibly excited; for after we have been accustomed but for a few weeks to the prospect of buds, and flowers, and the gladness of all things, the mind recedes into its habitual temper and tone of feeling. When these sensations are connected with other associations,—with the spot of our boyhood or our birth, or with the pleasures of maturer life, the charm becomes still stronger and sweeter; and we may truly say, as the Arabian prophet exclaimed of Damascus, '*This is almost too delicious!*' Let our readers then, particularly our female friends,

> *Rise betimes*, while th' opal-coloured morn
> In golden pomp doth May-day's door adorn,

and hasten to enjoy the exhilarating pleasures of a fine May morning.—In the language of our friend HOWITT, who has written the following poem expressly for our volume, we would say to *Phœbe*, or HARRIET:—

> Away to the bosky glens!
> Hie to the sedgy fens!
> In the abele the spring-bird reneweth his lay:
> The tree that was hoarest
> Now blooms in the forest,
> Away to the bosky dells,—hie thee away!
>
> Where waters are flowing
> Pure blossoms are blowing;
> The laughing sun filleth the blue heavens with glee:
> There are thousand birds springing,
> A thousand notes ringing;
> And all for the welcome of wanderers like thee.
>
> O'er the herbs in the shady glen,
> Over green bank and bough again,
> Like the tears of blest meetings, lies sparkling the dew;
> And the breeze of the heavens,
> Which all nature enlivens,
> With its own living gladness thy heart shall imbue.

Then away in the sunshine,
While spirit and health are thine;
These may not be calling thee onward to-morrow:
As the cloud from the mountain
Overshadows the fountain,
So comes in a moment the glooming of sorrow.

Or, if life in sereneness,
And long summer greenness,
Should wear like the oak of the forest away,
Yet dearer lives failing
Shall leave thee bewailing
That the flow'rs of thy spring-tide are gone to decay.

Oh! then, in thought's wanderings,
The heart's lovely ponderings,
What dreams will there linger 'midst prospects divine?
The beauty and sweetness
Of youth in its fleetness,
These still in the depths of thy bosom shall shine.

For the heart oft reposes,
Though fancy's flower closes,
Nor again to our afternoon sun is unfurled:
But youth is all lightness,
And the soul in its brightness
Dips its wandering wings in the dews of the world.

From that season of passion.
'Tis alone that we fashion
The visions of holier and happier things:
And Faith to elate us
With joys that await us,
Must pluck the bright plumes from young Memory's wings.

Then away to the bosky glens!
Hie to the sedgy fens!
In the abele the spring-bird reneweth his lay.
The tree that was hoarest
Now blooms in the forest:
Away to the bosky dells,—hie thee away!

The latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive about the beginning of May. Among these are the goatsucker, or fern-owl, the spotted fly-catcher, and the sedge bird. In this and the following month, the *dotterel* is in season. Birds are still occupied in building their nests or laying their eggs. The parental care of birds at this period, in hatching and rearing their young, can never be sufficiently admired.

The lily of the valley now opens her snowy bells, and the flowers of the chesnut-tree begin to unfold; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out; and the flowers of the Scotch fir, the beech, the oak, and the honeysuckle, climbing round its neighbours for support, are now in full bloom.

All the varieties of the *strawberry*, 'plant of my native soil,' open their blossoms, their runners extending on all sides. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves.

The *insect* tribe continue to add to their numbers. A few butterflies that have passed the inclement season in the chrysalis state, are seen on the wing early in May. And about the latter end of the month, the *Papilio Machaon*, or swallow-tailed butterfly, one of the most superb of the British Insects, makes its appearance. It is very local, but is abundant in the places where it is found, particularly in the fens of Huntingdon and Cambridge. The caterpillar is green, banded with black, and marked by a row of red spots: it feeds on various umbellate plants.

Mr. SAMOUELLE, in his directions to the Entomological Collector, says, 'as soon as the white-thorn is in leaf, the hedges should be well beaten;—the season for taking caterpillars now commences, from which most of the *Lepidoptera* are obtained, and this is by far the best method, as the insects are generally perfect, and the specimens very fine. Great attention should be paid to the larvæ, and they should be supplied with fresh food, and moist earth kept at the bottom of their cages.'—*Introduction to British Entomology*, p. 315.

Field crickets, the chaffer or may-bug, and the forest fly, which so much annoys horses and cattle, are now seen. The female wasp appears at the latter end of the month, and the swarming of *bees* takes place.—The garden now affords rhubarb, green apricots, and green gooseberries, for making pies and tarts.

In this month, the orchis will be found in moist pastures, distinguished by its broad, black spotted leaves, and spike of large purple flowers. The walnut has its flowers in full bloom.

The banks of rills and shaded hedges are ornamented with the pretty tribe of speedwells, particularly the germander speedwell, the field mouse-ear, the dove's-foot crane's-bill, and the red campion, the two first of azure blue, and the two last of rose colour, intermixing their flowers with attractive variety.—The country is now in perfection, every bush a nosegay, all the ground a piece of embroidery. The air, indeed, is enriched with native perfumes, and the whole creation seems to smile; on each tree we hear the voice of melody, and in every grove there is a concert of warbling music. Now let us seek

> The populous forests thick with life,
> Which (deep and cool as Faunus ever knew)
> Are haunted only by melodious strife
> Of *birds* or *insects*, when the year is new,
> Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew.

> The green
> And beautiful hue of youth on every *flower*
> And *herb* where Spring's betraying steps have been—
> The bright *leaves* sparkling in a sunny shower,—
> Music on every bough, and life in every bower:
> The *plover*'s shrilly whistle—the quick call
> Of *pheasants* in their devious wanderings,
> The *heifer* lowing from the distant stall,
> And sudden flutter of the wild bird's wings,
> Invisible in passing—sunrise—springs
> Whose crystal gushings momently engage
> The babble of an echo—these are things
> Too mean, or far too lovely for a Sage
> With whom delight is crime, and solitude a cage.
> But *I* not so have read the leaf of life
> In Nature's volume.

> Hush! for the most shy *Pheasant* leaves the brakes
> To bask her beauteous plumage in the sun,
> Which, as in love with its bright colours, makes
> A hundred brilliant Irises of one.

Autumn is past: the desolating gun
Haunts not her dreaming sleep; she now may tread,
A princess, through the halls she wont to shun,
Silence around, and verdurous domes o'erhead,
More high exalt her crest, her whirring pinions spread.
Aonian Hours.

The lilac, the barberry, and the maple, are now in flower. At the latter end of the month rye is in ear; the mountain-ash, laburnum, the guelder-rose, clover, columbines, with their singular and fantastic nectaries,—the alder, the wild chervil, the wayfaring tree, or wild guelder-rose, and the elm, have their flowers full blown.

Many fine *plants* are in flower, both in artificial climates and the open garden. The American tribes flower in great numbers during this month, as Magnolias, Azaleas, Vacciniums, &c. 'We saw in the last week of April, in Malcolm and Gray's Nursery, Kensington, one of the finest Youlan Magnolias in flower we ever beheld. It was a standard of a conical shape, about twenty feet high, and in an open, unsheltered part of the garden. It was covered with tulip shaped blossoms of a pure white, and exceedingly fragrant. Each blossom was as large as that of a Van Thol tulip, and their perfume was sensibly felt for a circumference of many yards. Hundreds of lovers of gardening, if they were aware of the beauty of this plant, would possess a specimen, for a greater ornament no shrubbery could possess. There is not a country gentleman, who, were he to see such a plant, would not have one of them, *coute qui coute;* but as gentlemen necessarily rely on their gardeners for selecting plants and trees, and as this tree is but of recent introduction, it is unknown to most gardeners in place. Young gardeners recently become masters, and now *coming out* as such, will recommend it; but, still, this shows that scarcely any new plant can become general throughout the country in less than half a century from its first introduction. A gardener takes a place

at twenty-five years of age, and remains in it, or in other places, thirty years probably, at an average; he then dies, and is succeeded by a young man who, familiar with the best things of the preceding thirty years, introduces them. In this way, the Youlan Magnolia may be about as common as the Horse-chesnut, in 1850 or 1860; Pyrus Japonica, Prunus Japonica, many now rare Azaleas, and other early flowering plants, will then abound; and what a glorious sight will our shrubberies present!'—*Literary Gazette.*

About the middle of the month the greenhouse plants are ventured out: the rule is, the foliation of the common ash and the mulberry. This is a critical month for insects, especially the green fly or aphis family, and the caterpillars. Tobacco, lime-water, and hand-picking, are the remedies.

The various species of meadow grass are in flower. The buttercup spreads over the meadows; the cole-seed in corn fields, bryony, the arum, or cuckoo-pint, in hedges, the Tartarian honeysuckle, and the *Corchorus Japonica,* now show their flowers. The 'rose, with all its sweetest leaves yet folded,' now tempts the changeful atmosphere of May, but, too oft oppressed with ungentle showers, and overcharged with wet, bows her head to the coming storm; reserving her riper beauties for the more powerful sun of June. Sweet *violets* still continue to shed their delicious odours.

To a VIOLET.

From 'Il Pastore Incantato and other Poems.'

Boast of our rural Spring, meek child of May!
I see thee, though thou veil'st thy sweet blue eye
Beneath a shadowing leaf's green canopy,
Seeming to shun, yet court more close survey—
Open thy lid, and let the Sun's warm ray
Feast on the nectar of that treasured tear,
Which mourns thy sister Snowdrop's early bier,
For whom young Crocus wept himself away.
Or do I thus mistake—perhaps the gem,
In matin glee, th' enamoured linnet shook

From the fresh-blowing whitethorn's dewy stem,
For that, like thee, o'erhangs the rippling brook.
I will not pluck thee—though thou might'st despair
To find a lovelier home than Anna's hair.

Towards the end of the month, that magnificent and beautiful tree, the horse-chesnut, displays its honours of fine green leaves, and its handsome 'spikes pyramidal' of white and red flowers: it is quite the glory of forest trees. The hawthorn (*white* and *pink*) is usually in blossom about the middle or end of the month.

The principal show of *tulips* takes place in this month (see T.T. for 1824, p. 158). The dazzling and gorgeous appearance of beds of tulips cannot fail to attract the notice of the most indifferent observer; some varieties of this elegant flower are very splendid, and unrivalled for the beauty of their exquisite colours. But they boast only of a showy exterior; they possess no fragrance,—and however gaudy their attire, like a handsome female devoid of mental acquirements, they soon cease to call forth our admiration. 'Surprise and wonder are transitory passions,' and, tired of beholding mere beauty, we seek for utility in the endless charms of a cultivated mind.

'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though even there her form could spare,
From its own beauty's rich excess,
Enough to make all others fair;—
But 'twas the *mind* sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted; as the sun
That shines on flow'rs would be resplendent,
Were there no flow'rs to shine upon.

Loves of the Angels.

Young hares, or leverets, in favourable seasons, are now seen feeding near the edges of woods and copses; these may be considered as the first produce of the year, but the mother will commonly bring forth two or more pairs in the season.—See T.T. for 1824, p. 159.

Towards the end of the month, the *Phalæna humuli*, called by some the *ghost-moth*, makes its appearance, and continues visible during the greater part of the month of June. The female glow-worm *(Lampyris noctiluca)* is now seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways,

"Tis sweet to throw at will, as now I throw
My limbs upon the dainty lap of *May*,
And hold in dalliance the ripe flow'rs which grow
Confusedly among the lichens gray.
Is this Titania's bower, where fairies play
Their antique revels in the glowworm's sight?
Moss and wild thyme are all the weeds which stray
To pave her palace with a green delight—
Thus then for dulcet dreams and slumber's soothing rite.

* * *

"Tis sweet to throw yourself at noon
Loose on May flow'rs, and placidly repose,
Whilst twine o'erhead in many a fair festoon
The gadding woodbine and the sweet-briar rose:
But sweeter far, as airy music flows
From the grove's orchestra above, around,
In the open sky to wake. He only knows
How laughs the Sun, and on the grassy ground
What chequ'ring shadows lie, and what bright tints abound.

WIFFEN's *Aonian Hours.*

This is now the *benting* time of pigeons. After the spring-sown corn has vegetated, until the harvest, they are driven to the immature seeds and green panicles of the grasses for subsistence, and are seen in large flocks in pasture fields, where they pick up so bare a living, as to have occasioned an old couplet, often quoted in the country:—

The pigeon never knoweth woe
Until a benting it doth go.

May, June, and July, constitute the most fashionable portion of a 'Winter in London,' and during this time there are more dinners, routes, concerts, and public *dejeunes à la fourchette*, than at any other period of the year. These eagerly sought pleasures, however, will have but little attraction for the con-

templative man, and the admirer of the beauties of nature. Dinner parties at eight o'clock, and crowded assemblies which break up at two or three A.M., afford but a bad preparation for a morning ramble, to enjoy the sweet breath of May. This month spent in London, leads us to exclaim with MARY HOWITT, in her '*Pilgrimage of Fancy*,' written expressly for our volume:—

1

Again amid the heartless throng
I mingle, yet my soul is still
The fields and quiet woods among,
Glad wand'ring as I will.
It is not where the *many* meet
My thoughts can travel free;
The path untrod by human feet
The pleasantest path may be.
The breath of heav'n comes purest where
Man has not left his taint of care.

2

It is not here, it is not here,
My heart can ever feel at home:
Would that in fancy's bright career
My foot had power to roam!
But for a little while I'll deem
The magic mantle brought,
I'll cheat me with the idle dream,
And wander free as thought.
It will be pleasant, even in mind,
To leave the chained throng behind.

3

It shall be SPRING—and I will take
My journey towards the 'North countrie,'
There's many a mountain, many a lake,
And many a glen to see;
There's many a bonny brae where grows
The gowan's golden bloom;
There's many a strath where sweetly flows
The burn among the broom;
There's many a valley, wood, and glade,
By old tradition lovely made.

4

And *Fancy* hath a bark can sail
With ev'ry tide, in ev'ry breeze;
And she shall breast the northern gale
Upon the northern seas.

I'll go where the fierce sea-kings went
In dark old days gone by;
I'll see the meteor's merriment
Athwart a polar sky;
And patient reindeer come and go
'Mong rocks of ice and wastes of snow.

5

Then Fancy shall my reindeer be,
And bear me from that frozen clime,
And next in pleasant *Italy*
I'll hear the ready rhyme
By Improvisatori made
Among the lemon trees,
And partly sung and partly said
So sweetly, that the breeze,
That o'er the harp doth swell and fall,
Hath not a tone more musical.

6

Then all of *Greece* immortal made,
The vales, the hills, the town, the sea,
Thebes, Sparta, Marathon, Leucade,
Athens and old Thermopylæ:
Flow'rs still upon Parnassus grow
That shall be wreathed by me—
And yet the wonted waters flow
From sweetest Castaly.
And there are lovely forms that wear
The classic beauty's regal air.

7

Then onward thro' the *Holy Land*
My pilgrim path unwearying hold;—
Where ancient prophets stood, to stand
'Mid ruin they foretold:
How pleasant, yet how strange, to see
The fisher cast his net
Within the lake of Galilee;—
Or, on Mount Olivet,
To watch the setting sunlight gem
The old tow'rs of Jerusalem.

8

And far and wide, o'er sea and land,
All marvellous and fair, to trace,
The Arab 'mid his desert sand,
Without abiding place.—
Thus *Fancy* for awhile may cheat—
'Tis but a dream,—and then

Gone like a bird the fair deceit,
The mountain and the glen;—
The crowd, the tainted air are real,
The quiet lake, and the fresh gale ideal.

JUNE.

JUNE takes its name from *Juno; Mercury* was its tutelar deity. The first four days of this month were passed in festivals in honour of *Juno, Mars, Bellona,* and *Hercules;* there were games in the Circus. On the 29th was a feast in honour of Romulus under the name of *Quirinus,* the grand priest of which was chosen from among the Patricians, and enjoyed the greatest honours. The sign of this month is *Cancer,* signifying that the Sun, arrived at this sign, begins to retrace his course, and depart from us.

Remarkable Days

In JUNE 1826.

1.—NICOMEDE.

NICOMEDE was a Christian of some distinction at Rome. He was a man of most active benevolence; but was scourged to death in the second persecution under Domitian.

*3. 1825.—REV. T. MARTYN, B.D. F.R.S., DIED,

Author of several valuable works on Natural History, and particularly of a much improved edition of 'Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary,' in four volumes, folio, 1803-7. See a well-written memoir of Professor Martin in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1825.

*3. 1825.—FUNERAL OF SIR CHRISTOPHER MINGS.

The following noble anecdote shows the spirit of our brave tars, even when they were ill paid, ill commanded, and ill disciplined.

'Invited to Sir Christopher Mings' funeral, but find them gone to church. However I into the church (which is a fair large church, and a great chapel) and there heard the service, and staid

till they buried him, and then out. And there met with Sir W. Coventry (who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he), and went with him into his coach, and being in it with him there happened this extraordinary case,—one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men come to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun and said to Sir W. Coventry, "We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved, (as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping) and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renowne here at home, and more abroad in the West Indys. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but dying at this time, his memory and name (his father being always and at this day a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter; of which he was used frequently to boast) will be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich.'—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

5.—SAINT BONIFACE.

Boniface was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called Wilfrid. He was murdered in a barbarous manner by the populace near Utrecht, while preaching the Christian religion, on this day, in the year 755.

*9. 1825.—REV. A. REES, D.D. DIED, ÆT. 82.

For more than forty years he statedly officiated to the large and opulent Unitarian congregation which met in the Old Jewry, but now assembling in Jewin Street, Aldersgate Street, and which had previously

numbered among its ministers Dr. Chandler and Dr. Amory. Dr. Rees was the author of several single sermons, preached on public occasions, or in aid of public charitable objects. He also published four volumes of practical discourses, selected from his pulpit exercises, which have been well received and extensively circulated. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the Monthly Review, in conjunction with his able and esteemed friend the late Dr. Kippis. But the work by which he is chiefly known to the scientific public is his enlarged edition of Mr. Chambers's Cyclopædia, in four volumes, folio; and, above all, by his New Cyclopædia, in forty-five volumes, quarto. This was a truly gigantic undertaking for any individual, even with the able assistance he derived from distinguished contributors: he had the gratification, however, to live to see it completed, and to enjoy the well-earned reputation which its able execution secured for him. His eminent attainments were at different times rewarded with appropriate tokens of respect by various public bodies. The University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D., through the spontaneous recommendation of the historian Dr. Robertson, when he held the office of Principal. On the completion of his edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia, which came out in periodical numbers, he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Soon after its institution he was chosen a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and more recently was made an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. He was besides an honorary member of some Foreign Literary and Scientific Institutions. In his own religious community Dr. Rees held a prominent rank.

11.—SAINT BARNABAS.

Saint Barnabas was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. He was stoned to death by the Jews. An epistle written by him is still extant: it is published in *Wake's Apostolical Fathers.*

*14. 1825.—PUBLIC CHINESE LIBRARY IN LONDON.

It affords us much pleasure to state, that a very choice Chinese Library, containing about one thousand works of various authors, and consisting of more than ten thousand volumes, selected by Dr. Morison while in China, has been opened in Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, in a house belonging to the Language Institution. At this Library, the learned Doctor, or some of his senior students, attend every day, and do all in their power to communicate a knowledge of the Chinese language to those who are anxious to acquire it. Of the great importance of this language to Europeans, particularly to *Englishmen*, it is almost unnecessary to speak; the following sensible remarks upon this subject are taken from a clever little *brochure* which has just issued from the press. "To the merchant and the missionary, who intend to visit the islands of the Chinese Archipelago, or even the continent itself, the advantages of a previous acquaintance with the language are so evident, that they need not be insisted upon. The intercourse which is still carried on with the *Chinese language nations*, and the prospect of its increase at the renewal of the Honourable East India Company's Charter, should stimulate many to the attainment of this language, which may be of so much importance to them in future life. To the missionary, little need be said upon the point; though the following extract may be acceptable to those who have not already perused it in the original discourse. After touching upon some points of their government and laws, the writer asks, "What then do the Chinese require from Europe? Not the arts of reading and printing; not mere general education; not what is so much harped upon by some philanthropists, civilization:—they require only that which St. Paul deemed supremely excellent, and which it is the sole object of the Missionary Society to communicate. They require *the knowledge of Christ*. For, with all their antiquity and

literature, and their arts and refinement, they are still infatuated idolaters; they are still given up to what heaven regards as abominable idolatries, and to vile affections working that which is unseemly. With all their civilization, still envy and malice; deceit and falsehood, to a boundless extent; pride and boasting; a selfish, ungenerous, scarcely honest prudence; and a cold metaphysical inhumanity, are the peculiar characteristics of the people of China[1].'"

*15. 1664.—AN EXCURSION TO GREENWICH.

The following curious memorandum, illustrative of the amusements of this time, is taken from Mr Pepys's Memoirs:—

'At home, to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies: and very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden, and then by water *singing finely* to the Bridge, and there landed; and so took boat again, and to Somerset House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard of my Lady Paulina's fearfullness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited

[1] See '*An Essay on the Nature and Structure of the Chinese Language, with Suggestions on its more extensive Study, by Thomas Myers, of Trinity College, Cambridge*,' affording a very interesting and luminous view of the peculiarities of a language, both spoken and written in China, in Cochin-China, and Japan, and all the neighbouring islands, extending over a space which contains at least *one-third* of the population of the globe. Mr. Myers, we understand, has devoted much of his time to the study of the oriental languages, particularly the Hindustanee and the *Chinese*, and will feel happy in conveying any information on these subjects to the inquiring student, at his residence, Dartmouth Hill, Blackheath, Kent.

for them their coach; but it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy; and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, oh! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way: and indeed *at this time of the night it was no safe thing to go that road;* so that I was even afraid myself, though I *appeared* otherwise. We come safe, however, to their house; where we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors; and leaving them with the maids, bade them good night.'

17.—SAINT ALBAN.

Saint Alban suffered martyrdom at Verulam, now St. Alban's, in 303. A splendid abbey was founded in memory of the martyr, A.D. 795, by Offa, King of the Mercians.

*18.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It was the Veteran's yearly holiday;
I called,—my annual wont,—and found him drest
In all the pride of by-gone soldiership:
There was the gorget, and the feather gay,
The whitened sword-belt, o'er the scarlet vest;
And the old sabre, war-notched in his grip;
And honour's orders on his heaving breast.
We drank some toasts together, which did seem
To make the beverage nectar sweet to quaff:
Anon the warrior, as in wildest dream,
Would shout out *Victory!* and wave his staff,
And tears would mingle with his loudest laugh.
It was no marvel; o'er his mem'ry flew
Visions of former days,—of WATERLOO!

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

20.—TRANSLATION OF EDWARD, *King of W. Saxons.*

Edward was first buried at Wareham; but, three years afterwards, his body was removed to Shrewsbury, and there interred with great pomp.

21.—LONGEST DAY.

This day is, in London, 16 h. 34 m. 5 s., allowing 9 m. 16 s. for refraction.

Oh, what a fearful ebb and flow
Of versatile existence there has been,
Since Egypt and the cities of the plain,
Babylon, Macedon, and Rome,
Tower, Temple, Obelisk, and Dome,
All went down to the dust!

Il Pastore Incantato.

The *longest* day, equally with the *shortest*, affords matter for serious reflection. Life, with its *morning* of infancy, its *noon* of manhood, and its *night* of age, is, at best, but one *long day*,—and 'death on the pale horse' strikes his unerring dart; regardless, equally, of the smiles of summer, or of the frowns of winter:—some writhing under disease, he kills with a thousand deaths, while others he summons at once to their account. 'Yet no man,' says Quevedo, 'dies *suddenly*, for death *surprises* no one, but gives all sufficient warning and notice. Do *you* complain of sudden death, that have carried death about you ever since you were born; that have been entertained with daily spectacles of carcases and funerals; that have heard so many sermons upon the subject, and read so many books upon the frailty of life and the certainty of death? Are you not sensible, that every moment you live, brings you nearer to your end? Your clothes wear out; your woods and your houses decay; and yet you hope that your *bodies* shall be *immortal*'!' What are the common

'*Man?* and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case,
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase):
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswould hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Inclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable DEATH shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmers fall.'

HORACE, *Ep.* ii, *imitated by* POPE.

accidents and diseases of life, but so many warnings to provide yourself for a remove? You have death at your table, in your daily food and nourishment, for your life is maintained by the death of other creatures; and you have the lively picture of it every night in your bedfellow. With what face, then, can you charge your misfortune upon sudden death, who have spent your whole life, both at bed and board, among so many remembrances of your mortality? No, no; change your style, and hereafter confess yourselves to have been careless and incredulous. You die, thinking you are not to die yet, and forgetting that death grows upon you, and goes along with you, from one end of your life to the other, without distinction of person or age, sex or quality, and whether it find you well or ill doing:—*as the tree falls, so it lies.*'

24.—SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST *and* MIDSUMMER DAY.

The nativity of St. John the Baptist is celebrated by the Christian church on this day, because he was the *Forerunner* of our blessed Lord, and, by preaching the doctrine of repentance, prepared the way for the gospel.—See our last volume, p. 160.

At Magdalen College, Oxford, a sermon was formerly preached every year, on this day, in the *Stone Pulpit* in the Quadrangle, which was built upon the site of the dissolved Hospital of St. John. The walls were adorned with boughs and flowers, and the ground was covered with green rushes and grass; the whole being intended to commemorate the preaching of St. John in the Wilderness. DR. PHANUEL BACON preached the last sermon in the stone-pulpit; upon which occasion it was facetiously observed by one of the collegians present, that they had had not only an excellent sermon, but had also been treated with the substantial fare of *bacon* and *greens.*

'At Westchester, on St. John Baptist's Eve, (ob-

serves Mr. Aubrey) they bring a multitude of young birch-trees, and place before their dores to wither. Also, I remember (says our antiquary) the mayds (specially the cooke-mayds and dayry-mayds) would stick up in some chinks of the house, *Midsommer Men*, which are slips of orpine; they placed them by pairs; that is, one for such a man, the other for such a mayd, his sweet heart; and accordingly as the orpine did incline to, or recline from the other, that there would be love or aversion: if either did wither, death.'—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

There was formerly a custom on *Midsummer Eve* at Burford, in Oxfordshire, of *making a dragon yearly*, and carrying it up and down the streets in great jollity, &c.—*Kennett MS.*

*25. CURIOUS CUSTOM AT ST. MARY-AT-HILL, LONDON.

'There is this solemn and charitable custom in y^e^ ch. of St. Mary-Hill, London. On the next Sunday after Midsummer-Day, every year, the fellowship of the Porters of y^e^ city of London, time out of mind, come to this church in y^e^ morning, and whilst the Psalms are reading, they go up two and two towards the rails of y^e^ communion table, where are set two basons; and there they make their offering, and so return to the body of y^e^ church again. After them the inhabitants of y^e^ parish and their wives, and others also then at church, make their offering likewise, and the money so offered is given to the poor decrepit Porters of the said fellowship for their better subsistence.'—*Mr. Newcomb's MS. Collect.*, cited by *Bp. Kennett.*

29.—SAINT PETER.

The festival in honour of this apostle was instituted in the year 813. *Hegesippus*, *Eusebius*, and other early historians, say that he was crucified with his head downwards.—Of the *Cock Mass*, as celebrated in Colombia, Captain Cochrane gives the following account.

'At midnight a curious custom of the Roman Catholic church was performed, called the Cock Mass, in commemoration of the crowing of the cock which took place on Peter's denial of Christ. When the curate commences the service, the people imitate and mock his gesture, tone of voice, and manner of reading; make all kinds of noise—shouting, bawling, hooting, and imitating the crowing of the cock, with every possible exertion of lungs; the whole forming an exhibition most deafening to the ear, and perfectly ridiculous to the eye. There is another church service, quite as ludicrous and preposterous, on the day of celebrating the Rending of the Veil of the Temple, when our Saviour gave up the ghost. The people have large hammers, with which they beat the benches, and have sheets of tin, &c. which they shake, to imitate the noise of thunder as nearly as possible. An English colonel, in the republican service, on this occasion thought he could add to the scene, by imitating the English foxhunter's tallyho, which he did with so much strength and clearness of lungs, as quite to exceed any noise of other persons; and gained by it so much of the curate's good will, who imagined that his religion was in proportion to the vehemence of his utterance, that after the service he came to him, and, seizing his hand, thanked him most cordially for his kind addition to the devotion of the night.'

*30. 1825.—REV. HENRY KETT DIED, ÆT. 64.

About noon, of this day, the weather being hot, he proceeded to take a cold bath, when it is supposed that, venturing out of his depth, he was seized with cramp, and sank to rise no more. He was the author of 'Bampton Lectures,' which appeared in 1792; and of two excellent works, viz. 'History the Interpreter of Prophecy,' 1798, and 'Elements of General Knowledge,' 2 vols. 8vo, a ninth edition of which has just appeared.—For a list of Mr. Kett's other works and an interesting biographical sketch, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcv, pt. ii, p. 184.

*JUNE 1655. — MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS IN PIEDMONT.

In this year the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects, in the vallies of Piedmont, to embrace popery, or quit their country. All who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre. Those who escaped, fled into the mountains, whence they *sent agents into England* to CROMWELL for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which nearly *forty thousand pounds* were collected. The persecution was suspended, the duke recalled his army, and *the* surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese vallies were reinstated in their cottages, and the peaceable exercise of their religion. On this business, there are several state-letters *in* Cromwell's name written by Milton[1], who has left us a beautiful Sonnet on the subject.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JUNE 1826.

The Sun is high in heaven, and from his throne
Of glory flings abroad the fervid day.
Nature beneath the lustre of his eye
Droops languidly. The breezeless groves are mute;
Yet still the merry grasshopper his lay
Chaunts blithely, and the bee on mossy bank
Sings to the rose; while strays from flower to flower
Gay child of beauty, on empurpled wing,
The wandering butterfly.

PENNIE'S *Scenes in Palestine.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Cancer at 44 m. after midnight of the 21st of this month: he will also be eclipsed on the 5th; but the eclipse will not be visible in this country, as the conjunction will take place at 5 h. 54⅓ m. in longitude 2ˢ. 14° 27′, the Moon's latitude being 1° 5′ south. The Sun likewise rises and sets during this month as in the following

[1] See these Letters *translated*, and more on this interesting subject, in *Jones's History of the Waldenses*, vol. ii, pp. 342, et seq.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting on every fifth Day.

June 1st,	Sun rises	53 m. after	3.	Sets	7 m. after 8
6th,		49	3		11 8
11th,		46	3		14 8
16th,		44	3		16 8
21st,		43	3		17 8
26th,		44	3		16 8

Equation of Time.

The earth's motion in the ecliptic not being equable, the shadow which is cast on the plate of a sun-dial does not indicate the true time, except on certain days of the year; therefore, to find this time from that given by the dial, use the following numbers as directed in the subsequent

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Thursday,	June 1st,	from the time by the dial *subtract*	2	39
Tuesday,	6th,		1	50
Sunday,	11th,		0	54
Friday,	16th,	to the time by the dial *add*	0	8
Wednesday,	21st,		1	12
Monday,	26th,		2	16

If the time be required either for any intermediate day, or for any hour of these days except noon, the number to be added or subtracted must be found by proportion, as already explained.

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	5th day, at	54 m. after	5 in the afternoon
First Quarter,	13th	54	7 in the morning
Full Moon,	19th	54	10 at night
Last Quarter,	27th,	25	4 in the morning

Passage of the Moon over the Meridian.

The Moon may be conveniently observed making the following transits this month, should the weather be favourable at the respective times, viz.:

June 13th, at 19 m. after 6 in the evening
14th, ... 9 ..... 7 .....
15th, ... 3 ..... 8 .....
16th, ... 59 ..... 8 .....
17th, ... 59 ..... 9 .....
18th, ... 1 ..... 11 .....
25th, ... 25 ..... 4 in the morning
26th, ... 9 ..... 5 .....
27th, ... 52 ..... 5 .....
28th, ... 35 ..... 6 .....
29th, ... 18 ..... 7 .....
30th, ... 3 ..... 8 .....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the times of high tide at London Bridge on the respective days; and those for any intermediate periods, and several other places, may readily be found as already directed.

TABLE.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
June 1st, at	46 m. after 10	13 m. after 11
6th, ...	34 2	56 2
11th, ...	32 5	53 5
16th, ...	28 10	5 11
21st, ...	11 3	29 3
26th, ...	21 6	43 6

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

As this beautiful planet is now approaching us, her brightness increases, though the size of her illuminated disk is diminishing. The proportion is,

June 1st, { Illuminated part = 11·143
Dark part = 0·857

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Though the eclipses of the first and second of these satellites will be numerous this month, only one of the latter will be visible, and the emersion will take place on the 2d, at 19 m. 22 s. past 10 at night.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

June 3d, with ♉ in Aries, at ..... 1 in the afternoon
6th, ... Saturn, ... 1 .....
16th, ... Mars, ... 10 in the morning
22d, ... β in Capricorn, ... 7 .....
30th, ... ♉ in Aries, ... 8 in the evening.

Mars will be stationary on the 13th; Saturn will be in conjunction at 45 m. after 7 in the morning of the 17th; and Mercury will also be in his superior conjunction at 5 in the evening of the 24th.

During this month, one of the grandest phenomena of nature is frequently visible, apparently reared against the dark and retiring cloud, surcharged with the fructifying influence of its watery treasures. The ample arch of this bow of promise seems to span the heavens, and rest on the horizon at each extremity; while shade melts into shade, and colour blends with colour, in clear distinction, but in perfect harmony.

The RAINBOW.

Hail! sunbright meteor of the thousand dyes,
Emblazoned like a triumph on the skies;
Heaven's richest hues are blended in thy span,
Kindled to glory for a sign to man:
Those vivid tints that through the tempest shine,
Proclaim thy wond'rous Architect divine:
Gemmed by the rain-drops, was the tissue spun
With golden threads, irradiate of the sun;
Like stars enwreathed, their mingling splendours glow
In varied lustre to the world below.
Mercy, fleet herald from the throne above,
Buoyed in the ambient air of life and love,
Lights in mid ether on thy brilliant arch,
And downward speeds to earth her rapid march.
Lo! through the dark depths of th' unfathomed main,
Thy braided brightness dimly gleams again,
Warning the surges that their ruthless might
No more shall revel on the mountain height,
Nor through the fertile fields and vallies rave,
Engulphing nature in the whirling wave.
No!—for when far away with sullen roar,
The shrunken waters lashed their sounding shore,
And found, whene'er they rushed beyond to roam,
The jutting cliffs rebuke their angry foam;
When the glad fathers of man's rescued race,
Exulting on the lone ark's resting place,
Had bent the knee, and round their hoary sire
Drawn votive blood, and fanned the sacred fire;

When o'er fair nature burst that sunny smile,
(More lovely for her glist'ning tears the while;)
Then from the heavens was heard an awful voice,
That bade the trembling patriarch rejoice:
Well-pleased, the Deity had seen arise
Pray'r, winged by faith, "sweet-savoured" sacrifice.
And now the eternal covenant HE swore,
That HE would flood the newborn land no more;
Then rays from heaven with tears from earth he blent,
And wrote his promise upon the firmament.
View it, vain man! whose dull unheeding soul
No cheering hopes—no startling fears—controul;
Nor the pale beauty of the moon absorbs,
Nor the deep rapture of the hymning orbs;
Whose sordid thought, to worldly habit bound,
Ne'er tracked on high the sun's ethereal round;
Nor felt electric joy when laughing May
Wreathes with young flowers the gladdened brow of day,
Nor owned with transport, chastened, awed, refined,
Might on the mountain, wonder in the wind;
Behold! and should thine eye see nought to bless—
Yet shuddering scan thy very nothingness!
Such thou hast lived, bright RAINBOW! when the sky
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity;
And such shalt live, while, grateful for the vow,
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow;
Curbing the tempest on its thunder-path,
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath:
Majestic token of thy Maker's might!
Pure zone of grace! grand coronal of light!
God's own blest handmark, mystic, full, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time.

Oxford Magazine.

Lo! the cloud has passed away, and the Sun reappears in all the refulgence of his setting glory, half inspiring the poet's mind with the fire of pure devotion.

HYMN *to the* SUN.

Eternal orb, fount of refulgence, hail!
Thy everlasting path is in the heavens;
With measureless excess all other stars
Outshining—stars whose light in thine expires;
Whose beams, but for thy friendly absence, ne'er
Our distant world had reached: at thy approach,
Darkness and night, with their grim phantom bands
And fearful shapes, speed to their caves below,

Amid the great sea's vast and unknown depths,
The kindling skies fling off their dismal garb
Of murky shadows and black cheerless mists,
And don their robes of many-coloured woof;
While o'er thy path the queen o' th' morning flings
Celestial rose, and gold, and beamy gem.
To greet thy coming, Nature wakes full loud
Her anthem peal of myriad voices blent;
Waters, and winds, and birds, and beasts, unite
With man, in one wild universal hymn,
To hail thy rising in the flame-clad east;
Nor storm-fraught cloud, nor tempest, lightning-winged,
Stays the bright progress of thy chariot wheels.
Calmly, amid the heavens, thou still pursuest
Thy course unerringly, when all below
Is rapt in thunderous gloom; mountain and vale,
Ocean and wave-girt isle, and continent,
Thou lookest upon with undiminished ray,
And beauty, light, and life impartest to all!
A thousand ages thou hast seen pass by,
And man, child of a day, beheld, with all
His boasted works, swept down the gulph of time;
Has viewed his pomp and glory float a wreck,
An undistinguished wreck, on the dark surge
Of cold oblivion. But, thou god of light,
Of all thy beams illume, art still the same;
And thy life-giving days shall have no end,
And thy unborrowed brightness e'er expire.
Roll onward in thy never-ceasing course,
Prince of the firmament: the west awaits
Thee, to receive in her accustomed pomp
Of nameless hues, where evening still attends
Thy weary steeds to unyoke, and wave aloft
Her misty veil, the signal for her bands
Of varied minstrels to begin the song
That forest, grove, and dewy valley fills
With a rich swell of plaintive harmony—
Earth's wild hosanna to thy bright farewell!

PENNIE'S *Scenes in Palestine.*

The Naturalist's Diary

For JUNE 1826.

I have a summer gift,
A sunny gift for thee:
See this white vase, where blooms
A beautiful *rose-tree.*

And on its crimson leaves
Your heart must moralize,
For love a lesson takes
Of ev'ry leaf that dies.

First you will prize the gift
In all its scented pride;
Its newness then will pass,
And 'twill be flung aside.

Then autumn rains will stain
Its bloom with a dark token;
The plant will perish then,
And the white vase be broken.

Will not Love's tale be told
In the fate of the rose-tree?
Such was at first your love,
Then your neglect of me. L. E. L.

SUPPOSING the weather to have been mild and favourable to vegetation, the flower-garden is in all its glory at the commencement of June; and nothing can be more delightful than to observe the almost countless varieties which grace the parterre of Flora at this season. Among the various ornaments of the garden, 'THE ROSE,' that queen of flowers, stands pre-eminent; its beautiful buds now open to the Sun, and invite us to say with the poet,

> Who can view the *ripened* rose, nor seek
> To wear it?

The *Austrian* rose blossoms in the early part of the month, as does also the Chinese rose: these are followed by the common garden rose, the single yellow rose (*Rosa lutea*), and the white rose (*R. alba*); last of all comes that loveliest of floral attractions,—the 'MOSS ROSE'—which should be termed 'THE *Rose'—par excellence!*

The ROSE.

A Rose in yonder garden grew
In summer's beauty bright;
If fed upon the fragrant dew,
And bathed in beams of light.
The gentlest zephyrs still would creep
Warm o'er it from the west;
And the night spirit loved to weep
Upon its beauteous breast;
And all the host of insect beaux
Would pause to trifle with the rose.

Alas! the flow'r—one fatal night
The mildew rode the gale,
And from his pinions scattered blight
O'er garden, bow'rs, and vale.
I saw it in the sunny morns;
'Twas dying on its stem,
Yet wore, though drooping and forlorn,
Its dewy diadem!
But every roving butterfly
Looked on the rose—and wandered by.

The beams of morning had no pow'r
Upon its faded cheek;
The breezes came, and found the flow'r
They once had loved a wreck;
They were old friends, and when they fled
Who used to linger here,
The rose would bow its gentle head,
And shake away a tear,
But never raised its timid eye
To gaze again upon the sky.

It withered in the noonday flame;
And when the shadows fell,
The spirit of the evening came,
But vain its dewy spell.
The Moon gleamed sad, the night breeze sighed
Above the hapless flower,
But none who loved its day of pride
Watched o'er its fading hour.
The flatterers—they had long been gone;
It died neglected and alone.

Oxford Quarterly Magazine, No. 1.

From the garden to the field it is but a step, and here we may see *clover* in blossom, and regale our

olfactory senses with its delightful fragrance. The sweet-scented vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), which is the cause of the very delightful scent of hay, flowers also in this month, and diffuses its fragrance through the country. About the beginning of June, the pimpernel, thyme, the bitter-sweet nightshade, white bryony, and the dog-rose, have their flowers full blown. The *poppy* is now in flower.

> I hoped that *sleep* would have repaid ere now,
> With blissful dreams, the troubles of the day;
> So hath he often done, but, ah! the wanton
> Will seldom take pale sickness for his bride;
> He must be coaxed, and won by spells and *potions*,
> To espouse so sad a partner. *Il Pastore Incantato.*

The foxglove, which produces a beautiful flower, blossoms in this month as well as in the next.

> The *foxglove* now, in crimson tresses rich,
> Depends, whose freckled cups to insect tribes
> Afford a canopy of velvet bliss.

The common jay frequents our gardens, and makes great havock in the bean-rows.

One of the most interesting insects in June, is, in its perfect state, the angler's may-fly *(Ephemera vulgata)*, which appears about the 4th, and continues nearly a fortnight. It emerges from the water, where it passes its aurelia state, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. There are also the golden-green beetle; various kinds of flies; the cuckoo-spit insect, and the stag-beetle. The several species of the *gadfly* make their appearance in June. The larvæ of the dragon-fly *(Libellula)*, after a two years' submersion in stagnant water, ascend the stalks of plants and burst their shells.

The numerous species of *Aphides* are now found on many plants, bearing an appropriate name from each. Those which infest the *rose tree* and *bean* are possibly most under observation. One is green, and scarcely distinguished from the colour of the young leaves; the other is black.

'In the months of *June, July,* and *August,* the Entomologist will find full employment in the woods. Most of the butterflies are taken in these months, flying abroad in the day-time only: moths will be found flying at break of day, and at twilight in the evening. The taking of them is termed MOTHING, and should be well followed up during the summer season. Many of the rarer *Lepidoptera* are never found but at these times. The males of most species of the moth tribe, and perhaps of other insects also, by a very astonishing faculty, are able to discover the females at a great distance, and in the most secret situations. About the end of August, and during the whole of September, the second and last brood of *caterpillars* will be found: several species of *Gryllus* may also be taken in meadowy and marshy lands.'—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology,* pp. 316, 317.

Insects are so various in their habits, that they may be found at all seasons of the year, and in every situation. To such of our readers as may reside in the *vicinity of the metropolis,* the following information respecting the places in which particular insects may be taken will, we are persuaded, prove extremely useful: it is extracted from the valuable work just quoted, a careful perusal of which cannot be too strongly pressed upon the attention of the inquiring student.

WOODS, HEDGES, and LANES.—These situations produce by far the greater portion of insects. In woods, the Entomologist must beat the branches of the trees into his folding net, and must select for this purpose open paths, the skirts, &c. The trunks of trees, gates, and felled timber, should be carefully examined, as many of the Lepidoptera and Coleopterous insects are found in no other situations. Many rare and very beautiful insects are found in the hedges, in lanes, as also in the nettles, &c. which grow under them: these should be well beaten, especially when the whitethorn is in bloom in the months of May and June. Should the reader collect only for the microscope, he need not go to the trouble or expense of a net, as an open umbrella inverted will answer his purpose. Hedges in dusty roads are seldom productive.—The

principal woods near London, and the most frequented by Entomologists, are Coombe Wood and Norwood in Surrey,—Birch Wood, Darent Wood, and woods round Bexley in Kent. Coombe Wood has long been celebrated for the great variety of insects which it produces. Birch Wood is on the Maidstone road, and is of great extent: near the fourteen mile stone on this road is a large chalk-pit, in which many rare insects are to be obtained. Bexley, a small village, lies between Crayford and Foot's Cray. In these woods collectors will meet with great success: near the village is a large sand-pit which produces an immense number of Coleopterous and Hymenopterous insects. There are also some rural lanes round the village which produce a great variety of insects: in the rivers and brooks many rare aquatics have been taken. Norwood is well known, and is but a short distance from the metropolis: but the inconsiderate game-keepers will frequently interrupt and warn the unoffending Entomologist to quit the wood immediately, not allowing that ours 'is untaxed and undisputed game.'

HEATHS and COMMONS.—Many insects are confined to these situations, not only on account of plants which grow in no other places, but of the cattle and their dung, in the latter of which many thousands of insects may be found in a single day in the months of April and May; these are principally of the Coleopterous order. The principal *commons* near London are Wandsworth and Wimbledon in Surrey; Epping Forest; Lessness Heath, Erith, and Bexley in Kent: the ponds in those places produce many very local insects.

SAND-PITS.—The largest sand-pit we are acquainted with is at Charlton, near the seven mile-stone, on the lower road to Woolwich. In this pit we met with the following rare insects, *Copris lunarius, Notoxus monoceros, Lixus sulcirostris, &c.* Minute insects are very abundant; the roots of grass, about which the latter are found, should be carefully examined: an Entomologist may find full employment for a whole day at this place. There are also several sand-pits on Hampstead Heath.

MEADOWS, MARSHES, and PONDS.—In meadows, when the Ranunculi or butter-cups are in blossom, many *Muscæ* and *Dipterous* insects are found: the flags or rushes are the habitations of *Cassida, Donacia, &c.* The drills in marshes should be examined, as many species of insects are found on the long grass, as also the larvæ of several *Lepidoptera*. *Neuroptera* are generally confined to these situations, especially if any hedges or trees are near the spot. We have collected in the marshes of Plaistow, West-Ham, Barking, Hackney, and Battersea, with much success. Ponds afford to the lover of the microscope an infinite number of highly interesting objects, that are best obtained by means of the landing-net, which should be made of strong cloth, but sufficiently

open to allow the water to escape. The mud which is brought up from the bottom of the ponds should be examined, and what small insects are found may be put in a small phial filled with water, which will not only clean them but keep them alive; and in many instances, upon a close examination, the Naturalist will be surprised at these most wonderful productions of Nature. To the Entomologist this mode of collecting will be equally advantageous, as he will obtain many species of *Dyticidæ, Notonectidæ, &c.*

Moss, Decayed Trees, Roots of Grass, &c.—Many insects will be found in moss and under it: the roots and wood of decayed trees afford nourishment and a habitation to a number of insects; many of the larvæ of the *Lepidoptera* penetrate the trunks of trees in all directions: most of the Cerambyces feed on wood, as well as some species of *Carabidæ, Elateridæ, &c.* In seeking for these the *digger* is generally used, as it is sometimes necessary to dig six or seven inches into the wood before they are found.

Banks of Ponds and Roots of Grass.—These are never-failing sources to the collector, which may be resorted to at all seasons of the year, and in general with great success: those banks are to be preferred which have the morning or noon-day sun: the Entomologist may sit down and collect with the greatest ease an immense number of *Staphilinidæ. Pselaphi* are generally taken in these situations.

Banks of Rivers, Sandy Sea Shores, &c.—These situations are productive of a great variety of *Coleoptera, Crustacea, &c.* The dead animals that are thrown on the shores should be carefully examined, as they are the food of *Silphiadæ, Staphilinidæ, &c.* May and June are the best times for collecting in these situations.

Dead Animals, Dried Bones, &c. should constantly be examined, as these are the natural habitats of several insects. Dead moles are frequently found hanging on bushes; under these the Entomologist should hold his net, and shake the boughs on which the animals are hung, as a great number of Coleoptera generally inhabit them.

Fungi, Boleti, and Flowers, ought constantly, when met with, to be examined, as many exceedingly rare insects inhabit them. —*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology*, pp. 312-314. To this work, also, we refer for a description and a *plate* of the *apparatus* to be employed in collecting insects, as well as for some excellent directions respecting their *preservation* and *arrangement in cabinets.*

The *grasshopper* now makes his appearance, floating among the green leaves, and with his

Sweet prophetic song
Foretelling summer days.

The *grasshopper* is still my friend,
The minute-sound of many a sunny hour
Passed on a thymy hill, when I could send
My soul in search thereof by bank and bower,
Till lured far from it by a foxglove flower
Nodding too dangerously above the crag,
Not to excite the passion and the power
To climb the steep, and down the blossoms drag,
Them the marsh-crocus joined, and yellow water-flag.

Shrill sings the drowsy Wassailler in his dome,
Yon grassy wilderness where curls the fern,
And creeps the ivy; with the wish to rove
He spreads his sails, and bright is his sojourn
'Mid chalices with dews in every urn:
All flying things a like delight have found—
Where'er I gaze, to what new region turn,
Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer-sound.

WIFFEN's *Aonian Hours.*

Marigolds and *pæonies* and roses, including the *guelder-rose,* with its balls of dazzling whiteness, now display their beauties. The Star of Bethlehem shines in all its splendour, and pinks and sweet-william add their pretty colours: the panicled *lychnidea* and red valerian ornament our gardens at this period, the delicate lilac of the one forming a pleasing contrast with the rich crimson of the other. The blossoms of the sweet-brier are now open: the white lily, and the flower-de-luce, or *iris,* with its splendid floscules and curiously-formed pistils, shine in the garden. The forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*) also flowers in June, and throughout the summer. See some beautiful lines on this flower in our last volume, p. 176.

In this month, the gum-cistus tribe shed daily their abundant flowers, covering the ground with their delicate blossoms. The fragrant honeysuckle gives out its charming perfume.

The Sun is high in heaven, and from his throne
Of glory flings abroad the fervid day.
Nature beneath the lustre of his eye
Droops languidly. The breezeless groves are mute;
Yet still the merry grasshopper his lay

Chants blithely, and the bee on mossy bank
Sings to the rose; while strays from flower to flower,
Gay child of beauty on empurpled wing,
The wandering butterfly.

PENNIE's *Scenes in Palestine.*

The *fern-owl* may be seen about the middle of the month, in the evening, among the branches of oaks, in pursuit of its favourite repast, the fern-chaffer. Mackerel (*Scomber scomber*) are taken in abundance this month.

The *sallow*, which, in March, afforded its yellow-tufted catkins as a sort of supplementary *palms* for 'babes and sucklings,' now affords a cotton attached to its seeds, which at any rate serves as a lining for the nests of some small birds, and might, probably, be manufactured for the use of man.

The several kinds of *corn* come into ear and flower in June, as well as most of the numerous species of grasses. Gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, now begin to ripen. The *elder-tree* is in flower, and promises a rich supply of fruit to make our favourite beverage of a cold winter's evening.

The *hay-harvest* commences about the end of the month, in the southern and midland parts of the kingdom. About this time, also, birds cease their notes. The rural ceremony of *sheep-shearing* usually takes place in June, and was formerly celebrated with much innocent pastime.

The SHEPHERD'S DAY.

[By the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, Master of the Grammar-school, at Woodbridge, Suffolk.]

Morning beams—the mists retire
Slowly from the mountain's side,
Whilst the busy minstrel choir
Fill with praise creation wide.

Mark the bee with early wing
Murmuring as he roameth by,
Hear the forest's deepness ring
With its wildest harmony.

Now, from lonely cottage gate,
See the shepherd looking high,

Reads the day's uncertain state
In the morn's prophetic sky.

Now with crook, and wallet spare,
Cruise and hat to fence the rain,
See him with his dog prepare
Once again to tread the plain.

Forth from op'ning fold, the flock
Teems to crop the dewy blade;
Whilst his true companion Shock
Tends it o'er the forest glade.

Now the world and all its toys
Seem as bubbles in his sight;
Earth and all her living joys
Are his own, by native right.

Him no lofty thoughts inherit,
Pride nor passion wounds his rest;
But a kind and gentle spirit
Broods within his simple breast.

Such the shepherd's life and pleasures
As he strolls the livelong day;
Till at eve he meets his treasures,
Warmly housed in cot of clay.

There, no mortal more possessing,
Happiness seems his alone;
Whilst his little ones caressing,
As he pours a parent's blessing
On a race he calls his own.

JULY.

THIS month took the name of *Quintilis*, on account of its being the fifth in the Romulean year; it received that of *Julius*, in memory of *Julius Cæsar*, who was born on the 12th of this month. Mark Antony, during his consulate, with the approbation of the Senate, ordered the change. Jupiter was its tutelar deity. On the 6th of this month began the *Ludi Apollinares*, in honour of *Apollo*; they continued six days. On the 12th, was the festival of the birth

of Julius Cæsar. The sign of this month is *Leo*, indicating that the Sun, then passing through that sign, is intense in its heat.

Remarkable Days

In JULY 1826.

2.—VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THIS festival was instituted by Pope Urban VI, to commemorate the visit of the Virgin Mary to the mother of John the Baptist.

3.—DOG-DAYS BEGIN.

By *dog days* the ancients meant a certain number of days, about forty, some before and some after the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the dog star, in the morning. The term is supposed to have originated with the Egyptians. With us, it simply implies the hottest part of the year, which, in this country, is usually thought to be from July 3d to August 11th.

4.—TRANSLATION OF SAINT MARTIN.

This day was appointed to celebrate the removal of St. Martin's bones from a common grave to a splendid tomb.

*5. 1100.—ENTRY OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

On this day, the crescent bowed to the cross, and the victorious bands of the Crusaders entered the gates of Jerusalem in solemn pomp. Although the insolence of the enemies of the cross was, in some degree, checked by the valour of the Crusaders, yet it still remains a moot point whether aught was gained by their enthusiasm worth the slaughter which a tedious and protracted warfare had occasioned. Moslemism may need the sword to fight its battles, and extend its power; but pure Christianity wields no such instrument in defence of its doctrines, and the furtherance of its ameliorating principles, being con-

tent to steal silently along the even and purifying tenour of its way, unsupported by aught else but the favour of God, and the truth of its divine revelation.—*Mr. Mills's History of the Crusades,* in two volumes, is a highly interesting work, and eminently deserving the attention of our readers. The 'Tales of the Crusaders,' by the author of Waverley, contain some charming sketches of scenery in the Holy Land.

7.—THOMAS A BECKET.

This haughty prelate was born in London, in the year 1119, and was the son of Gilbert, a merchant, and Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is said to have fallen in love with him when he was a prisoner to her father in Jerusalem. Thomas received the first part of his education at Merton Abbey in Surrey, whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards studied at Paris. In 1159, he made a campaign with King Henry to Toulouse, having in his own pay 1200 horse, besides a retinue of 700 knights or gentlemen.

15.—SAINT SWITHIN.

Swithin flourished in the ninth century. He was appointed Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died in 863. When he died, he gave charge that 'his body should not be laid within the church, but where the drops of rain might wet his grave,' 'thinking,' says Bishop Hall, 'that no vault was so good to cover his grave as that of heaven.' With regard to the forty days' rain imputed to the influence of this dead bishop, the Ομβριος of the Britons, Gay says,

> Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
> Nor Paul, nor Swithin, rule the clouds and wind.

In *France* there is the same superstition as in England, that, if it should rain on a given day, it will afterwards rain for forty days; and their Saint which corresponds to our St. Swithin, is *St. Meda,* and the ominous day the 8th of June.

19. 1821.—KING GEORGE IV CROWNED.

Some interesting particulars of this august ceremony will be found in T. T. for 1822, pp. 194-206, and in T. T. for 1824, p. 191.

*19. 1333.—BATTLE OF HALIDOWN HILL.

Among the various engagements between England and Scotland, for the conquest of the latter kingdom, the battle of Halidown Hill, which took place on this day, is not the least memorable. Edward the Third, a young but warlike monarch, appeared to need more occasion for the trial of the temper of his sword, and the valour of his troops, than for additional securities to his throne. He therefore poured at one time his forces on the Scots, as in the above-mentioned battle, when he left thirty thousand of his enemies in death on the field; and at another, inundated the shores of France with his troops, to wreak his vengeance on an ill-governed people, and establish the distant claims of himself to the crown of that country. But, though in part successful, the real value of both triumphs was but small, glory being the only good gained, if such glory be a good. —Sir Walter Scott has written a pleasing poem on this subject.

20.—SAINT MARGARET.

Margaret was born at Antioch. She was first tortured, and then beheaded, in the year 278.

22.—MARY MAGDALEN.

This day was first dedicated to the memory of Mary Magdalen, by Edward VI.

*23. 1822.—NOSSA SENHORA DA BARRACCA.

Every creature in Lisbon and its environs (says Miss Baillie) is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered virgin, who is about four inches long, and, being found in a cave near this place, is consequently denominated Nossa

Senhora da Barracca,' (our lady of the cave). Here, every evening, a friar descants upon the miracles said to have been performed by her; and a small book, descriptive of them, has been published by authority. The image is already covered with costly ornaments, among which are, a crown set with brilliants, and numerous gold chains; the gifts of those votaries who are able to afford such demonstration of their faith. An aged fidalga, and somewhat fanciful withal, living in this neighbourhood, and who has been bed-ridden for years past, has caused herself to be carried to the cave, and has in consequence (as she declares) recovered the use of her limbs: the circumstance being well authenticated, affords additional proof of the extraordinary power of the imagination in nervous and hypochondriac complaints. The Queen goes in grand state this evening, and makes an offering of a silver lamp. The field resembles an immense fair, and restaurateurs regularly attend in their booths to provide for the refreshment of the company. Last night, there were no less than thirty carriages upon the ground; and it is common to see more than a thousand of the peasantry and townspeople upon their knees, at one time, surrounding the mouth of the cave. The friars have thought proper to declare, that a balsamic fragrance flows constantly from the image; and though there is always a strong smell of garlic and oil in the grotto, it is the fashion, upon entering, to exclaim, 'What a delicious odour!'—*Lisbon in* 1821, 2, 3, 2 vols. 12mo.

25.—SAINT JAMES.

St. James suffered martyrdom under Herod Agrippa, in July 44. He was beheaded with a sword. The Spaniards regard James as their tutelar saint. He was once a peaceful fisherman, yet how his name became associated with *oysters*, we know not. Churchill, however, speaks of

July, to whom the *dog-star* in her train,
St. James gives *oysters*, and St. Swithin *rain*.

26.—SAINT ANNE.

Saint Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary. Her festival was introduced by the Romish church.

*JULY A.D. 79.—HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII DESTROYED.

Hushed is this once gay scene, nor murmurs more,
The city's din, the crowd's tumultuous roar,
The laugh convivial, and the chiming sound
Of golden goblets with Falernian crowned;
The mellow breathings of the Lydian flute,
And the sweet drip of fountains as they shoot
From marble basements; these, all these are mute!
Closed are her springs, unnumbered fathoms deep,
Her splendid domes are one dismantled heap;
Her temples soiled, her statues in the dust,
Her tarnished medals long devoured by rust;
Its rainbow pavements broken from the bath,
The once-thronged forum an untrodden path;
The fanes of love, forgotten cells, the shrines
Of vaunted gods inurned in sulphur mines;
Th' abodes of art, of luxury, and taste,
Tombs of their once-glad residents—a waste
O'er which compassionate years have gradual thrown
The trailing vine, and bade the myrtle moan.

These highly descriptive and harmonious lines are taken from a charming little piece, entitled, 'Pompeii,' in *Il Pastore Incantato, and other Poems, by a Student of the Inner Temple* (Hurst and Robinson)—a volume containing much beautiful poetry, and many exquisite flowers, indicative of a rich harvest of Parnassian fruit: we sincerely hope, therefore, that the author will not imitate the example of Sir Wm. Blackstone, and bid at once a 'farewell to the Muses.'—Surely some *horæ subsecivæ* may now and then be snatched from the severer studies of the law, and a few more flowers yet be culled from the borders of the Heliconian fount, without injury to those higher pursuits to which the 'Student,' we understand, is now devoted.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JULY 1826.

O'er the great sea that borders Palestine,
Whose pure expanse, unruffled by the breeze,
Reddened with crimson blushes, to behold
Aurora rising from her Tithon's bed
With wanton eye, the fountain of the dawn;
And o'er Judea's plains young day began
To pour a flood of light; while to his car
The rosy-fingered Hours the fiery steeds
Of Phœbus harnessed. On his shoulders, Night,
Flinging his ebon mantle, rent with storms,
Grimly retired, as up th' ethereal steep
The heavenly coursers mounted of the Sun,
And bade the stars withdraw.

PENNIE'*s Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Leo at 35 m. after 11 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

July 1st,	Sun rises 45 m. after 3.	Sets 15 m. after 8
6th,	48	3	12	8
11th,	52	3	8	8
16th,	57	3	3	8
21st,	3	4	57	7
26th,	10	4	50	7
31st,	17	4	43	7

Equation of Time.

By adding the numbers as directed in the following table, the time which a well regulated clock *ought* to give at the respective moments will be obtained; and it will, consequently, be discovered whether it is too fast or too slow, when it may be regulated accordingly.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	*s.*
Saturday,	July 1st, to the time by the dial *add*	3	17
Thursday,	..... 6th, ...	4	13
Tuesday,	..... 11th, ...	4	50
Sunday,	..... 16th, ...	5	25
Friday,	..... 21st, ...	5	57
Wednesday,	..... 26th, ...	6	6
Monday,	..... 31st, ...	6	1

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	5th day, at	36 m.	after 7	in the morning
First Quarter,	12th	24	1	in the afternoon
Full Moon,	19th	12	7	in the morning
Last Quarter,	26th	3	3	in the evening

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

If the weather prove favourable, the following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observations this month. When the place is distant from the first meridian, the times will require a slight reduction, corresponding to the longitude.

July 13th, at	46 m.	after 6	in the evening
14th, ...	43	7	.....
15th, ..	42	8	.....
16th, ..	42	9	.....
17th, ...	42	10	.....
18th, ..	40	11	.....
25th, ...	26	4	in the morning
26th, ..	10	5	.....
27th, ...	55	5	.....
28th, ...	41	6	.....
29th, ...	28	7	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

From the following periods of full tide, the times for the intermediate days, or for other places, may be found as already directed.

TABLE.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
July 1st, at	52 m. after 10	23 m. after 11
6th,	50 ... 2	9 ... 3
11th,	48 ... 5	12 ... 6
16th,	20 ... 11	58 ... 11
21st,	26 ... 3	41 ... 3
26th,	22 ... 6	45 ... 6
31st,	13 ... 11	45 ... 11

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

As this planet now approaches the earth with greater rapidity, she gradually increases in brilliancy; and the proportion of the light and dark parts of her disk is—

July 1st, { Illuminated part = 10·358
Dark part ..... = 1·642

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Though there will be not less than twenty-five eclipses of the first and second of these satellites this month, only one of the first will be visible, the *Emersion* of which will take place on the 9th, at 29 m. 12ˢ. past 9 in the evening.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The opening of this ring at the era of the last statement was about as great as it ever attains; but since then it has decreased a little, and the proportion of its two axes now is,

July 1st, { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·496

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

July 4th, with Saturn, ...at 3 in the morning
14th, ... Mars, ...11 .....
19th, ... β in Capricorn, ... 5 in the afternoon
28th, ... ♉ in Aries..... 3 in the morning.

Georgium Sidus will be in opposition at 5 in the morning of the 15th of this month. The other phenomena are not remarkable.

Few subjects present more beauty, or greater variety, to those who are permitted to gaze on the Ganges or the Nile, to tread the wilds of Siberia, or recline in the groves of Italy, or to bask in the sunshine of the tropical regions, than the departure of day, which is forcibly sketched in the following extract.

SUNSET *in different* CLIMES.

[From Howison's Foreign Scenes.]

'Sunrise, Sunset, and Moonlight, constitute some of the most interesting modifications of ocean-scenery. The first, however, seldom displays much beauty or variety; for at a distance from land the great luminary in general emerges upon an unclouded horizon, and therefore nothing but a glare of light attends his appearance on the brow of the morning. With Sunset it is quite the reverse: in almost every dissimilar climate and different sea, the celestial phenomena that accompany the departure of day vary in their character, and assume different aspects. I am far from thinking that Sunset, as seen at sea, can ever equal what it is on shore, where mountains, vallies, forests, rivers, and ruins, clad in the glorious investments of evening, and mutually heightening the individual effect of each other, dazzle the eyes and mind of the beholder, and make the scene excite emotions as numerous and diversified as the objects that compose it; but in the midst of the ocean, the exhibition has a more abstract kind of magnificence, and, from the absence of all terrestrial features and associations, more ideality.

'Perhaps the finest Sunsets of any take place in the West India seas during the rainy season. In the morning the horizon is encircled with a range of clouds, the masses of which gradually increase till noon: they then become motionless and unchanging, and float indolently in the overpowering fervour of day; but when the Sun has declined considerably, new masses start up from the place at which he will

set, as if to prepare for his reception. After he sinks behind them, he remains for a little time completely shrouded; but the obscuring volumes are at length divided by a chasm, through which a magnificent burst of splendour flashes forth with startling rapidity: every flake now rolls away from before him, and his orb, dilated into glorious magnitude, pouring floods of golden light, and sublimely curtained with clouds of the most dazzling tints, throws a parting smile upon the ocean, whose mirrored bosom placidly receives the radiant gift, and reflects back the whole celestial pageantry with a chaste and tempering mellowness. But as the moment of dipping approaches, the Sun's glare falls unequally upon the gigantic clouds, and lights them with gorgeous dyes on one side, while they remain black, portentous, and pregnant with thunder on the other, and seem to await, with lurid impatience, the time when their controlling luminary will disappear, and leave them to burst into tempest, and discharge their pent-up wrath upon the bosom of night; at last he sinks below the horizon, and darkness almost instantaneously involves both ocean and sky.

'Sunset, as seen in the Southern Atlantic, has a more sober magnificence than in the West Indian seas. The clouds are equally brilliant in colour, but are less fantastically arranged; the light is nearly as vivid, but has not the tropical glare and fierceness just described; and the reflection upon the sea is quite as beautiful, but not so dazzling and extensive.

'The most lovely and impressive Sunset I ever witnessed, took place at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where the river is thirty miles wide. I was on board ship, and we lay in the middle of the majestic stream, the surface of which was perfectly calm, and apparently without current. Several vessels had anchored within a mile of our station; and the sound of voices and the rattling of cordage, which occasionally proceeded from them, were the only vibrations that agi-

tated the air. A number of belugas, or white whales, sported silently on the still expanse around us, raising their backs gradually above it, in the form of a snowy crescent, and then gliding downwards with graceful smoothness and elegance. On one side, the dreary coast of Labrador, lightened by the glow of Sunset into an appearance of richness and verdure, occupied the horizon; and on the other the barren mountains of the American coast were dimly visible. Before us we traced the windings of the St. Lawrence, and saw them studded with islands, and narrowing into more intense beauty, until they were lost amidst the recesses of accumulated hills and forests. The Sun was setting serenely on a land of peace—a land which was calling the children of misery to her bosom, and offering them the laughing joys of ease and plenty. We were in the midst of the most magnificent of Nature's works, these appearing still more magnificent, from our having seen nothing but ocean and sky for many preceding weeks. We had just entered the gates of a new world, and it was impossible to view the glorious Sunset which illumed its skies, without mingled emotions of awe, gratitude, and exultation.

'Sunset in the East Indies is as deficient in grandeur, gloriousness, and impressive magnificence, as is the country in which it takes place. The horizon is usually cloudless, and the Sun, even when about to disappear, emits a glare and heat nearly as concentrated and scorching as he does at noonday: he is not encircled with orient colours and fanciful forms, nor tempered by kindly vapours, but descends in all the unadorned and unattractive simplicity that characterises the face of Nature in the eastern tropics.

'But where, after all, shall we find Sunsets equal to British ones? where such serenely beautiful horizons—such rich and varied dyes—such mellowness of light—such objects to be irradiated by it—and evenings so happily adapted for contemplating them? The

mixture of fierceness and gloom in a West India Sunset, call to mind the coarseness of the people there, and the implacable deadliness of the climate; the milder glories of one in the Southern Atlantic, can be enjoyed at sea only, where every thing else is unpleasing; the effect of a similar scene in America is injured by want of objects of antiquity, and of the lofty associations connected with them; and in India, the tropical glare attending the departure of day, forces us to imprison ourselves while it is taking place, and to remember that we are in exile. A British Sunset alone excites no regretful ideas: its placid beauty is heightened by that of the scenery which it embellishes; while the quiet imagery of its horizon, and the softness of the succeeding twilight, are characteristic of the undisturbed peace and domestic happiness that have their dwelling-place in that land upon which the shadows of night always steal softly and unobtrusively.'

This subject we thus close with the views of the poet:—

EVENING.

Low sinks the Sun towards yon craggy ridge
Of distant hills, between whose forky heads
The glittering sky is tinged with glowing red;
The tranquil sea, which, but an hour agone
Tossed wave on wave, seems to participate
With general nature in desire of rest.
The lingering gale just feebly moves the leaves
With whispering sound, that lulls, not startles us—
A soothing, sweet persuasive to repose.
The fields are still—the voice of toil subsides—
The bee's soft hum expires—the beetle's drone
Supplies its place, as, whirling blindly round,
He intersects the pensive student's path.
A lagging gull, or weary rook, is seen
Winnowing the air, detained by distant search
For food. All else is hushed; even man,
Most restless of creation, hears the call
Which nature makes, to feed the lamp of life.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JULY 1826.

[From the Legend of Genevieve, and other Poems[1].]

The splendid matin Sun
Is mounted upward through the orient skies;
The young day is begun,
And shadowy twilight from the landscape flies.

No more the grey owls roam,
Seeking their prey 'mid duskiness and shade;
The bat hath hied him home,
And in some creviced pile a resting made.

Haste, then, my love, oh! haste;
The dews are melting from the fresh green grass:
Arise—no longer waste
The pleasant hours, that thus so sweetly pass.

The frolic hare peeps out,
Out from his leafy covert, and looks round;
The wild birds flit about,
And fill the clear soft air with gentlest sound.

Come, love! of softest blue,
Beneath the bordering trees, the stream flows on;
The night-hawk thou may'st view,
Sitting in stirless silence on his stone.

The lark soars up, soars up,
With twinkling pinions, to salute the morn;
Over its foxglove cup
The wild bee hangs, winding its tiny horn.

Bright flowers of every dye,
Blossoms of odours sweet are breathing round;

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[1] The 'other Poems' form the greater portion of this highly attractive and elegantly printed volume. The poetry of the author (the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine) is the warm effusion of a susceptible heart, rather than a fanciful head, yet he looks abroad, and sees every object around him with a poet's eye, painting the scenes before him in picturesque beauty: but this is not his highest praise; for we may parody the words of Pope, and say of him, that

> Although his heart was warm, his fancy strong,
> He stooped to truth and moralized his song.

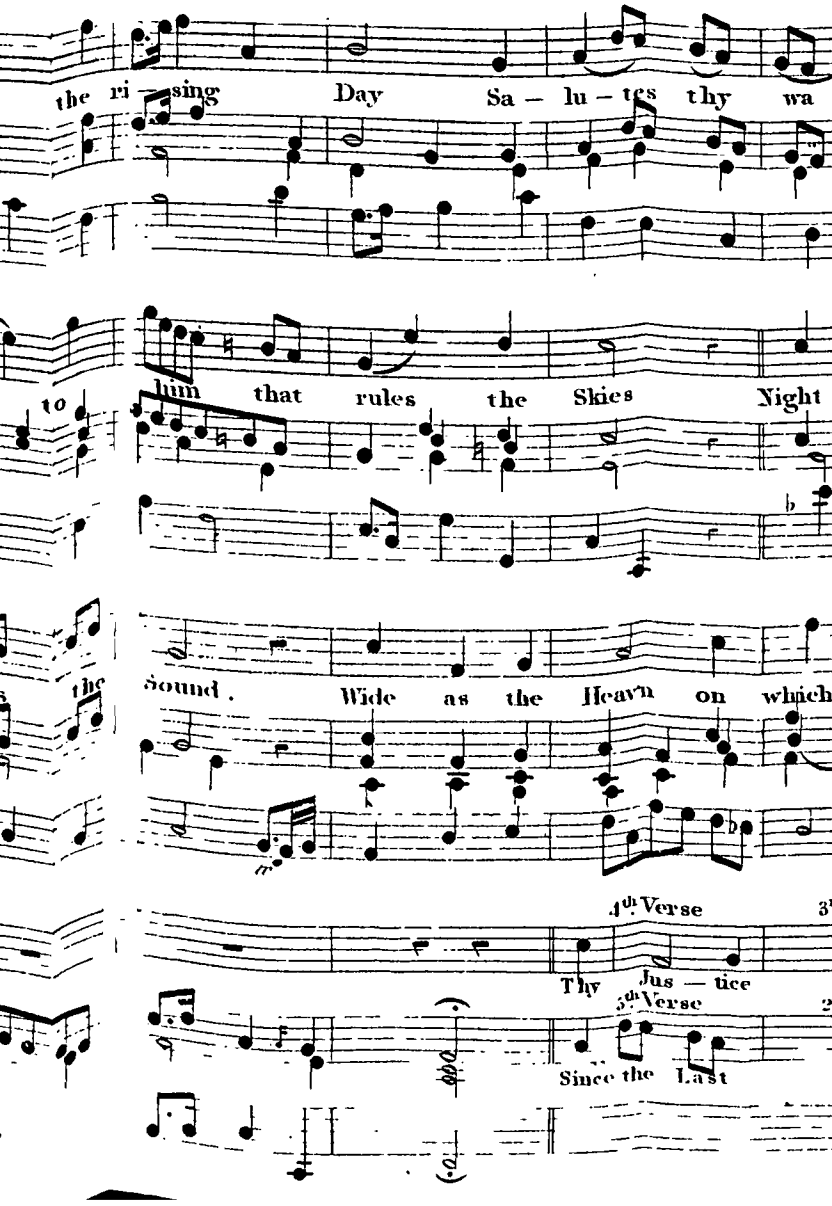
Our author's muse loves like a Sappho, in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn;' *but always with a delicacy and a virgin purity, worthy of a vestal.*

The west wind wanders by,
And, kissing, bends their lithe stalks to the ground.
All things of bliss, and love,
And gentleness, and harmony proclaim;
Echo, from out the grove,
Murmurs, as I repeat thy dear-loved name.
Haste, then, beloved, haste;
Come to these cooling shades, and wander free:
My spirit will not taste
Earth's cup of joy till first 'tis kissed by thee!

How delightful is the morning ramble at this season, before the great heats begin! how grand a spectacle is the 'uprising of the King of Day!' but how few know any thing of his splendour, but in the description of the poets. Let us not, then, consume in sleep those hours which might have been usefully devoted to study or recreation,—to an acquaintance with the beauties and wonders of Nature; and, above all, to the offering up of our morning devotions at the shrine of NATURE'S GOD: and how can we better express our gratitude to the 'Great Giver of all Good,' than in the 'Morning Song by Dr. Watts,' which has been set to music expressly for our work by Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, to whose unsolicited kindness we are indebted for the beautiful melody which accompanies the following words.

A MORNING SONG.

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays,
On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But Mercy held thine hand.

ING SONG, BY DR. WATTS. SET TO MUSIC BY SAMUEL W

the ri — sing Day Sa — lu — tes thy wa
to him that rules the Skies Night
the sound. Wide as the Heavn on which
4th Verse
Thy Jus — tice
5th Verse
Since the Last

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

We subjoin another 'Morning Hymn' by a living author, whose 'Sacred Poems' possess great merit.

Again we hail the golden light—the dawn
Now breaks from purple clouds on grove and lawn;
Leave we our couches, let the morning rays
Shining behold our gratitude and praise.

The glittering chariots of the night
Have fled, and lovely Morn again
Looks from her throne of lucid light,
And reassumes her fragrant reign.
Touched by her hand, the clouds that rolled
In gloom sublime, now brightly beam,
And seem a sheet of liquid gold
When viewed in some soft murmuring stream.
Thou Lord of Light, Thou God supreme,
Once more we seek on bended knee,
At Morning's first returning beam,
To breathe our hymns of praise to Thee.

The flowers that late all hung as dead,
Faint, and oppressed with Nature's dew,
Now meet the beam profusely shed,
Revive, and blush a lovelier hue.
Where thick the forest's branches wreathe,
And feathered songster dwelleth there,
Waked by the ray they grateful breathe
In melody to Thee their prayer.
Then, Lord of Light, and God supreme,
Let man seek now on bended knee,
At Morning's first returning beam,
To breathe his hymns of praise to Thee.

All is vigour and activity in the vegetable kingdom in this month, and the most patient observer of Nature is almost bewildered by the countless profusion of interesting objects. The *garden* affords many gay inmates, as lilies, pinks, carnations; and marigolds, and poppies of various colours, which are now in blossom. Speedwell (*Veronica*) is in perfection;

and when there are two varieties of it, the towering alternate spikes of white and purple form a pretty contrast with the deep yellow of the lofty great flowering *Solidago*, or golden rod; both plants being highly ornamental to garden borders. Towards the middle of the month, the spiked willow, hyssop, and the bell-flower (*Campanula*), have their flowers full blown. The virginian sumach now exhibits its scarlet tufts of flowers upon its bright green circles of leaves. The berries of the mountain ash turn red. Lavender and jessamine are now in blossom.

The scarlet lychnis is in bloom, and, with its rich coronets of flowers growing on a tall slender stem, adds greatly to the beauty of the garden. Among the flowers of summer, we must not forget to mention the evening primrose (*Œnothera biennis*). This plant bears its primrose-coloured flowers on branches of three or four feet in height, and hence it is called the tree-primrose, or evening star, because the flowers regularly burst open and expand in the evening, between six and seven o'clock.

To the EVENING PRIMROSE.

Fair flow'r, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober grey
Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering, owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
In friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
E'en in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

BARTON's *Poetic Vigils.*

As summer advances, the vocal music of the groves is lessened, and in this month may be said to cease altogether—if we except the chirping of the wren and two or three small birds. The yellow hammer *(Emberiza citrinella)* forms its nest and lays its eggs very late in the year, it being quite the end of June, or the beginning of July, before any number of them are found: the eggs are to be distinguished from those of every other bird by their being figured with irregular hair-like scratches, as if marked with a pen; so much so, that, in the midland counties, this bird is called the 'scribbling or writing lark.' I have seen this bird (says our Huntingdonshire correspondent) on the grass-plot in my garden in a hard frost, in winter. Some curious particulars of the yellow hammer may be seen in our last volume, p. 196.

The beautiful but evanescent flowers of the *convolvulus* are now open; they live but for a day, opening their cups in the morning, and at sunset closing them for ever. This, on account of the profusion of buds, is not generally noticed, and numberless successors take off our attention from the flower which 'has lived its little day,' and is now no more. How beautiful and affecting an emblem of human life does this simple convolvulus present to us!—The gay, the young, whose existence has seemed but a day, are cut off, and others, equally gay and equally mortal,

occupy their places; and the remembrance of them is quickly dissipated by the attractions of their successors, who, perhaps, like them, are doomed early to submit to the common lot of humanity:

Days on years thus hurry by,
And of the varying present mar or make
A gloom or bliss in Man's eternity:
Suns rise—ascend—set—darken—and we die,
The dewdrops of a morning, in whose glass
All things look sparklingly;—alas! where I
Now stand, in how brief time shall others pass,
Nor heed nor see the blade whereon my moisture was.

E'en as yon flower with hyacinthine bells
Playful as light, which shivered by my tread,
Is turned to dust and darkness—to all else
It is as though it was not; swiftly sped
Spoil o'er its bruised buds which blossomed
A blending of all sweetnesses—what now?—
A few years hence, and over this bent head,
Dashing all life and gladness from the brow,
The scythe of Time shall pass, and Ruin's silent plough.

WIFFEN's *Aonian Hours.*

Towards the close of the month, the splendid fringed water-lily (*Menyanthes Nymphöides*) is seen on the slow-flowing rivers and on ponds. When the fructification of this wonderful plant is completed, the stem, which rose many feet in order to support the flower above the surface of the water, sinks considerably beneath it, and there remains till the next season of flowering, when it again resumes its annual task.

Roses now lose their beauty, and it is with regret we see their fragrant petals scattered beneath our feet.

The ROSE.

The rose of the summer is gone,
The fairest and loveliest one,
Of mortals an emblem how true!
While the leaves are yet lying
All under the tree where it grew,
As if sweetest in dying,
Their odour would waft not away
With the sigh that it breathed in decay.

Alas! if the brightest of eye
And the warmest of hearts are to die;
If all we love truest and best,
Whom in absence we cherish,
Shall go to the home of their rest;
Like those roses that perish,
Their memory will cast a perfume
O'er the silence and night of the tomb.

Lamented through many a long year,
If time can e'er hallow the tear
That fond recollection will give
For those we adore so,
Shall their virtue direct us to live,
And cease to deplore so;
For they know neither sorrow nor pain
In the land where we soon meet again.

New Monthly Magazine.

The enchanter's nightshade; the Yorkshire sanicle; the water horehound or gypsy wort; the great cat's tail, or reed mace; the common nettle; goose grass; solanum (dulcamara and nigrum); the belladonna; asparagus and some species of rumex; with buck-wheat, and a variety of other plants, may be almost said to bloom, fade, and die, within the present month.

The *fields* now glow with every hue and shade of colorific radiance, the several species of *Lychnis, Cerastium,* and *Spergula,* contributing their share of beauty to animate this delightful scene.— *Insects* now take the place of the feathered tribe, and, being for the most part hatched in the spring, they are now in full vigour. The *bee,* the universal theme of admiration for its ceaseless industry, *volant de fleur en fleur,* in search of its nectared sweets, is an object of peculiar interest,—and reads a useful lesson to the idler, and the lover of the *precieux far niente*—a 'besetting sin' not easily to be shaken off by those who are not compelled to gain their living by that greatest of all boons ever granted to man—*daily toil and occupation.* The roamings of the 'admirable bee' are thus beautifully described in PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel:*—

When prolific smiles the summer sun
Casts on the teeming earth, th' aculeate bees
A winged army send to roam the woods,
The lawns, and groves, that all their blooming pomp
Proudly to the young morning's eye display.
The lily of the vale, the damask rose,
Whose virgin blushes are fair Flora's pride,
The balmy woodbine, purple hyacinth,
The sweet narcissus washed in golden dew,
The yellow primrose, the carnation red,
The violet blue, and July's crimson flower,
With all the gay and painted tribes that deck
Th' enamelled field, heath, moor, and mountain wild,
Alike of their delicious sweets are robbed
By th' industrious horde, who to their waxen cells
Return ere sunset, loaded rich with spoils.

The larvæ of that large fine and rare species, the *Sphinx atropos*, or death's-head hawk-moth, should be sought for in the evenings of this month. They always feed upon potatoes, artfully concealing themselves in the daytime on those parts of the stems of the plants which are best covered with over-shadowing leaves. These larvæ are very scarce in some years; they were, however, plentiful in 1808, 1809, and 1825. The following is the method recommended by Mr. SAMOUELLE, of rearing the larvæ to their perfect state. As the larvæ appeared to be about to change to the pupa state, they were placed in common garden pots, filled with mould; they immediately began to burrow in the earth, and in about half an hour were completely hidden from view. Conceiving that the earth should be kept moist, the pot was placed in a pan of water, the same as used for plants, and replenished as often as required: water was also sparingly sprinkled on the surface, when it was completely dried. To prevent the escape of the insects, when in the perfect state, two pieces of cane were procured, tied in the centre in the form of a cross, and then bent to an arch; the ends of the cane were placed within the pot, and formed a frame, which was covered with gauze, that gave ample room for the wings of

the insect to expand and dry, upon its appearance, which took place the latter end of October. Upon searching for the shell of the pupa, it was observed that the larva had formed a nest about the size of a pullet's egg, which was delicately lined with silk, and enabled the pupa to twist and move freely. As the insect is frequently found by persons employed to dig for potatoes, we would suggest the forming of artificial cells in garden pots, as before observed, and covering them with moss, which should be occasionally sprinkled with water.—*Scientific Gazette*, No. 8.

We cannot take leave of the insectile visiters of July without noticing a monthly work on *British Insects*, which possesses strong claims to the notice and the patronage of the lover of this interesting portion of the natural history of our country; it is entitled 'BRITISH ENTOMOLOGY; or Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland; containing *coloured figures from Nature* of the most rare and beautiful Species, and of the *Plants* upon which they are found. By JOHN CURTIS, F.L.S.' This work, at once valuable to the man of science, and pleasing to the man of taste, contains figures of many Species of British insects never before published, as well as the most accurate and beautiful *dissections* of each object; an advantage *peculiar* to this interesting and useful publication. The *delineation of the plant* upon which the insect is found, we consider an extremely valuable addition to Mr. Curtis's British Entomology—a work which reflects the highest credit upon the ingenious author, and offers, even to foreigners, a compendium of science and accuracy, with which no other publication on the subject can at all compete.

The unusual heats experienced in July 1825, were extremely favourable to the wheat crops; but being unaccompanied with rain, were more or less injurious to every other. The pastures were burnt up, in a manner almost unprecedented, and there was every appearance that cattle-food would be scarce. The hay harvest, however, throughout the country was excellent; and the copious rains of August and September contributed, in a great measure, to restore the herbage, and to afford some promise of lattermath. Vegetables were bad and dear; and round Paris,

every thing was burnt up but the artichoke; and so scarce were the culinary productions of France, that it became a good speculation to bring turnips and potatoes from Holland, a circumstance that had not occurred since the time of Louis XIV. In England, more *wheat* was cut in July 1825, than, in 1816, was reaped by the middle of September.

The various tints of green which have been so refreshing to the eye, now lose half their verdant beauty, the insect tribe having commenced their devastations; and we regret to see our trim hedges displaying their net-work leaves in the place of that fresh unspotted foliage which, a short time since, administered so much pleasure to our visual organs; but although deprived, in this month, of many of the exquisite beauties of Flora, her sister-goddess Pomona offers, with liberal hand, her cooling fruits:—the juicy gooseberry, the liquid currant, the rich raspberry, and the substantial cherry, all contend for our preference.

As we commenced our Diary with a *Morning Hymn* by Mr. Ryan, an EVENING HYMN by the same author will form an appropriate conclusion to the observations of this month.

Praise ye the Lord in plenitude of soul,
While worlds of light unnumbered o'er us roll;
While moonbeams silver o'er each forest dim,
Breathe we to the Lord our Evening Hymn.
Oh! Thou, who shak'st the Sun to shine,
And glad this wide Earth with his rays;
We, trembling, seek thy grace divine,
And prostrate breathe our heartfelt praise.
To Thee, in gratitude, once more
We turn, and, trembling, own Thy power;
Muse on Thy works, and still adore
Thy name at Eve's returning hour.

For us the Sun each passing year
Guides his bright chariot through the sky;
And when he sinks, the moonlight clear,
By Thee ordained, then shines on high.

For us the Planets lend their light,
Darting to Earth their silv'ry rays;
Yet whisp'ring, 'mid the gloom of night,
A grateful pray'r, a Hymn of Praise.
Oh! then in gratitude once more,
We, trembling, own Thy mighty pow'r;
Muse on Thy works, and still adore
Thy name at Eve's returning hour.

For us the summer's genial heat
Makes ev'ry Tree profuse unfold
Its Fruits, while, blushing at our feet,
Are spring-flow'rs formed in beauty's mould.
For us, on sun-bright, dazzling wing,
The feathered warblers meet our gaze,
Float through the air, and grateful sing
A Hymn of Gratitude and Praise.
Oh! then in gratitude once more
We turn, and, trembling, own Thy power;
Muse on Thy works, and still adore
Thy name at Eve's returning hour.

AUGUST.

THIS month, called *Sextilis*, the sixth of the Romulean year, took its name from the place in which it stood; it received the name of *Augustus* in honour of Augustus, who, in this month, obtained the consulate before the time generally prescribed, and who triumphed thrice over Egypt. Its tutelar divinity was *Ceres*. The sign of this month is *Virgo*.

Remarkable Days

In AUGUST 1826.

1.—LAMMAS DAY.

THIS was anciently *loaf mass*, it being customary for the Saxons to offer an oblation of new bread on this day, as the first fruits of the harvest.—On *Lammas Towers*, see our last volume, p. 208.

*2. 1825.—EARTHQUAKE AT BELIDA.

On this day, a violent earthquake was felt at Al-

giers. It did no damage; but the inhabitants were so alarmed, that many families fled into the country, and took refuge under tents. The effects were much more dreadful ten leagues from Algiers, the earthquake having destroyed the town of Belida, and swallowed up half the inhabitants, 6,000 persons being buried under the ruins. Colea and Mascura suffered the same fate within the last twenty years.

*2. 1704.—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the honour of the British arms was raised to an amazing height, particularly by the *Duke of Marlborough*, who humbled the pride of France, and firmly established the power of Austria in the battles of *Blenheim, Ramillies*, &c. The former of these engagements took place on the above day, when ten thousand of Bavarian and French troops were left dead on the field, and thirteen thousand made prisoners. The Duke of Marlborough distinguished himself by acts of the greatest bravery, riding from rank to rank, in the very heat of the engagement, and giving his orders with that coolness of mind and deliberation so peculiar to his character.

6.—TRANSFIGURATION.

This festival, in remembrance of our Lord's transfiguration on the mount, was instituted by Pope Calixtus in 1455.

7.—NAME OF JESUS.

This day, previously to the reformation, was assigned to Donatus; our reformers gave it its present appropriation.

10.—SAINT LAWRENCE.

Saint Lawrence was by birth a Spaniard, and flourished about the middle of the third century. He was laid upon a gridiron, and broiled till he died, August 10th, 258. While he was thus broiling, the martyrologists tell us, that he called out to the em-

peror Valerian, who was present, in an extemporaneous Latin distich, which has been thus translated:

This side enough is toasted,
Then turn me, tyrant, and eat;
And see, whether raw or roasted,
I am the better meat.

12. 1762.—KING GEORGE IV BORN.

*12. 1825.—CAPT. J. D. COCHRANE, R.N., DIED.

He was the author of 'A Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamstchatka; performed during the Years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, two vols. post 8vo, with charts and plates'—a *Third Edition* of which has been lately published; and of '*A Journal of a Residence in Colombia*,' from which some interesting extracts are given in the present volume. Captain Cochrane died in Colombia.

15.—ASSUMPTION OF B. V. M.

This is a festival in the Greek and Romish churches in honour of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven.—See an account of a splendid pageant formerly exhibited at Dieppe in honour of this day, in T. T. for 1823, pp. 224-227.

Plays, to celebrate the Assumption, were acted in the nave of the *church* in England, so late as the year 1483.

24.—SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

This apostle translated St. Matthew's Gospel into the Indian language, and propagated it in that part of the world. He is generally supposed to have been beheaded.

A curious custom on St. Bartholomew's Eve is recorded by Stow in his 'Annals,' A.D. 1555. 'The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, on Bartholomew Even, after they had ridden about St. Barthol. Fair, they came to X^ts^ Hospital, within Newgate, where they heard a Disputation between the Scholars of Paul's School, St. Anthonie's School, and

the Scholars of the said Hospital, for whom were provided *three pens;* the best pen of silver and gilt at ii^{s} won by a Scholler of St. Anthonie's School, and the Master of that School had vi^{s} viii^{d}, &c.'—Poor Robin, in his Almanack for 1684, says—'We predict by the stars a great number of *roasted piggs* at Bartholomew Fair;—and such ladies as "long for pig," are desired to repair to Smithfield, where, says our humorous calendarist, 'There's choice for rich or poor.'

*24. 1572.—MASSACRE OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

This horrid carnage commenced at Paris on this day, by the secret orders of Charles IX, King of France, at the instigation of the Queen Dowager of Medici. About day-break, says Thuanus, upon the toll of the bell of the church of St. Germain, the butchery began. Coligni, admiral of France, was basely murdered in his own house, and then thrown out of the window, to gratify the malice of the Duke of Guise: his head was afterwards cut off, and sent to the king and queen-mother; and his body, after a thousand indignities offered to it, hung up by the feet on a gibbet. After this, the murderers ravaged the whole city of Paris, and butchered in three days above TEN THOUSAND *lords, gentlemen, presidents, and people of all ranks.* A horrible scene of things, says Thuanus, when the very streets and passages resounded with the noise of those that met together for murder and plunder: the groans of those who were dying, and the shrieks of such as were just going to be butchered, were every where heard; the bodies of the slain thrown out of the windows; the courts and chambers of the houses filled with them; the dead bodies of others dragged through the streets, their blood running down the channels in such plenty, that torrents seemed to empty themselves in the neighbouring river; and, in a word, an innumerable multitude of men, pregnant women, maidens, and children, were all involved in one common destruction, and the gates and entrances of the king's palace besmeared with their blood.

From the city of Paris the massacre spread almost throughout the whole kingdom. In the city of Meaux they threw above two hundred into jail; and after they had ill-treated and killed a great number of women, and plundered the houses of the Protestants, they exercised their fury on those they had imprisoned, and calling them out one by one, they were killed, as Thuanus expresses it, like sheep in a market; the bodies of some were flung into ditches, and of others into the river Maine. In Orleans, they murdered above five hundred men, women, and children, and enriched themselves with their spoil. The same cruelties were practised at Angers, Troyes, Bourges, La Charité, and especially

at Lyons, where they inhumanly destroyed above eight hundred Protestants; children hanging on their parents' necks; parents embracing their children; putting ropes about the necks of some, dragging them through the streets, and throwing them, mangled, torn, and half dead, into the river.

It would be endless to mention the butcheries committed at Valence, Romaine, Rouen, &c. We shall therefore only add, that, according to Thuanus, above *thirty thousand* Protestants were destroyed in this massacre; or, as others with greater probability affirm, above ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

In the words of Job, chap. iii, ver. 3, &c. we would say, '*Let that day perish; and let it not be joined unto the days of the year. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it,*' &c. And yet, as though this had been the most heroic transaction, and could have procured immortal glory to the authors of it, *medals were struck at Paris in honour of it.*

But how was the news of this butchery received at Rome, that faithful city, that holy mother of churches! How did the vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, and the father of the Christian world, hear it? Let Thuanus tell the horrid truth. When the news, says he, came to Rome, it was wonderful to see how they exulted for joy. On the 6th of September, when the letters of the pope's legate were read in the assembly of the cardinals, by which he assured the pope that all was transacted by the express will and command of the king, it was immediately decreed that the pope should march with his cardinals to the church of St. Mark, and in the most solemn manner give thanks to God for so great a blessing conferred on the see of Rome and the Christian world; and that, on the Monday after, solemn mass should be celebrated in the church of Minerva, at which the pope, Gregory XIII, and cardinals, were present; and that a jubilee should be published throughout the whole Christian world, and the cause of it declared to be, to return thanks to God for the extirpation of the enemies of the truth and church in France. In the evening, the cannon of St. Angelo were fired, to testify the public joy; the whole city was illuminated with bonfires; and no one sign of rejoicing omitted that was usually made for the greatest victories obtained in favour of the Roman church.—See the '*Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Great,*' 2 vols. for a fuller account of this horrid massacre.

28.—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine was the most voluminous writer of all the Fathers. He was born in the year 354; in 391 was chosen Bishop of Hippo; and died in 430, at the age of 76. For accounts of the life of Augustine, and of his numerous writings, consult *Cave, Dupin,* and *Milner.* Mosheim says, 'he possessed

a sublime genius, an indefatigable application, an invincible patience, a sincere piety, and a subtle and lively wit.'

29.—JOHN BAPTIST BEHEADED.

This day was formerly denominated *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptistæ;* or the feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics. His nativity is celebrated on the 24th of June, which see. Consult also T. T. for 1823, p. 234.

Under this day, it may be observed, with reference to *Baptism*, that 'the ancients had a solemne time of giving names equivalent to our christenings; and those taken, very probably, from the custom of circumcision among the *Jews*, received also by several other nations. Thus we find in Alexander ab. Alex., Varro, and others, that 'twas the custom among all civilized nations to give the name on a certain day, the seventh, eighth, ninth, or tenth, according to the manner of the place; and that this was always performed with great solemnity, and, among the Greeks, with feasts and sacrifices.'—*Athenian Mercury, Feb.* 5, 169½.

*AUG. 1625.—DIORAMA AT AMIENS.

In Dr. Heylin's account of the Church of Nôtre Dame at Amiens, is the following description of a contrivance, designed to have something like the effect of the modern Diorama.—'In the *massing closet*, over the altar, (he observes) there was hanged a tablet, which, by the many lines and shadows drawn on it, seemed to represent some piece of building. Moving my hand towards my eye, in the nature and kind of a perspective glass, I perceived it to be the representation of that church wherein I stood to see it, and it was done with that cunning, that it would almost have persuaded a man out of himself, and made him believe that he had been in the churchyard; so perfectly did it show the majesty of the *Front*, the beauty of the *Iles*, the number of the *Pillars*, and the glory of the *Quire;* a kind of work, in my opinion,

of all others the most excellent, and such as would infinitely delight an *Optick*. Had not such pieces been vulgar to me, it had more affected me: but in the gallery of Mr. Crane at Cambridge, once belonging to that humorous physician, Mr. Butler, and in that of Sir Noel Caron, late *Leiger* for the *States*, at Lambeth, I had seen divers of them, whereof some perfecter.'—*France painted to the Life by an able and impartial Hand*, 12mo, 1656, cited in the SCIENTIFIC GAZETTE, No. 8, p. 105.

Astronomical Occurrences

In AUGUST 1826.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting Sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Ev'n in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departing soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies. WILSON.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Virgo at 2 m. after 6 in the evening of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following table: For other days, see the preceding months.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day:

August 1st,	Sun rises	19 m. after	4.	Sets 41 m. after	7
6th,		27	4	38	7
11th,		35	4	25	7
16th,		44	4	16	7
21st,		53	4	7	7
26th,		2	5	58	6
31st,		12	5	48	6

Equation of Time.

The best way of regulating a clock, for such as have not the means of making observations on the heavenly bodies, is to observe when it is exactly 12 o'clock by a good sun-dial, and then to correct this for the equation of time, according to the following table, and the preceding observations.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday, August 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	5	58
Sunday, ... 6th,	.....	5	35
Friday, ... 11th,	.....	4	57
Wednesday, ... 16th,	.....	4	4
Monday, ... 21st,	.....	2	58
Saturday, ... 26th,	.....	1	40
Thursday, ... 31st,	.....	0	14

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon.....	3d	day, at 21 m.	after 7	in the evening
First Quarter	10th	14	6	.....
Full Moon	17th	14	5	in the afternoon
Last Quarter...	25th	9	3	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following times during this month will afford opportunities for observations on the Moon's transit, should the weather prove favourable.

August 11th, at	36 m.	after 6	in the evening
12th, ...	34	7	.....
13th, ...	33	8	.....
14th, ...	30	9	.....
15th, ...	25	10	.....
16th, ...	17	11	.....
24th, ...	38	4	in the morning
25th, ...	25	5	.....
26th, ...	13	6	.....
27th, ..	3	7	.....
28th, ...	57	7	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

As the time of full tide at London Bridge varies, it is given in the following table for every fifth day

of the month, and may be found for other days, as well as for other places, by the directions already given.

TABLE.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
August 1st, at	0 m. after 0	17 m. after 0
6th, ..	38 3	53 3
11th, ..	23 7	57 7
16th, ..	46 0	23 1
21st, ..	2 4	19 4
26th, ..	29 7	0 8
31st, ...	18 0	47 0

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

As the nights now begin to close in earlier, and this planet continues to approach the earth, her brightness increases. The proportion of her phases is,

August 1st, { Illuminated part 9 230
Dark part..... 2 770

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

As Jupiter now approaches so near the Sun, none of the eclipses of his satellites will be visible this month, though there will be nearly twenty of the first and second of these small bodies.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

August 11th, with Mars ..... at 2 in the morning
16th, ... β in Capricorn .. 1 .....
24th, ... δ in Aries.....11 .....

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 1st of this month; he will also be stationary on the 16th, and in his inferior conjunction at 15 m. past 2 on the 30th. Venus and Jupiter will be in conjunction with each other at 39 m. after 8 in the morning of the 1st; at which time the former will be 1¼ north of the latter. Mars will also be in quadrature at 5 in the morning of the 22d.

The Chinese divide their zodiac into *twenty-four* parts, instead of twelve, to which they apply charac-

ters and names descriptive of the weather in their climate at the different periods; and as all that relates to that singular people now possesses an increasing interest, we shall insert their divisions, with the corresponding terms adopted by Europeans.

Aquarius	*Ta-han*, great cold.
	Leih-chun, commencement of Spring.
Pisces	*Yu-shwuy*, rain water.
	King-chih, rousing the torpid insects.
Aries	*Chun-fun*, vernal equinox.
	Tsing-ming, clear bright weather.
Taurus	*Kuh-yu*, great rain.
	Leih-hea, commencement of Summer.
Gemini	*Seaou-man*, a little full, referring to grain.
	Mang-chung, bearded grain.
Cancer	*Hea-che*, summer solstice.
	Seaou-shoo, a little heat.
Leo	*Ta-shoo*, great heat.
	Leih-tsew, commencement of autumn.
Virgo	*Choo-shoo*, repressed heat
	Pih-loo, white dew.
Libra	*Tsew-fun*, autumnal equinox.
	Han-loo, cold dew.
Scorpio	*Shwang-heang*, hoar frost descending.
	Leih-tung, commencement of winter.
Sagittarius ...	*Seaou-seue*, a little snow.
	Ta-seue, great snow.
Capricorn	*Tung-che*, winter solstice.
	Seaou-han, a little cold.

The following poetical effusion is peculiarly applicable to many of the calm nights of this month:—

SONG *of the* STARS *to the* EARTH.

[From the German of Stolberg.]

Sweet be thy slumbers, sister dear,
Upon thy odour-scented bed;
Repose in peace until thou hear
The voice of Morning widely spread.

Then may'st thou wake all fresh and gay,
Adorned with tints of rosy light;
And, 'mid thy rest, may no rude sway
Of sudden storms thy beauty blight!

May no wild winds with furious wing
To rend thy lovely locks conspire;
Nor high the waves of Ocean fling,
With discord hoarse to glut their ire,

And drown the gentle, soothing sound
That rises from the heaving main;
And may no thunders burst around,
From Etna's womb, to blast the plain:

And may the winged lightnings sleep
Upon the high Alps' darksome breast;
While now through air reigns silence deep,
O Sister dear, to aid thy rest.

No clouds now intervene to hide
From us thy beauty, planet fair;
No vapours dim are seen to glide
Athwart the tranquil void of air.

Now do the mild Moon's lovely beams
Upon thine orb delight to play;
And swift shall fly the hours, till gleams
Of new-born light restore the day.

O may thy children all partake
The slumbers of this silent hour!
While those who may their couch forsake,
Tossed by relentless sorrow's pow'r,

The Moon shall soothe;—her mild regard
Hath often solaced the distressed;
For when the storm of grief blows hard,
Her gentle influence calms the breast.

Those now who sail the faithless sea,
In silver leading-strings we'll guide
Through the dark night, from danger free
Of rapid whirlpool's giddy tide.

Nor quicksands, shoal, nor hidden rock,
Shall wound the swiftly-gliding keel;
While we keep watch, no sudden shock
From wind or wave the bark shall feel.

Then sweetly slumber, Sister dear,
Upon thy odour-scented bed;
Calm be thy sleep, till thou shalt hear
The voice of Morning widely spread.

The calmness of these evenings, however, is sometimes interrupted by a transient storm, which is thus described by the poet:—

The midnight tempest walks abroad
Muffled in pall of deepest Stygian woof;
Wild devastation marks the path it treads,
While tumbling turrets, rocks, and mountain pines
Before it bow their heads, and fall to earth.

The rumbling thunders gender in its womb,
And send their bright forerunners round the skies
To singe the raven locks of frighted Night,
And lift the cloak of darkness up, to show,
By fitful glimpses, to the trembling world
The wreckful terrors of the howling storm,
That madly mingles ocean with the clouds,
And scares the savage wanderers of the gloom
Back to the shelter in their delved caves:
But soon looks rosy forth the smiling Morn,
And with her radiant finger calms the roar,
And lays the piping winds and waves to sleep.

PENNIE's *Royal Minstrel.*

The Naturalist's Diary

For AUGUST 1826.

Fair *Flora* now to CERES leaves the plain,
Diffusing plenty o'er her wide domain;
She opes her stores, and strews them through the mead,
And *golden harvests* all the surface spread.

THE various kinds of grain are generally ripened in this month by the powerful influence of the solar ray; and as *every* month has its *peculiar* beauties, so August has its fields of waving corn, its groups of nut-brown reapers, and its cheerful HARVEST-HOME.[1]—How grateful, then, should we be to the great Creator of all things, who, in the emphatical words of David, '*visiteth the earth, and blesseth it, who maketh it very plenteous, who watereth her furrows, and sendeth rain into the little valleys thereof, who maketh it soft with showers, and blesseth the increase of it: who*

[1] In *Yorkshire*, at the carrying in of the last corn (or harvest home) the labourers and servants, by way of triumph, cry *mel, mel;* and 'tis a proverbial question, 'when will you get *mel*,' that is, when will you end your harvest? At which time all the workmen are treated with a supper by the farmer, where the chief fair is a roast goose, called an *inning goose.* The word *mel* may be supposed from *mæl,* an end or term, or *mael,* a feast or banquet.—*Kennett MS.*

crowneth the year with his goodness, while his clouds drop fatness: making the valleys stand so thick with corn, that they laugh and sing;' and whose beneficent hand and liberal bounty to the sons of men calls forth all their praise, and claims all their thankfulness. 'For whatever we may think of it' (observes Dr. Dodd), 'and however inattentively through its frequency pass over this mighty word of the Lord, it is, notwithstanding, no less a miracle that the Lord should marvellously every day support and feed the whole race of mankind, cattle, and every living thing upon the earth, than that Christ should feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes: for what are five thousand to those infinite millions of millions of men that are daily fed from the fruits of the earth! For how small proportion doth the seed sown bear to the produce! It is carried out in handfuls and brought home in sheaves; and which of us can tell by what secret operations this wonderful effect is wrought? How is it that the seed sown groweth up from the blade into the ripe corn in the ear, and is blessed to the nourishment and support of life in man? Nature is no less wonderful in all her works than in this particular, and the Divinity, to an attentive observer, is no less visibly seen in these regular productions, than in the miraculous supplies afforded; no less seen in the wine produced from the moisture of the earth through the branches of the vine, than in that instantaneously changed from the water; no less seen in the corn gradually ripened, and made into bread for the support of all mankind, than in the bread marvellously blessed to the support of the five thousand!—(*Discourses on the Miracles.*)'

About the 11th of August, the puffin migrates; and soon afterwards the swift disappears, probably winging its way to more southern regions. Lapwings and linnets congregate, and the nuthatch chatters. Young broods of *goldfinches* are now seen.

The LAMENT *of the* GOLDFINCH *to its* MISTRESS,

Supposed to be heard issuing from the Grave on the Night succeeding its Interment. The Bird was particularly delighted with the Piano-forte, which is here alluded to.

Oh, weep for me!—'tis finished now,
Thy hands have raised my verdant tomb,
And strown it thick with violet bloom;
And planted there a cypress bough,
Whose leaves, one day, may haply wave
Funereal, o'er thy songster's grave.

Oh! weep for me, and water well
With tears the turf where low I'm laid,—
Be solemn dirges, slow and sad,
Heard mingling with the evening bell,
Which dying day so sweetly chimes,
To mind thee of departed times.

Departed times, and days gone by—
Oh, weep for them! oh, weep for me,
As I had mourned and wept for thee,
Hadst thou been laid where now I lie,—
All changing fast to simplest clay,
And mute as mine thy pleasing lay.

The lay—the lay—we wont to sing,
When thou, on thy sweet harpsichord,
Wouldst run through many a thrilling chord,
In the happy hours of cheerful Spring!
It seemed my breast could scarce contain
The rapture of that tender strain.

It made me think of field and grove,—
Of freedom—but than these far more—
('Twas that which touched my bosom's core)
It made me think of earliest love;
Young love! whose tendrils oft do twine
Round virgins' hearts, as once round mine.

And yet most dear my cage was grown
By long society with thee—
I neither wished, nor would be free:
I lived, I sung for thee alone—
Till, losing all desire to roam,
My *prison* changed itself to *home*.

Ah me! the thread—the slender thread—
On which our hearts' best hopes abide,—
The fatal shears too soon divide
The life I then so sweetly led;
Oh, all unlooked! it was my doom
To sleep within this violet tomb.

Then weep for me—oh! weep for me:
Wet my sad couch with briny tears.
The cypress bough, in flight of years,
Perchance may grow to cypress tree.—
And, pensive birds, on branch and spray,
Repeat the long-lamenting lay,
When thou, dear maid, art far away [1]!

The mountain ash, or rowan tree, now displays its bunches of red berries amid its elegant and light foliage, rivalling the flaming honours of the pyracanthus at a later period. The *jessamine* shows its pretty little flowers, and diffuses its fragrant scent.—See some beautiful lines from the Spanish of *Gongora*, in our last volume, p. 220.

The *geranium* tribe add to the beauty of the garden, and many pretty species also decorate our sunny banks; the malvaceous order, and the spurges, bearing the seed always elevated on the flower, are seen in great variety. The *Genista* or broom flowers in this month; and the common flax, with its pretty pale blue flowers. The *sun-flower* adds its stately beauties to the garden. The sweet scabious is in flower, and the common blue passion-flower, which flowers from June to October, may, in the general dearth of flowers, be introduced to our notice in August.

Insects now abound, and afford a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to the inquiring entomologist. In this month, the truant schoolboy

Plucks the wings from painted butterflies,

and carries home the *Papilio Io*, *Argus*, and *Phlæas* as a prize,—to him, worth all the diamonds of Golconda, or the gold and silver of Peru.—The butterfly is thus sweetly characterised in the 'Aonian Hours,' a volume of poetry which abounds with rich fancies, delicate sensibility, and picturesque descriptions of the many-coloured forms and beauteous wonders of Creation.

[1] *Il Pastore Incantato*, and other Poems, p. 131. (Hurst and Robinson, 1824.)

And chief the Fly, upon whose fans are spread
Hues with which summer warms the occident
At the rich sunset, epicure in taste,
Beholds the odorous light, and deems it lent
For amorous pastime, and in truth seems bent
To find or form a paradise below;—
With blooms and herbs of every various scent
Dallies her tongue—her wings expanded show
Like ornamented clouds hung round by Iris' bow.

O'er mead, moor, river, garden, forest, mount,
In her gay search the delicate Lady flies,
Tries every odour, sips of every fount,
Nor trusts her form but to most crystal skies.
Coquettish in her motions, how she tries
Thousand admiring hearts to captivate!
The Swallow too pursues so bright a prize,
Wins, and destroys—so Beauty bows to Fate,
Caught in the toils she spread, to be bewailed too late.

The harvest-bug *(Acarus ricinus)*, in this and the following month, proves a very troublesome and disagreeable insect, particularly in some of the southern counties of England. The best cure for the bite is *spirit of hartshorn*. 'I beg to recommend (says a *friend*-ly correspondent) the eau-de-luce, or succinated spirit of ammonia, in preference; if that be not at hand, I have found the *tincture of camphor*, otherwise called camphorated spirit, almost as efficacious. The spirit of hartshorn does not differ, when properly prepared, from solution of subcarbonate of ammonia, on which account it has been lately omitted in the Edinburgh and London Pharmacopœias.' The following antidote for the sting of wasps and other noxious insects, has also been recommended:—Take a leaf or two of the broad-leaved plantain *(Plantago major)*, and bruise it, and rub it on the affected part for about ten minutes, and all pain and inflammation will cease. The plant cannot well be mistaken: it grows in most footpaths in the fields, its leaves generally lying flat on the ground; the seed, growing on one stem, is commonly used for feeding birds.

Flies now abound, and torment both men and ani-

mals with their perpetual buzzing. *Wasps* also become very troublesome.—See T.T. for 1822, p. 240.

For these temporary annoyances, however, we are in some measure compensated by the presence of the *lady-bird* and the *glow-worm*; the first for its *utility* (see T. T. for 1823, p. 248), and the second for the *beautiful effect* it produces.

Much amusement may be derived, in this month, from searching for insects among the weeds thrown up in clearing ponds. Among these will be found the larvæ of the *Phryganea*, or caddis-fly. (See T.T. for 1824, p. 234.)

The solitary bee and the white moth are observed in this month: the *Ptinus pectinicornis* also makes its appearance, the larvæ of which are very destructive to wooden furniture, boring holes in tables, chairs, bed-posts, &c. The vapourer-moth (*Bombyx antiqua*) may be found in this month. The caterpillar is studded with brush-like bunches of long hairs, and the curious will be repaid their trouble of collecting and feeding it, by the opportunity they will have of observing the singular circumstance of the females being without wings, when the change from the chrysalis state takes place.

During the great heats of this and the preceding month, particularly during the past year, how often have we exclaimed with our favourite poet,

> On my hot brow, diffuse, delicious breeze,
> The coolness of thy chalice! thus to lie
> In the fresh shadow of the flickering trees,
> Gloom on the grass, but glory in the sky;
> And mix with idlesse a calm dignity,
> Which finds a moral in the slightest thing,
> The whisper of a leaf—a lulling fly—
> All changes which the cuckoo-seasons bring,
> Is to draw bliss from toil, sounds from a tuneless string.
>
> WIFFEN.

Other sounds give birth to tender and soothing thoughts—and, if prevented by the excessive glow of burning heat from reposing on the green velvet of Nature's carpet, we may throw our listless length

upon the luxurious sofa, and listen to the soft, but melancholy murmurs of the harp of Æolus.

Harp of the wind! what music may compare
With thy wild gush of melody!—Or where,
'Mid this world's discords, may we hope to meet
Tones like to thine, so soothing and so sweet!
Harp of the winds! when Summer's zephyr wings
His airy flight across thy tremulous strings,
As if, enamoured of his breath, they move
With soft, low murmurs,—like the voice of Love
Ere passion deepens it, or sorrow mars
Its harmony with sighs!—till earth-born jars
Confess thy soothing pow'r, when strains like these
From thy bliss-breathing chords are borne upon the breeze'!

August and September constitute the English *villeggiatura*, and most persons who possess a sufficient portion of the 'glittering ore,' the *passe-par-tout* of this chequered scene,—seek health and pleasure in exploring the beauties of our picturesque and fertile country;—and whether they stroll over its ever-green and flower-enamelled meads, or ramble among its oak-crowned forests,—or linger on the borders of the magnificent ocean which surrounds this happy island, they will fervently exclaim with the poet,

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;

and will not fail to return from their various excursions with a keener relish for domestic comforts, and for all those numberless household blessings which so often lead us to say, with the amiable Poetess of Sherwood Forest, in a poem written expressly for our volume,

THERE'S NOUGHT LIKE HOME.

On the brow of the lofty Ben Lomond I've stood,
And seen, from that eyrie, the land as it lay,

' See a volume of beautiful poetry, by Mr. ALARIC A. WATTS, the editor of the *Literary Souvenir*, an elegant annual bijou,—offering a combination of graphic excellence, typographic beauty, and literary talent, rarely to be found in works of this nature. The Souvenir is decidedly the most attractive and best *Etrenne* of its peculiar class that can be presented to our friends on the commencement of the new year. Six thousand copies were sold in 1825.

All peak above peak, like a tempested flood
Highland-hills to the north stretching boldly away;
And the lakes and the isles, and the river and sea,
And deep glens of the mountains black, craggy and stern;
And the stream brawling on 'neath the scathed oaken tree,
And the heath's crimson bells, 'mid the furze and the fern:
I have seen the Sun on Loch Catrine smile,
And anon, a storm on Ben An to be;
And have felt my heart dance in the lone defile—
All feathered and fringed with the birken tree.
I've walked on a rocky shore by night,
'Mid ruined piles in the dim twilight;
And heard tolled slowly thro' the cell,
To the dash of the waves, the midnight bell.

The breaking of the storm away
From off the peaks, whereon it hung,
And then the fairy scene that lay
Beneath, as never poet sung;
And waterfall, and castled height,
And river's marge and meadow fair,
The varying of the shade and light
O'er sides of mountains clothed or bare.
And the sylvan nook so lone and still,
Where the only sound is the rippling rill;
And the only visiter seems to be
The bird that sings there morn and night,
Like the soul of the place rejoicingly,
Singing its own delight;—
All these I've seen, yet they moved not me
Like the scenes I had loved in my infancy,
When, after absence, here I came,
And found every favourite spot the same:
The very trees, in their leafiness,
Seemed just as they were years ago;
And the flowers of each peculiar place
Were growing, just as they used to grow;
And the scents, and sounds, and scenes, which there
Seemed only to be, were there as then,
And I fondly fancied the very air
Brought the soul of my childhood back again.
Then I thought of the beautiful scenes that smiled
On the varied path of my wandering;
Of the mountain's height and the glen so wild,
Of the lonely lake, and the sylvan spring;
But I felt that the loveliest scenes I knew
Were those where the flowers of my childhood grew;
Where, after wand'rings, grief and pain,
The joys of my youth could delight again.

MARY HOWITT.

An agreeable *pendant* to an agreeable poem cannot be unacceptable to our readers:—for this reason we add the following original piece by *Mr. Richard Ryan.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet again
Forms that Fate hath hid full long;
'Tis sweet in grief to hear some strain
Resembling childhood's early song:
Those forms, those tones, at once renew
The smiles that graced each happy hour,
And steal as sweet as summer dew,
Reviving ev'ry sleeping flower.

Oh! 'tis sweet when fairies creep
Round the couch on which we lie,
And with midnight's peaceful sleep
Mingle dreams of days gone by.
First vows, *first* loves, come o'er us then,
With cheeks in smiles whose home's the tomb,
And hours too bright to shine again,
Life's shadowy pathway to illume.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet upon
Cheeks we prized in Love's young day,
Friendship's smile slow stealing on,
As Love's begins to fade away.
Love's noontide sun may boast more light,
While it shines 'tis lovelier far;
But suns, tho' bright, will sink in night;
Then how holy's Friendship's star!

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER, like the preceding month, derived its name from the place which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the 7th. Its tutelar deity was *Vulcan.* The principal feasts were the Dionysia, or the Vintage, and the grand games called *Circenses,* which continued five days. The sign *Libra* is appropriated to it, because, according to Virgil, it is the month when

Day and night in equal balance hang.

Remarkable Days

In SEPTEMBER 1826.

1.—SAINT GILES.

GILES was born at Athens, but removed to France, and there died towards the end of the eighth century.

*1. 1715.—LOUIS XIV DIED.

During the reign of this king, the privileges of the Protestants in France were gradually infringed; and missionaries were sent for their conversion, *supported by regiments of dragoons*, who exercised the most horrid cruelties upon the defenceless Protestants in the south of France, particularly at *Montauban* and *Nantes*. This bigoted sovereign declared, in his letters of instruction to his officers, '*That it was his Majesty's will that the extreme of rigour should be employed against those who refused to become of* his *religion*.' In 1685, the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, first granted by Henry IV, and confirmed by Louis XIII, deprived the Protestants of all exercise of their religion, and tore from them their children to be educated Catholics. Vast numbers of Protestants, in consequence, left the kingdom, and carried their arts and industry to foreign and hostile nations.

2.—LONDON BURNT.

The fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2d, 1666, O.S.; and being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights: nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began.

We have already given two very curious accounts of the fire of London by eye-witnesses of this dreadful calamity (T. T. for 1816, p. 249, and T. T. for 1820, p. 213); but the following description by Mr. PEPYS is so very interesting, that we shall make no apology for presenting it entire to our readers. In his Diary, September 2, 1666, he says,

'Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought to be on the back side of Marke-lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself,

and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church, and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house as far as the Old Swan already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody to my sight endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the city; and every thing after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White-Hall (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire in my boat); and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried into the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and commanded him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain

Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers, and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the Churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife, Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Bateller come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who it seems are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-street (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-street, and further: and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and

Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the Water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White-Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bank-side, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish-street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a

little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

'3d. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall-green. Which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then, all this day she and I, and all my people labouring, to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did get them (myself some) over Tower-Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs.———,with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet (he being now General, and having the care of all). This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, beat her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry; and when she come home bid her begone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to be less able to keep one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's, in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

'4th. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate: and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower-street, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, and shovells, &c. were flung all along Tower-street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten

not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening, Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it: and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much injure the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them), and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin, or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looked just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower-street, and there saw it all on fire: at the Trinity-house on that side, and the Dolphin tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. *Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost.* W. Hewer went this day to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye-corner being burned so that the fire is got so far that way, and to the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleet-street; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-office being burned, the letter could not go.

* 5th. I lay down in this office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet, with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away; and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350. W. Hewer, and Jane, down by Proundy's

boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all; which troubled me, because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it night nor day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for, my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But going to the fire, *I find by the blowing up of houses*, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's Yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke-lane end, as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle cellars, and brimstone, and other things, burning, I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler, and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fanchurch-street, Gracious-street, and Lumbard-street, all in dust The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorefields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day); drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate-market, all burned; and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire. And took up (which I keep by me) a piece of glass of Mercers' Chapel, in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire, like parchment; I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burnt off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about

midnight; though when I rose I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

'6th. Up about five o'clock; and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is), to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out: which did give great grounds to people and to me too to think that there was a kind of plot in this (on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets), but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time, so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they should scold for drink, and be as drunk as * *. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handsfull out and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not then find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster-Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch[1], but to the Swan, and there was trimmed: and then to White-Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods, and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's, safe, and nothing missed, I could see or hear. This being done to my great content, I home, to Sir W. Batten's, and there with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it is to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire, these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle."

[1] 'Nonsuch-House,' near Epsom, where the Exchequer had been formerly kept.

'7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like.'—For further particulars of this dreadful calamity, see *Pepys's Memoirs*, vol. i, pp. 454, et seq.

Heaven be praised (says Mr. Malcolm[1]), old London *was burnt*. Good reader, turn to the ancient prints, in order to see what it has been; observe those hovels convulsed; imagine the chambers within them, and wonder why the plague, the leprosy, and the sweating-sickness, raged. Turn then to the prints illustrative of our present dwellings, and be happy. The misery of 1665 must have operated on the minds of the legislature and the citizens, when they rebuilt and inhabited their houses. The former enacted many salutary clauses for the preservation of health, and would have done more, had not the public rejected that which was for their benefit; those who preferred high habitations and narrow dark streets had them. It is only to be lamented, that we are compelled to suffer for their folly. These errors are now frequently partially removed by the exertion of the Corporation of London; but a complete reformation is impossible. It is to the improved dwellings composed of brick, the wainscot or papered walls, the high ceilings, the boarded floors, and large windows, and cleanliness, that we are indebted for the general preservation of health since 1666. From that auspicious year the very existence of the natives of London improved; their bodies moved in a large space of pure air; and, finding every thing clean and new around them, they determined to keep them so. Previously-unknown luxuries and improvements in furniture were suggested; and a man of moderate fortune saw his house vie with, nay, superior to, the old

[1] Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London in the eighteenth Century, vol. ii, p. 378.

palaces of his governors. When he paced his streets, he felt the genial western breeze pass him, rich with the perfumes of the country, instead of the stench described by Erasmus; and looking upward, he beheld the beautiful blue of the air, variegated with fleecy clouds, in place of projecting black beams and plaster, obscured by vapour and smoke.

The streets of London must have been dangerously dark during the winter nights before it was burnt: lanterns with candles were very sparingly scattered, nor was light much better distributed even in the new streets previously to the eighteenth century. Globular lamps were introduced by Michael Cole, who obtained a patent in July 1708.

We conclude the illustrations of this day with a singular opinion of the author just quoted. Speaking of the burning of London, he says, 'This subject may be allowed to be familiar to me, and I have perhaps had more than common means of judging; and I now declare it to be my full and decided opinion, that London *was burnt by government, to annihilate the plague*, which was grafted in every crevice of the hateful old houses composing it.'[1]

*6. 1701.—JAMES II DIED AT ST. GERMAINS.

In a letter discovered by Dr. Richard Farmer, within the lining of an old book, and now among the Cole MSS. in the British Museum, there is an account of the last illness and death of James II. See also *Mr. Ellis's very interesting Royal Letters*, vol. iii, p. 353, *second edition*.

7.—SAINT EUNERCHUS.

Eunerchus was Bishop of Orleans in the year 375. The circumstances of his election were regarded as miraculous.

8.—NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A concert of angels having been heard in the air to solemnize this important event, the festival was appointed by Pope Servius about the year 695. In-

[1] Manners and Customs of London, vol. ii, p. 16, *note*.

nocent IV honoured this feast with an octave in 1244, and Gregory XI, about the year 1370, with a vigil.

The following anecdote of the tricks of the Catholic priests is related by Mr. Aubrey. The image of the Blessed Virgin *nodded* to St. Bernard, and said (that is, the boy with a tube behind the statue) 'Good morrow, Father Bernard,' to which he replied, 'I thank your ladyship, but St. Paul saith, it is not lawful for women to speak in the church.' At Leominster, in Herefordshire, (continues our antiquary) was a great nunnery, where the head of the image of our Lady did, on extraordinary occasions, nodde: upon the dissolution [of monasteries] they found the joints in the neck adapted for it.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

*8. 1720.—SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

In this age of speculation, schemes and companies, for exhausting the purses and pockets of those who are so tangible on the score of cupidity, as to willingly listen to the wild and visionary projects of the wary and the infatuated, it may be as well to offer the South Sea Bubble, which burst on the above day, as a terrible example of peculation to the unreflecting and gullible part of mankind. In the above year, the king having recommended the consideration of proper means for reducing the national debt, one Blount, a cunning and plausible scrivener, established the South Sea Company, for the purpose of buying up the debts of the various companies, and establishing a trade to the South Seas. This company offered theirs in exchange for government stocks; and so great was the rage for obtaining them, that the company's rooms were crowded with persons all desirous of purchasing or exchanging. This infatuation prevailed for months, till at length the *bubble burst*, and thousands were entirely ruined by this chimerical adventure. The following anecdotes respecting the South Sea scheme may be new to many of our readers.

- The inundation of imaginary wealth was such at this period,

that luxuries of every kind poured in upon the nation like a mountain flood, in eating, drinking, gaming, apparel, &c. The clerks in the South Sea House appeared every day in fine laced clothes; and when asked the reason of such finery, they used to reply that, if they did not put gold upon their clothes, they could not consume half their earnings. On busy days it was the greatest favour to get a transfer done; and frequently in giving in the sum to be bought or sold, a £20 Bank note was given at the same time, lest the difference of a day might make £100 per cent. Change Alley was more like a fair crowded with people, than a mart for exchange, as were also all the avenues leading to it. There was a little hump-backed man, who, observing this *mania*, made his fortune by lending his back as a substitute for a desk, to make transfers on, by those who could not afford time to run to the coffee-houses.

All questions of public news were absorbed in asking the price of South Sea stock. It was the first question asked when two people met at either end of the town; nor was it confined to the metropolis, but flew all over England.

The following particulars of the good and ill success of some proprietors of this stock were communicated by a Mr. Cotton, who was a banker's clerk at that time, and lived till the year 1777. A married man of the age of sixty, after portioning off his sons and daughters, secured, as he thought, for himself and wife £1000 per annum South Sea stock; and, with this prudent idea, went to Bath, bought a house there, and proposed settling for life in a contented way. On the first great fall of stock he began to be alarmed; it was at £1000 per cent. when he left London, and it fell to £900. He accordingly left Bath with an intent to sell out, but, before he arrived in London (then a journey of four days) it fell to £250. It was then, he thought, too low to sell: it still continued to fall, and he lost the whole.

Two maiden sisters, being originally proprietors, when the stock got up to £970, were advised to sell out. The elder sister agreed, the other was for continuing; at last the former prevailed, and they sold out their stock, which amounted to above £90,000. They then consulted their brother how to invest the money; he advised them to buy Navy bills, which were then at £25 per cent. discount. They accordingly bought in, and in two years received full payment from government. Thus they had not only the good fortune to sell out within £30 per cent. of the highest price of stock, but also to gain £25 per cent. on their capital.

The Duke of Chandos's stock was at one time worth £300,000 He went to the old Duke of Newcastle, to consult what to do: he advised him to sell. No, he wanted half a million. "Why then," said the Duke, "sell £100,000, and take your chance for the rest." No, he kept all, and lost all.

'Sir Gregory Page was then a minor. His stock was worth

£200.000. He had two guardians: the one was for selling, the other for keeping. The former was positive, and insisted for an umpire, who gave his opinion for selling. It was accordingly sold; and Sir Gregory, upon coming of age, with the legal interest of so large a fortune, afterwards built a fine house on Blackheath, and purchased a park of three hundred acres around it, in which house he lived, in great magnificence, for fifty years, and then left it, with an estate of £10,000 per annum, to his nephew, the late Sir Gregory Page Turner.

Gay, the poet, had £1,000 stock given him by the elder Craggs: this, with some other stock he purchased before, amounted, at one time, to £20,000. He consulted with his friends what to do. Dr. Arbuthnot advised him to sell out. No, that would be throwing away his good luck. "Well then," said the Doctor, "sell out as much as will produce £100 a year; and that will give you a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton for life." He neglected this and lost all; which had such an effect upon his spirits, that, notwithstanding his subsequent success in the Beggars' Opera, it produced a bilious disorder, which in the end killed him.

An old Quaker, when stock was at its height, employed one Lopez, a broker, to sell out, which he accordingly did; but, when the money came to be paid, stock fell, and the purchaser was off. "Sell then again, friend Lopez," said the Quaker. He did so, and stock falling a second time, the purchaser walked off. "Sell then a third time, friend Lopez, for any thing, but be sure of thy man," said the Quaker. This third time he succeeded, and the fall during the two days interval was about £50 per cent., so that, out of £100,000 stock, he secured half. Lopez, who lived many years after this transaction, was well known by the name of '*Sell then again, friend Lopez.*'

*11. 1660.—SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

The following curious instance is recorded in Mr. Pepys's Memoirs. 'To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care, that they shall be quite covered; that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe that he hath killed above one hundred cats.'

*13. 1515.—BATTLE OF MARIGNAN,

Fought near Milan, in Italy, between the heroic

Swiss, and the French, under Francis I. More than *twenty thousand* men were slain on both sides in this sanguinary conflict.

O War! thou miscreating curse!
Dark Juggler of the universe!
How hast thou marred this glorious globe!
Throwing round thee thy scarlet robe,
And masking with the rainbow's blaze
Of gemlike beauty thy fierce face;
Thou hast deceived from Time's first ages
Its mighty captains, lords, and sages,
Till they and the strong multitude
Thy mad remorseless smiles have wooed;
And, drunk with thy bewildering song
From horn, or harp, or cymbalon,
Done deeds which might the lion shame,
And make the nations pale to name.

* *

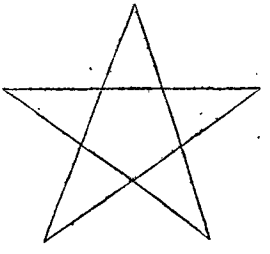
On thy wolfish brow we scan
The thunder-graven mark of Cain,
Heaven's warning impress, stamped in vain;
Eyeballs that act the Gorgon's part,
A hydra's head, a viper's heart,
The penal fire around whose core
Shall redly burn for evermore!
Heaven's angry Angel pour wrath on thee, War!
Ambition and Cruelty harness thy car,
And Ruin, and Rapine, and fell Decay,
Herald thee on thy blighting way.
Thou cancellest Treaty at thy nod,
Crumblest the robes of the Priest God;
On the palace of kings and the peasant's cot
Thou turnest thy visage and they are not;
Where thy hurricane hurtles, a capitol burns,
And infancy's ashes fill innocent urns.
Wrath on thee, War! thou hast given to the tomb
Tens of thousands to dread the day of doom;
Thou hast fixed on the age that is rolling by
The terrible charm of the rattle-snake's eye;
They have come to thy altar with fire and spell
To people the chambers of death and hell.
Yet Royalty smiles, and yet Beauty vows,
They crown thee with laurel and myrtle-boughs;
And minstrels throng to their hallowed spring,
Thy sanctioned homicides to sing;
Dealing to nations a frenzied fire,
Sorrow to mercy, and shame to the lyre!

WIFFEN's *Julia Alpinula.*

14.—HOLY CROSS.

This festival was first observed in the year 615; see our volume for 1824, p. 236. For an account of the ceremony of *kissing the cross*, performed in the Greek Church on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 245.

The Pentangle of Solomon.



The above mark was heretofore used as the signe of the ✠ is now, that is, at the beginning of letters or bookes, for good luckes sake: and the women among the Jews did make this mark on the childrens chrysome cloathes.—*Aubrey MS.*—This figure (observes Bishop Kennett, in the margin of the same MS.) of three triangles intersected and made of five lines, is called the *Pentangle of Solomon;* and when it is delineated on the body of a man, it is pretended to touch and point out the five places wherein our Saviour was wounded. And, therefore, there was an old superstitious conceit, that this figure was a *fuga demonum:*—the devils were afraid of it.—W.K.

Mr. Wyld Clark (continues Aubrey) tells me that the Jews in Barbary have this marke above on their trunkes in nailes; and on their cupbordes and tables. —In Germany, some of the vulgar sort of people make a cross before they begin any thing: viz. when they are cutting a loaf, they make first a cross upon it with a knife, &c.—In Kent, and many other parts, the women, when they have kneaded their dough into a loaf, cut the form of a cross on the top of it.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

*16. 1186.—AN ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION

For this day, like many other wonderful prophecies of the same kind, was not fulfilled, according to the expectation of the people. A prophecy of the judicial astrologers of this period foretold that, at three o'clock in the morning of the 16th of September, a most dreadful storm would arise, which should not only sweep away single houses, but also great towns and cities, devastate the whole face of nature, and bring on its wings noisome pestilence, plagues, and bloody wars, to the destruction of miserable mortals. When the direful day drew near, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered a *fast* for three days to be observed over all his province. But to the confusion of the infatuated astrologers, the day, when it arrived, was uncommonly serene and calm; and the whole season so mild, healthy, and peaceable, that, as a pleasant writer observes, there were no storms all that year, but what the archbishop raised in the church by his own turbulence. Thus the *vox cælorum* was indeed '*vox et prætereà nihil.*'

17.—SAINT LAMBERT.

Lambert was appointed Bishop of Maestricht in 673, and was murdered September 17th, 708. He was canonized in 1240.

20, 22, 23.—EMBER DAYS.—*See* p. 46.

21.—SAINT MATTHEW.

St. Matthew, the Evangelist, was slain at Nadabœr, about the year 60. He wrote his Gospel in Hebrew. His festival was not instituted till the year 1090.

The following prayer was in general use about the beginning of the 17th century, at bed time, and is, we believe, yet well known in many provincial districts:—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and *John,*
Bless the bed that I lye on;
And blessed *guardian-angel* keep
Me safe from danger while I sleep.

I remember, before the civil wars, (says Mr. Au-

brey) ancient people, when they heard the clock strike, were wont to say, *Lord grant that my last howre may be my best howre.—Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

*22. 1667.---SUBTERRANEAN TREES,

At Blackwall. Here is observable what Johnson tells us, that, in digging the late Docke, they did, twelve feet under ground, find perfect trees overcovered with earth. Nut trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them; some of whose nuts he showed us. Their shells black with age, and their kernell, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew tree, (upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it) which upon cutting with an addes, we found to be rather harder than the living tree usually is.—*Pepys's Memoirs.*

26.---OLD HOLY-ROOD.—See HOLY CROSS, p. 231.

A writer in the *Protestant Almanack* for 1684, speaking of the inventions of the Catholics to deceive the ignorant, says,

'Their ROOD OF GRACE was so contrived, wherein a man should stand inclosed, with an hundred wyers within the rood, to make the image goggle with the eyes, to nod with the head, to hang the lip, to move and shake his jaws, according as the value was of the gift which was offered. If it were a small piece of silver, he would hang afrowning lip; if it was a piece of gold, then should his jaws go merrily. Thus were the people abused, their senses beguiled, and their purses spoyled, till this idolatrous forgery, at last, by Cromwell's means, was disclosed, and the image, with all his engines, showed openly at Paul's Cross, and there torn in pieces by the people.

'At *Dover-court* was also an Image or Idol of the Rood, to which was a great resort of people, and much money gotten by it, by offerings. The power of this idol was reported to be so great, that no man had power to shut the church door where he stood, and therefore, both night and day, it stood open, for the more credit of this blind rumor. This being heard of by four men that lived ten miles off, who came one night, found the doors open, and took away the image, which could not resist them; and having carried it a quarter of a mile off, they there burnt it, for which fact, three of them afterwards were taken and hanged.'

Poor Robin, in his Almanack for 1684, says, 'Suf-

fer not thy child to go a nutting on *Holy Rood Day*, for fear he may meet a black man with cloven feet.'

Among the many events recorded in the 'Excerpta ex Ecclesie Dunelmen' Historia,' (Lansdowne MS. 207 (e) fol. 7) notice is taken of a dispute of a singular nature about the year 1330, between the Prior of Durham and Richard de Neville, on the latter's doing fealty for the Manor of Raby, by presenting a stag; and it is mentioned that Richard's grandfather, Robert de Neville, was wont to perform the above service on *Holyrood Day*, whence at his death the following verses were sung in lamentation for him:

Wel and wa sal ys hornes blawe,
Haly Rod the day;
Now es he dede and lies lawe,
Was wont to blaw tham ay.

We cannot take leave of Holy-rood Day, without alluding to the DIORAMIC VIEW *of the Ruins of Holy-rood Chapel*, exhibited in London. Not only is the illusion perfect in the mouldering remains of architecture and the female figure at the tomb; but the varying effects caused by the fluctuation of the moonlight are so admirably managed, as at once to delight the mind, and impress it with a stronger conviction of the reality of what is presented before it. Indeed, it is hardly possible so to discredit the senses as to believe that this is picture: the spectator gazes on the interesting view till he forgets that he is in a building in the Regent's Park, and Fancy, without an effort, transports him to the bourn, where rests the dust of Scottish princes. Its impressions on a poetical imagination may be understood from the following lines, which the view inspired in one of England's sweetest songstresses:

HOLYROOD.

The moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss,
A silver cloak hung lightly o'er the ruins;

And nothing came upon the soul but soft,
Sad images. And this was once a palace,
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,
And dreamed not of the long and many years
When the heart was to waste itself away
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,
The prison and the scaffold, could they be
But things whose very name was not for her?
And this now fallen sanctuary, how oft
Have hymns and incense made it holiness!
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
Its once fair mistress may have stolen to pour
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent,
But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds
That it may not suffice unto itself,
But seeks communion with that other state,
Whose mystery to it is as a shroud
In which it may conceal its strife of thought,
And find repose. . . . . .
. . . . But it is utterly changed:
No incense rises, save some chance wild-flower
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,
No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;
And all is desolate, and solitude.
And thus it is with links of destiny:
Clay fastens on with gold—and none may tell
What the chain's next unravelling will be.
Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights!
Alas, for time!—still more, alas! for change!

26.—SAINT CYPRIAN.

St. Cyprian was made Bishop of Carthage in the year 248. After many persecutions, he was beheaded in 258. His works were translated by Dr. Marshall, and published in one folio volume.

*28. 1824.—J. B. DAVIS, M.D. DIED,

The Founder of the 'Royal Universal Dispensary for Children,' an Institution which has relieved many thousands yearly. It affords us much pleasure to find that MR. WOODHAM has been appointed the Resident Apothecary of this infantine Dispensary;

as we are confident that his medical skill and humane treatment of the little patients committed to his charge, will not fail to ensure for him the respect and approbation of the Patrons and Directors of this excellent Establishment.

29.—SAINT MICHAEL.

St. Michael, the Archangel. His festival was first observed in the year 487.

*29.—BURY FAIR PROCLAIMED.

On the 19th of June 1816, it was decided in the Court of King's Bench, that, from time immemorial, there had existed a Fair, by prescription, at Bury St. Edmunds, to the end of October, and, by the Alderman's permission, into the month of November. This decision for ever confirms the freedom of Bury Fair. There are balls in the next week after old Michaelmas, and the Norwich company of players perform for three weeks or a month.

30.—SAINT JEROME.

St. Jerome was the most eminent biblical scholar of the fourth century. He was born at Stridon about the year 331, and died at or near Bethlehem, A.D. 420, in the 90th year of his age. He was the first who suggested the plan of teaching children to read by having the letters of the alphabet on circles of ivory. His revision of the New Testament, and his translation of the Old, form the ground-work of the present *Vulgate*.—For accounts of his voluminous writings, consult *Hody*, *Cave*, *Calmet*, *Marsh*, and *Townley*.

* SEPT. 1825.—THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Some information respecting the much talked of 'London University' may be acceptable to our readers. The whole expense for each student's instruction at the London University will not exceed £25 or £30 per annum, (this supposes a student to attend five or six of the general classes, but the medical education will be necessarily more expensive, from the costs of the anatomical department); with not more than ten weeks of vacation. The vacations will comprise a fortnight at Easter, about six weeks from the middle of August to the end of September, and a fortnight at Christmas. The capital (£300,000) is to be

raised by 3000 shares of £100 each, or donations of £50, which will entitle the donor to the same privileges for life as a shareholder of £100. Each holder of £100 share will receive interest at a rate not exceeding *four per cent.* per annum, payable half-yearly, and be entitled to present one student for each share. Every student to pay five guineas to the general fund, exclusive of one guinea per annum to the Library, Museum, and Collection of Maps, Charts, Drawings, and Models.—An unsightly piece of waste ground at the NW. extremity of Gower-street, Bedford-square, for a long time a nuisance in this respectable neighbourhood, has, we understand, been purchased by the London University Company, as an appropriate site for the erection of their New Building, which it is expected will be completed in August 1826, and the classes opened in the following October.

Astronomical Occurrences

In SEPTEMBER 1826.

Clear shines the azure canopy above,
With here and there a cloud of beauteous hue;
As if some genius of the vale had left
His sky-wrought mantle floating on the winds.
PENNIE's *Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Libra at 40 m. after 2 in the afternoon of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets on certain days, as in the following Table. For other epochs besides noon on these days, we must refer to the directions given in the preceding months.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

September 1st,	Sun rises	14 m. after	5.	Sets 46 m. after	6
6th,	.....	23	5	..... 37	6
11th,	.....	33	5	..... 27	6
16th,	.....	43	5	..... 17	6
21st,	.....	53	5	..... 7	6
26th,	.....	2	6	..... 58	5

Equation of Time.

As the Sun is now before a well regulated clock, to find the time which the latter should indicate at apparent noon, or when the Sun is on the meridian, the numbers in the following Table must be subtracted from those given at the same moment by a good sun-dial.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	*s.*
Friday, September	1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	0	5
Wednesday,	6th,	1	40
Monday,	11th,	3	22
Saturday,	16th,	5	7
Thursday,	21st,	6	52
Tuesday,	26th,	8	36

LUNAR PHENOMENA,

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	2d day, at	42 m. after	5 in the morning
First Quarter,	8th	45	11 at night
Full Moon,	16th	57	5 in the morning
Last Quarter,	24th	32	9

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observation this month, should the weather prove favourable:—

September 8th, at	37 m. after	5	in the evening
9th,	35	6	
10th,	33	7	
11th,	27	8	
12th,	19	9	
13th,	9	10	
14th,	56	10	
23d,	4	5	in the morning
24th,	53	5	
25th,	43	6	
26th,	32	7	
27th,	22	8	

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following will be the times of full tide at London Bridge for several days during the present month; and those for the intermediate days and other places will afford exercises for our youthful readers to find according to the directions already given.

TABLE.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
September	1st, at	12 m. after	1	38 m. after	1
	6th,	39	4	1	5
	11th,	46	9	23	10
	16th,	6	2	26	2
	21st,	50	4	9	5
	26th,	10	9	43	9

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

The brightness of Venus now begins to increase with greater rapidity, and she becomes a beautiful object, amid the calm evenings of this month, as the evening star. The proportion of her phases now is,

September 1st, { Illuminated part = 8·066
Dark part ..... = 3·934

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is now so near the Sun, that none of these eclipses are visible this month.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

September 5th, with α in Virgo at 5 in the morning
5th, ... Venus.....1 in the afternoon
12th, ... β in Capricorn, 8 in the morning.

Mercury will be stationary on the 8th of this month, and attain his greatest elongation on the 16th. Jupiter will be in conjunction at 9 in the morning of the 18th. Georgium Sidus will be stationary on the 28th. Saturn will be in quadrature at noon of the 29th; and Mercury and Jupiter will be in conjunction with each other at 1 in the afternoon of the 30th.

Midnight and Dawn, touched by the pen of sensibility, are each capable of affording instruction to the contemplative mind. The following are specimens:—

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight deep: o'er all the vacant plains
Thick darkness sits, and awful stillness reigns.
The feathered songsters of the grove no more
Chaunt in shrill strains their amorous ditties o'er;
But, cold and shivering on some friendly spray,
In silence pass the cheerless hours away.
Nor voice nor sound obtrudes, but where alone
The distant cataract's hoarse and hollow moan,
Echoing, provokes the wakeful house-dog's bark,
While faithful to his charge, amid the dark,
He views the gliding Moon with jealous eye,
And growls at his own shadow sitting by.

Or when from dreary yew, or mouldering tower
With awful ivy hung, or dusky bower,
The wailing owl, that ceaseless all night long
Shrieks on the gloom, and plies her boding song:
Or pausing oft, where glides the lonely flood
In peaceful murmurs to the pendent wood,
With many a soothing, many a plaintive strain,
Her young sweet Philomel laments in vain.
All else is silence, solemn and profound,
Whilst Melancholy spreads her horrors round.
Creation slumbers; Nature's self, opprest
With long-exerted effort, sinks to rest,
And, nodding o'er her children, seems to share
One common influence, and forget her care.

ANON.

The DAWN.

There is a soft and fragrant hour—
Sweet, fresh, reviving is its power;
'Tis when a ray
Steals from the veil of parting night,
And by its mild prelusive light
Foretells the day.

'Tis when some ling'ring stars scarce shed
O'er the mist-clad mountain's head
Their fairy beam;
Then one by one retiring, shroud,
Dim glitt'ring through a fleecy cloud,
Their last faint beam.

'Tis when (just waked from transient death
By some fresh zephyr's balmy breath),
Th' unfolding rose
Sheds on the air its rich perfume,
While ev'ry bud with deeper bloom
And beauty glows.

'Tis when fond Nature (genial pow'r!)
Weeps o'er each drooping night-closed flow'r
While softly fly
Those doubtful mists, that leave to view
Each glowing scene of various hue
That charms the eye.

'Tis when the sea-girt turret's brow
Receives the east's first kindling glow,
And the dark wave,
Swelling to meet the orient gleam,
Reflects the warmly-strength'ning beam
It seems to lave.

'Tis when the restless child of sorrow,
Watching the wished-for rising morrow,
His couch foregoes,
And seeks 'midst scenes so sweet, so mild,
To soothe those pangs so keen, so wild,
Of hopeless woes.

Nor day, nor night, this hour can claim,
Nor moonlight ray, nor noontide beam,
Does it betray;
But fresh, reviving, dewy, sweet,
It hastes the glowing hours to meet
Of rising day.

MISS OWENSON.

The Naturalist's Diary

For SEPTEMBER 1826.

The *nightingale* now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sang so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star,
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten.

—

Thus the wise nightingale that leaves her home,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

THIS is the season chosen by those serenaders of the night, to leave the shores of Albion for more congenial climes. Considerable numbers of these sweet warblers, like other birds of passage, have been observed in this month, in the little gardens within the very precincts of Brighton, and the young birds have been distinctly heard to make their call of congregation during the whole day. It is generally supposed that these feathered songsters emigrate to Syria, which was anciently called the Land of Roses, and where the Eastern poets tell us—'The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose.' The nightingales do not migrate so far to the west

as Cornwall; they sometimes visit Yorkshire, but never favour Scotland or Ireland with their song.

In September and October, the generality of our *singing birds* are to be no longer distinguished by their voices: the sweet sounds they are gifted with, which we call their *song*, seem to proceed from the male bird only during the season of incubation, and, except from accidental causes, all these cares have terminated before this period. One little bird, however, yet delights us with the sweetest harmony: in the calm mornings of this season of the year the *woodlark* carols in the air, chiefly in the neighbourhood of thickets and copses, with a soft quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy stillness of the hour. The sweet simple note of the *robin* is again heard, and the *skylark* delights us with his melody. But too often, however, in our autumnal rambles, in the neighbourhood of great towns we are forced to encounter the nets of the bird-catcher, which deprive us of great numbers of our favourite bird.

> The fond *lark*,
> Playing about the glittering snare, does tempt
> The nets, and dares its prison; till at length
> He finds his liberty betrayed, and all
> That pomp of brightness but a glorious bait.

Although *Flora* is not lavish of her beauties in this month, she still presents specimens worthy of our admiration. There are in blow, in September, heart's-ease[1], nasturtia, marigolds, sweet peas, mig-

[1] HEART'S-EASE.

> I used to love thee, simple flow'r,
> To love thee dearly when a boy;
> For thou didst seem, in childhood's hour,
> The smiling type of childhood's joy.
>
> But now thou only mock'st my grief
> By waking thoughts of pleasures fled;

nionette, golden rod, stocks, tangier pea, holly-hock, michaelmas daisy, saffron, and ivy. The *dahlia*, unless it have been injured by excessive rains, exhibits an abundance of beautiful flowers in this and the succeeding month. If, however, *they are trained against walls*, the flowers will be superior both in number and magnitude, and there will be a certainty of the seeds ripening. The *marvel of Peru* is another showy plant at this season, and flowers most vigorously when taken up annually and replanted, like the dahlia.

China asters and African marigolds are now leading ornaments, with some Chelones and Phloxes. In the shrubbery this is the season of althea frutex, some late azalias, and china roses; but the grand ornaments are the fruits of the mountain ash and others of the sorbus family, of different varieties of crab, and of oxyacantha. The Tartarian and Moscow crabs are splendid ornaments at this season; the All Saints cherry is also now covered with fruit; those of the arbutus are just beginning to colour, and the blossoms of the scarlet flowering variety to expand. The Guernsey lily, colchicum, saffron crocus, amaryllis lutea, and the tigridia pavenia, are the bulbs of the month. The flowering rush, smallage, and the great burnet saxifrage, are now in flower. The *convolvuli*, or bind weeds, adorn almost every hedge with their milk-white blossoms.

Give me—give me the withered leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flow'r,
For thou art gay and I am lone:
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The *Heart's-ease* from my path is gone.

London Magazine.

The larva of the privet hawk-moth may now be found on the privet shrub, and its elegant appearance affords a contrast to the uninviting form of many of the caterpillar tribe. See T. T. for 1824, p. 248.

The *Phalæna russula* and the saffron butterfly appear in this month. The *sulphur butterfly* also will frequently be seen in the bright mornings of September, flitting about the gay flowers of our gardens. The appearance of butterflies late in the season, and particularly during the *winter months*, is often mentioned in the newspapers as an extraordinary occurrence. But we shall cease to wonder at this circumstance when we become better acquainted with the interesting study of *Entomology*. There are many insects (it is well observed by the indefatigable MR. SAMOUELLE) that make their appearance in their perfect state late in the autumn, and, for the most part, live through the winter, but in a torpid state; of these, the genus *Gonepteryx* and *Vanessa* are peculiar, besides a host of *Tortrices*, &c.; and it is by no means uncommon to see these beautiful insects flying in the vicinity of woods on fine and mild days during the noonday sun, throughout the winter. We know also, by experience, that many of the rarer specier of insects of this country may be found even in the severest weather in their hybernal retreats, secreted under the bark of trees, clods of earth, in bark, decayed wood, banks, &c. It is also certain that those in the larva state, which live on the roots of plants, decayed wood, &c., retire deeper on the approach of cold and severe frost. It is a fact, and we believe but little known, that the larvæ or caterpillars of many of our most beautiful lepidopterous insects live all the winter; amongst these, many of the *Geometra* larva, which, from the peculiar mode in which they attach themselves to the sprays of trees, the protuberances with which their bodies are covered, and the uniformity of colour with

the back, have often more the appearance of young shoots than of an animal, and easily escape the eye of the most vigilant collector: thus, though to all appearance unprotected, they are providentially shielded from the insectivorous birds. In the autumn of 1822, Mr. John Chant, a most industrious entomologist, met with the larva of *Geometra roboraria* of Hübner and Haworth, on oak-trees, in the new forest of Hampshire: it kept feeding until very late in the season, so late, indeed, that the winter was far advanced, and no more oak in leaf could be procured for it; it, however, did not seem to require it, as it shrunk considerably in bulk, but still kept itself attached to the stem of the oak, in its usual position when not eating: in this state it remained motionless, and without food, during the winter. Early in the spring it exhibited signs of returning animation; but was, however, weak and wrinkled, being reduced in substance. As soon as the slightest movement was observed, the earliest shrub was procured, which was white-thorn, and just beginning to bud; this it readily ate, but did not confine itself to the buds alone, feeding also on the bark of the younger shoots: it now throve rapidly, young branches of oak were introduced, on which it likewise fed; but it confined itself to the youngest, and apparently the most tender shoots. Long before the oak-trees were in leaf the insect had acquired its full size, and had retired to the pupa state.'—See an excellent paper on Entomology, in Mr. Boys's instructive and amusing "CIRCULATOR," p. 179.

If the season have been wet, the *earwig* will be found in greater abundance than the *florist* could wish; and his carnations will exhibit melancholy proofs of the ravages of this destructive insect. An experienced florist advises the amateurs to plant in pots such of their best flowers as they may be particularly anxious to preserve, and put them in frames, and place the

feet of the frames in vessels filled with water. This he considers is the only effectual plan to preserve the flowers from the earwig.

In the *flower garden* and *shrubbery*, the greatest attention is now required to remove decaying flower stems of every description, to pull up weeds as soon as they appear, and to gather, or destroy by lime-water, snails and worms: the latter will now begin to be troublesome on walks and lawns, which should therefore be well soaked with lime-water; or for gravel, salt water may be used, as that destroys both insects and weeds. The gardener ought to consider that this and the succeeding month are the breeding months of earth-worms and snails, and, therefore, that one of those reptiles destroyed now, is as good as a dozen killed in spring. Towards the end of the month, green-house plants are taken in, and bulbous roots intended to be forced are potted. The stock of mignonette in pots should be carefully kept up; a bluish-green caterpillar often attacks it at this season. Sweet peas and other annuals may be sown in pots the last week of the month, to stand through the winter in cold frames, and flower in April next.

Much amusement may be derived, in September, from watching the curious operations of the *garden spider*, and observing the rapidity with which he forms his beautiful web; and the artifices he uses to entangle his victims, entrapping not only the small defenceless fly, but the armed wasp and honey-laden bee in his gluey toils. The following curious experiment respecting the *respiration* of the spider, is worthy of our notice:—'A house spider was placed by a gentleman on a small platform, in the middle of a glass full of water, the platform being about half an inch above the surface. It presently made its escape, as might have been anticipated, by suffering a thread to be wafted to the edge of the glass. The person who witnessed this, suspecting that it might

have been assisted by the water, being so nearly on the same level, poured some of the water away, and placed the spider as before. It descended by the stick that supported the platform, till it reached the water, but, finding no way to escape, it returned to the platform, and, for some time, employed itself in preparing a web, with which it loosely enveloped the abdomen, by means of the hinder legs. It now descended, without hesitation, to the bottom of the water, when the whole of the abdomen was covered with a web, containing a bubble of air, probably intended for respiration, as it evidently included the spiracles. The spider, enveloped in this little diving-bell, endeavoured on every side to make its escape, but in vain, on account of the slipperiness of the glass; and, after remaining at the bottom for about thirteen minutes, it returned, apparently much exhausted, as it coiled itself close under the little platform, and remained afterwards without motion.—*Scientific Gazette*, No. 8.

Herrings pay their annual visit to England in September, and afford a rich harvest to the inhabitants of its eastern and western coasts. At Boulogne-sur-Mer in France, before the herring fishery commences, the priests, accompanied by a host of people, proceed to the sea-side, perform the ceremony of *blessing the ocean*, and invoke success on the labours of the fishermen, in prayers adapted to the occasion.

To the frequenters of our watering-places it may be interesting to be informed that the marine curiosity called the SUN FISH, is *sometimes* to be seen on our coasts. The shape of this fish is round, and surrounded with a fin which answers the purpose of nature, and brings to our mind the idea of the Sun, as it is painted, encompassed with rays of light. This fish is also known by the name of Diodon. He appears like the upper part of the body of a very deep fish which had been amputated in the middle. The mouth is small,

with two broad teeth only in each jaw. When alarmed, he inflates his body to a globular shape of a great size, and is beset with large and sharp spines, which the animal can erect or depress at pleasure; by this manœuvre he defends or secures himself against the attacks of his enemies, and might have been named the hedgehog of the sea, if other fishes had not already obtained the name of *Echini*. The back of this curious marine animal is of a rich blue colour.

The SUN FISH.

See how along the dazzling wave
The *sun fish* bends his eagle way,
Still looking to that Pow'r who gave
Both boundless deep and gladd'ning ray.
For ever thus, with face upturned,
He sails along from sea to sea;
Each tempting object round him turned
To gaze upon immensity.

Thus, as we sail o'er life's frail tide,
We should for ever gaze above,
Nor let one thought from Heav'n glide
O'er earth's delusive joys to rove.
As we pursue our path along,
Oh! like the sun fish, we should sever
Our gaze from folly's tempting throng,
And gaze on that which lasts for ever.

RICHARD RYAN.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER was named, like the preceding, from the place it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the eighth. *Mars* was its tutelar deity. Under the reign of *Antoninus*, the senate were inclined to give to this month the name of *Faustinus*, in honour of *Faustina*, the wife of that prince. *Commodus* gave it the name of *Invictus*, and *Domitian* that of *Domitianus*; but, notwithstanding all these denominations, it still retains the name *October*. *Scorpio* is the sign into which the Sun enters during this month.

Remarkable Days

In OCTOBER 1826.

1.—SAINT REMIGIUS.

REMIGIUS, the great apostle of the French, was born in 439, and was chosen Archbishop of Rheims at 22 years of age. He died in his 96th year.

6.—SAINT FAITH.

This virgin martyr suffered death under Dacianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her.

*6. 1825.—COUNT DE LACEPEDE DIED, ÆT. 68.

He was the favourite and distinguished pupil of Buffon, and was known throughout Europe by his continuation of the great work of this eminent naturalist, the 'Natural History of Oviparous Quadrupeds and Serpents,' his *Histoire Naturelle des Cetacées,* and numerous articles in the Annals of the Museum of Natural History. His lectures at the Jardin des Plantes were numerously attended, and the opening addresses particularly admired. The sciences were not the only objects of his meditation. Passionately fond of the fine arts, and especially of music, he composed several symphonies and sonatas, which display considerable taste. He also entered the regions of fiction, and was the author of two novels. His opinion of vaccination, as a preservative from the small-pox, was not in consonance with the general doctrine; and having taken the infection, and the disease proving of a very malignant kind, his life became a sacrifice to his prejudices. In private life, M. Lacepede was a model of the social virtues: he was respected and esteemed by all who had the honour of his acquaintance.—For further particulars of this eminent naturalist, we must refer to the *Literary Gazette* for October 15, 1825, p. 668.

9.—SAINT DENYS.

Saint Denys, or Dionysius, was converted during

Paul's preaching at Athens (Acts xvii, 34). He fell a martyr under the persecution of Domitian, A. D. 96.

11.—OLD MICHAELMAS DAY,

Still observed, in many places, as the end of one year, and beginning of another, in hiring servants.

13.—TRANSLATION OF KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

This monarch, called *Confessor* on account of his piety, was the son of Etheldred, and succeeded Hardicanute in 1041. He rebuilt Westminster Abbey, and was the first that was buried in the new building in 1066. He was canonized by Pope Alexander III. He was the first English king who attempted to cure the scrophula, or king's evil, by stroking. The great seal was first used by him; and the crown, chair, spurs, staff, &c. employed at his coronation, are still preserved, and used in the recurrence of that august ceremony.

*16. 1555.—BISHOPS LATIMER AND RIDLEY BURNT AT OXFORD.

See mitred *Ridley* bold in death:—
See *Latimer* augment the glorious band.

Ridley was one of the ablest champions of the reformation: his piety, learning, and solidity of judgment, were admired by his friends and dreaded by his enemies. The night before his execution, he invited the Mayor of Oxford and his wife to see him die; and when he saw them melted into tears, he appeared himself quite unmoved, heaven being his secret supporter and comforter in the hour of agony. When he came to the stake where he was to be burnt, he found his old friend *Latimer* there before him, and began to comfort him in his sufferings, while Latimer was as ready to return the kind office. A furious bigot ascended to preach to them, before the execution of their sentence. Ridley gave a serious attention to the sermon, and offered to answer it, but this he was not allowed to do. At length, the fire was set to the pile: Latimer was soon out of pain, but Ridley continued much longer, his legs being consumed before the fire reached his vitals.

17.—SAINT ETHELDREDA.

Etheldreda was daughter of Annas, King of the East Angles, and lived under a vow of perpetual

chastity. She erected an abbey at Ely, and died there in 679.

18.—SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

The period and manner of the death of St. Luke are alike unknown. His festival was first instituted A.D. 1130.

The following curious custom is related by Mr. Aubrey:—'At *Stoke Verdon*, in Wiltshire, was a chapell (in the chapell close by the Farme-house) dedicated to *St. Luke*, who is the Patron or Tutelar Saint of y^e^ Horne-beastes, and those that have to doe with them. Wherefore the Keepers and Forresters of y^e^ New Forest came hither every year at *St. Luke's-tyde*, to make their offerings to St. Luke, that they might be fortunate in their Game, their Deer, and their Cattle. In like manner, the Foresters of Kingswood in Com. Gloc. did come to make their Offerings at *Turvills-Acton* in Glocestershire: the Chapell, which is but little, but well built, stands in the middle of y^e^ street: but was dedicated, they say, to Saint Margaret.—*Aubrey MS.* A.D. 1686.

*23. 1641.—MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS IN IRELAND.

On this day a proclamation was issued by the lords justices of Ireland, declaring 'that a discovery had been made of a most disloyal and detestable conspiracy, by some evil-affected Irish papists, universally throughout the kingdom.' The papists of Ireland, indeed, fancied they had now found a convenient opportunity of throwing off the English yoke. Religion and liberty often inspire the most atrocious actions; and they did so now. The papists of Ireland took a resolution, of which we find many horrid examples in history. They attempted to cut off all the protestants in that kingdom at one blow:—they were hunted in all directions, and murdered in cold blood; not less than *one hundred and fifty thousand protestants* falling a sacrifice upon this occasion. In such a number of murders, cruelty put on a thousand shapes: burnings and tortures were practised in every part of that miserable island; and all the protestants perished who had not the good fortune to make early provision for their safety. Sir W. Temple supposes thirty thousand *British* to have fallen beneath the cold-blooded vengeance of these worse than brutal monsters.

25.—SAINT CRISPIN.

Crispin, and his brother, Crispianus, were both born at Rome, and travelled to Soissons in France, in the year 303, to make converts to Christianity. There they maintained themselves by exercising the trade of *shoe-makers;* a circumstance which, naturally enough, led to their being regarded as the patrons of 'the gentle craft.' These brothers were both beheaded.—There is a curious anecdote relative to this day in T. T. for 1816, p. 291. See also T. T. for 1824, p. 259.

28.—SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, *Apostles.*

The Simon here meant is *Simon the Canaanite,* or *Simon Zelotes.* He and Jude both suffered martyrdom together in Persia, about the year 74. The influence of these saints upon the weather is thought akin to that of St. Swithin; and hence the following passage in the old play: 'Now a continued Simon and Jude's rain beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.'

*31. 1620.—JOHN EVELYN BORN.

We have already given a Memoir of this justly celebrated individual, in our volume for 1820, pp. 52-54; and we here introduce the date of his birth, for the purpose of guiding the reader to a valuable quarto volume, just published, containing '*The Miscellaneous Writings of John Evelyn, now first collected, and edited with Notes, by Wm. Upcott, of the London Institution.*' It is an indispensable companion to the 'Sylva, by Dr. Hunter,' and the 'Memoirs,' and completes the Series of 'Evelyniana,' which deserve a place in every library. We need not add, that the '*Memoirs of Samuel Pepys,*' the intimate friend of Evelyn, form an agreeable supplement to the volumes we have enumerated.

*OCT. 1250.—FIFTEEN THOUSAND SCHOLARS AT OXFORD,

In the time of King Henry III; this is about five

times the present number. But we must not suppose, says Mr. Pointer (Oxon. Acad.), that these scholars were conversant in logic, rhetoric, ethics, physics and metaphysics, astronomy and geography. No,—he that could *read* and *write* well, was then accounted a good scholar. In later years, in our Courts of Judicature, a criminal convicted of larceny, or some small offence, had this question put to him, *Legit vel non legit?* and, if it was found that he could read, then he was acquitted; a favour granted to delinquents, for the purpose of promoting learning.

*OCT. 1825.—M. PULO DIED, ÆT. 140!

He was a surgeon at Vendemont in Lorraine, and never left his native place. On the evening before his decease, he performed with great address, and a firm hand, an operation for the cancer on an old woman. He was never married,—bled, blistered, or physicked,—because he never felt himself unwell; though he passed no day of his long life without being intoxicated at supper, a meal which he never failed to take, till the day of his death.—*Journal de Paris.*

Astronomical Occurrences

In OCTOBER 1826.

SUNSET.

It is the dying hour of day, which grows
Sweeter in setting—all is shadow round,
But where afar the tall trees part in rows;
The West burns like a ruby, and the ground
Is tinctured with its brightness to the bound
Of the soon purpling East. WIFFEN.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Scorpio at 48 m. after 10 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he will be eclipsed early in the morning of the 31st, but the

eclipse will be invisible in this country, as the ecliptic conjunction will take place at 21 m. 36 s. after 1, in longitude 7ˢ 7° 6′¼, Moon's latitude 1° 30′¼ south. He also rises and sets during the same period as follows:—the time on the intermediate days may readily be found by the directions already given.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

October 1st,	Sun rises	12 m. after	6	Sets at	58 m. after 4
6th,	22		6	38	5
11th,	32		6	28	5
16th,	42		6	18	5
21st,	51		6	9	5
26th,	1		7	59	4
31st,	10		7	50	4

Equation of Time.

To regulate a clock by means of a good sun-dial, and which is, in many cases, the easiest and most practicable method of doing it, the equation of time must be employed as in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Sunday,	October 1st,	from the time by the dial *subtract*	10	14
Friday,	6th,		11	45
Wednesday,	11th,		13	7
Monday,	16th,		14	17
Saturday,	21st,		15	13
Thursday,	26th,		15	52
Tuesday,	31st,		16	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

New Moon,	1st day, at	39 m. after	3 in the afternoon
First Quarter,	8th	10	7 in the morning
Full Moon,	15th	46	9 in the evening
Last Quarter,	24th,	50	2 in the morning
New Moon,	31st	22	1

Passage of the Moon over the Meridian.

Such of our youthful readers as wish to observe

the Moon's transits during the present month, will find the following times favourable, should the atmosphere be clear at the respective periods.

October	7th, at	37	m. after	5	in the evening
	8th, ...	33	.....	6	.....
	9th, ...	25	.....	7	.....
	10th, ...	15	.....	8	.....
	11th, ...	2	.....	9	.....
	12th, ...	47	.....	9	.....
	13th, ...	31	.....	10	.....
	23d, ...	32	.....	5	in the morning
	24th, ...	20	.....	6	.....
	25th, ...	8	.....	7	.....
	26th, ...	56	.....	7	.....
	27th, ...	45	.....	8	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

By adding the quantities given in the Occurrences for January to those in the following table, or subtracting them, as there directed, the times of full tide at numerous other places will be obtained. Those for the intermediate days may be found by proportion.

TABLE.

	Morning.			*Afternoon.*	
October 1st, at	43	m. after	1	10	m. after 2
6th, ...	23	.....	5	49	 5
11th, ...	37	.....	10	7	 11
16th, ...	25	.....	2	42	 2
21st, ...	11	.....	5	32	 5
26th, ...	42	.....	9	14	 10
31st, ...	17	.....	2	45	 2

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

During the bright evenings of the present month this planet will be a conspicuous and beautiful object amidst the starry scene. The parts of her disk now are,

October 1st, { Enlightened part = 6·617
Dark part = 5·383

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is still so near the Sun, that only one of these eclipses will be visible this month, which is an

immersion of the first satellite, that takes place at 22 m. 52 s. after 5 in the morning of the 22d.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The opening of this ring still continues large, and at present is,

October 1st, { Transverse axis ..... = 1 000
Congugate axis .... = — 0·482

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

October 2d, with α in Virgo, at ..... 2 in the afternoon
9th, ... β in Capricorn, ... 2 .....
30th, ... α in Virgo ..... 1 in the morning
31st ..... Mercury ..... 9 in the evening

Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at midnight of the 12th of this month. Venus will attain her greatest elongation on the 13th. Georgium Sidus will be in quadrature at 45 m. after 2 in the morning of the 14th; and Saturn will be stationary on the 18th.

The Sun and Moon are not only the most conspicuous objects in the firmament of heaven, and those which have been most frequently made the objects of religious adoration, but have also afforded the most constant themes of the poet. These are subjects too, which, when touched by the finger of genius, never fail to delight; and even when contemplated through the medium of sensibility, always please.

ODE *to the* RISING SUN.

[*From the German.*]

Hail, orient Sun, auspicious light,
That banishest the gloom of night,
Lo! from behind the wood-crowned height
Breaks forth thy glorious radiancy!

Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dewdrop sweetly gleam!
O now may Joy's enliv'ning beam
Mingle with thine its brilliancy!

The Zephyrs, while the woodlands ring,
Their rosy beds with frolic wing
Forsake, and round the sweets of Spring
Rejoice to scatter lavishly.

Soft Sleep, and all his airy crew,
Fly as the morn appears to view:
Like little Loves, may they pursue
Their sport o'er Chloe peacefully!

Ye Zephyrs, haste—from ev'ry flower
Of richest perfumes take a shower,
And bear them hence to Chloe's bower,—
The charmer shall wake speedily.

And, hov'ring round her fragrant bed,
In breezes call the lovely maid;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her tresses pleasingly!

Then gently whisper in her ear,
That ere the dawning did appear,
By the soft-murm'ring fountain here,
With sighs I called her fervently. ANON.

To the MOON.

O fairest orb of heav'nly light,
That lead'st the starry train of night,
Calm Silence smooths thy tranquil way,
And pensive Sorrow loves thy ray.

When you your silver beams deny,
All baleful spirits fill the sky;
The brood of Night, of hideous form,
The desert blast, and wat'ry storm.

But when you rule, the shadowy train
Of Fairy footsteps mark the plain;
And dimly, by thy light serene,
The ghosts of lovers oft are seen.

When thou art hence, the night-owl screams;
The loathsome bat, that all day dreams,
Creeps from some long-forgotten room,
To revel in a deeper gloom.

But when, fair MOON, you roll on high,
Majestic through the silent sky,
Still to the nightingale's soft song,
In measures slow, you move along.

Oh, come then with thy clouds of snow,
Light floating as the zephyrs blow;
Oh come, and through the cheerless gloom
Shed one mild ray on yonder tomb!

Those stones Palemon's dust inclose,
The peace of Heav'n 's in his repose;
Thy whit'ning beam, ah! gently shed
On poor Palemon's lowly bed.

Till, piercing through the deeper night
That seals his eyes, a purer light
Shall burst the bonds of mortal clay,
When thou thyself shalt fade away.

REV. J. H. POTT.

The Naturalist's Diary

For OCTOBER 1826.

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Ere Winter's angry threats commence;
Like you, my soul, would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May GOD, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wand'ring bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown! HAYLEY.

At the beginning of this month, or latter end of September, some summer birds of passage, of which the *swallow* is the first, take their departure for warmer regions. The time of their leaving this country varies in different seasons; it is sometimes protracted till the end of October or the beginning of November, and swallows have been seen, in mild weather, to congregate, previously to taking their departure, so late as the middle of December. A great diversity of opinion has existed respecting the *torpidity* and *migration* of this bird: it is an established fact, that, although the greater part of the swallows that visit England quit the country before the approach of winter, many remain and continue in a state of torpidity till the enlivening sun of April wakes them from their long sleep.—See our last volume, p. 259.

The *throstle*, the *red-wing*, and the *field-fare*, which migrated in March, now return; and the *ring-ouzel* arrives from the Welsh and Scottish Alps to winter in more sheltered situations. About the middle of the month, the common martin disappears; and,

shortly afterwards, the smallest kind of swallow, the sand-martin, and the stone-curlew, migrate. The Royston or hooded crow *(Corvus cornix)* arrives from Scotland and the northern parts of England, being driven thence by the severity of the season. The *woodcock* returns, and is found on our eastern coasts[1].

Small birds now begin to congregate, and the common linnet is the first to lead the way.

> The nimble *linnet*,
> In his russet feathers, flies as warm as
> Does the bird of paradise, with all his
> Painted and his gilded trim. SIR W. DAVENANT.

Various kinds of *waterfowl* make their appearance; and, about the middle of the month, *wild geese* quit the fens, and go to the rye and wheat lands to devour the young corn; frequently leaving a field as if it had been fed off by a flock of sheep. *Rooks* sport and dive, in a playful manner, before they go to roost, congregating in large numbers. The starling *(Sturnus vulgaris)* sings. The awk or puffin visits, for the purpose of incubation, some of the rocky isles of Britain, in amazing numbers.

That singular appearance in nature, the *gossamer*, occurs in this month. See T. T. for 1821, p. 261.—Amid the floral gaieties of autumn, may be reckoned the *Guernsey lily*, which is so conspicuous an object in October, in the windows and green-houses of florists in London and its vicinity.

In *mild* seasons there are many flowers still in blow in this month—(see our last volume, p. 260, 261). Generally speaking, however, the 'last day of summer' has passed away, and we have some time since chaunted with the poet,—

> Summer, Summer, come again!
> Dost thou dread a little rain?

[1] On the *migration of birds*, see our former volumes, particularly T. T. for 1823, pp. 303-307, and for 1824, p. 271.

Canst thou perish in a cloud?
Are the winds so fresh and loud,
Weaving mirth above thy pain?—
Lo! a gloomy sorrow flies
O'er the forehead of the skies,
And o'er ocean dark and deep,
Where the wild sea-natures sleep,—
Those great children of the billows,
Tumbling on their restless pillows!

Summer, Summer, art thou gone?
Is the Autumn pale alone,
With her crown of faithless leaves,—
Like a widow queen, who grieves
O'er her bands of courtiers fled,
And her love and music dead?
Heed it never, Summer fair!
Thou no longer needest care
For the birth or death of flow'rs,
Nor lament the sullen hours;
Nor the heedless buds that perish,
Howsoever thou dost cherish;
Nor the rose who *will* decay,
Though thou fondly sighest, 'Stay!'
Kissing her perfumed lips,
While the broad Apollo dips
In the waves his burning hair:—
Mourn not, therefore, Summer fair!

If the jealous rose who died
Could have been thy deathless bride,
Or the lady lily pale
Had not been so false and frail;—
If the trees their gold had never
Flung into the brawling river,
That its hoarse tongue might not say
When they with the winds did play,
Thou might'st then have had sad reason
To complain, sweet Summer season!
But they fled—the leaves, the flow'rs;
And the illuminated hours
First survived and then decayed,
And in shrouded mists are laid.

Yet they all shall come again,
Summer sweet, and thou shalt reign
Like a god beneath the sky;
And the thousand worlds that lie
In their bluest homes shall shine,
When thou drinkest thy red wine;

And the soft west winds shall come,
Bearing all their courtier treasures,
When at ev'ning thou dost roam,
Taking thy immortal pleasures
With some bud or lily young,
Which the sky shall then have flung
On a green bank or a dell
Of sun-coloured asphodel.
Then shalt thou once more resume
Odour, strength, and all thy bloom
Of beauty, and regain thy pow'rs
Over the time-enchanted hours! B. C.

Hips and *haws* now ornament the hedges. The berries of the bryony and the privet; the barberry, the blackberry, the holly, and the *elder*, from which an excellent winter wine may be made—with sloes, bullaces, and damsons, are now in great plenty.—*Blackberries* also are ripe in this month, and the collecting of them affords an agreeable pastime to the younger branches of the peasant's family, as well as some small profit to the parents. These are the fruits of the poor;—they who are more highly favoured with the gifts of fortune revel on the patrician peach and nectarine, the pine, and the *grape*, whose purple clusters contrast so beautifully with the dazzling white of the silver epergne. But these transient pleasures, —the rose-crowned bowl,—the smiles of beauty, and music's enchanting voice,—soon, too soon, flit away from our grasp, and leave us nothing but the memories of a former day, those 'blossoms of the past.' Human life, indeed, may not inaptly be compared to

A young vine, whose tendrils lone
Embrace some hero's funeral stone:
Fixed in a fatal soil, it pines,
Even whilst the season sweetest shines;
In vain the wind, the sun, the dew,
Its weeping beauty would renew;
Faithful to death, its leaf defies
The light of suns and balm of skies;
The lively colours are defaced;
The boughs run verdantly to waste;
Every day more faint and frail,
It wears in the caressing gale;

Hour by hour the wan leaves strewing,
Hour by hour it hastes to ruin;
And soon its little life is spent
Upon the warlike monument.
WIFFEN's *Julia Alpinula.*

'During the months of *October, November,* and *December,* at the fall of the leaf, insects become less numerous, but many of the Hemiptera may be found in woods, by beating the ferns and underwood, also many very beautiful *Tineæ* and *Tortrices;* and aquatic insects may be taken in ponds, in great numbers. Roots of grass, decayed trees, &c. may again be resorted to.'—*Samouelle's Introduction to British Entomology,* p. 316.

October, like the preceding month, is generally spent by the sea-side, or in travelling over the varied surface of the United Kingdom. The lakes of Cumberland are an object of great attraction to the lover of the picturesque; the Highlands of Scotland also have a strong claim on his notice, and are frequently visited by our tourists in search of the sublime and romantic scenery of Nature. Scotland, indeed, is eminently entitled to our attention; and whether we take a trip by steam to the 'modern Athens,' and return by the land-route through the northern counties of England, or extend our journey, and sail on the placid bosom of Loch Katrine, or climb the Alpine heights of Ben Nevis, we shall be amply repaid for the fatigue and expense of the tour. Should any of our friends be tempted to visit the 'land of cakes,' they will probably meet, in some of its retired villages, with the original of the following minute and pleasing description of the domicile of

The VILLAGE DOCTOR.

The window-sash with gay green foliage bound,
Sweet eglantine and woodbine twining round;
A wooden clock conspicuous meets the view,
That ceaseless ticks, and hourly calls 'cuckoo!'
In wicker cage, a captive skylark sings,
Hops up and down, and plumes his useless wings.

That open cupboard, in the corner placed,
With boxes, gallipots, and phials graced,
By Peter termed the Magazine of Health,
Has proved the mine from whence he draws his wealth:
(Without diploma Peter plies his hand,
And scatters fate and physic o'er the land);
Here, with'ring herbs on cords suspended swing,
There, rhubarb roots are dangling in a string;
While crocus flow'rs with marigolds are laid,
And camomile, to shrivel in the shade;
Hot pungent seeds and bitter herbs abound,
The spoils of Nature scattered all around.
That deal-board shelf supports the scanty store
From whence he draws his literary lore,—
Culpeper, Ray, Lightfoot, and Sir John Hill,
All duly studied for botanic skill;
While Wesley's recipes teach physic's trade,
And Tippermalloch comes to Buchan's aid;
With pond'rous folios, now forgot by Fame,
And authors deemed unlawful once to name,
On alchymy, with hocus-pocus rules
By knavish charlatans and dreaming fools.
On shelf below, a quarto Bible's seen,
With brazen clasps, and clothed in flannel green:
On page the first, the date recorded stands
When he and Nell were joined in wedlock's bands;
And there the register of births is found
Of those who have their nuptial fondness crowned.
Botanic plates are pasted on the walls,
With horoscopes and hieroglyphic scrawls;
A badger, stuffed, stands grinning on the floor;
A rusty musket leans behind the door,
Which, after autumn, in this lonely spot,
Still brings him something for his Sunday's pot;
For hares are plenty, partridges abound,
And wild-ducks in the neighb'ring lake are found:
There stands his angling-rod, with line and hook,
Which drags the guileless victim from the brook.
Here hangs a fiddle from a rusty nail;
There waves a feather from a peacock's tail:
On paper pinned, gay butterflies are seen,
Erewhile light floating o'er the meadow green—
Their velvet wings still seeming to unfold
In glowing purple and resplendent gold;
The dragon-fly, with wings extended, shines;
In crystal case, the speckled viper twines;
The mantel-piece with petrifactions groans,
With min'rals, fossils, shells, and lunar stones:

Right in the centre stands a staring owl,
Perched on a stuccoed monk, with sable cowl.
A rude bench, raised above the window sill,
Will feast your eyes, your brain with fragrance fill;—
There pots and broken pipkins, placed in rows,
A mimic green-house to the sight disclose,
Where summer wantons in perennial bloom,
And mingling odours shed their rich perfume.

The above lines are taken from '*Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register, by Alexander Balfour,*' author of 'Contemplation, and other Poems,' and of the very pleasing 'Poetical Address,' prefixed to our last volume. These 'Sketches' we do not hesitate strongly to recommend to the attention of our readers; they exhibit great poetical powers, a fine taste, and a keen perception of the beauties of Nature;—as well as an accurate knowledge of the manners and habits of humble life—and very considerable tact in appreciating the merits and pointing out the defects of those 'Characters' which the poet has so admirably described. Mr. Balfour's book forms an excellent supplement to Mr. Crabbe's 'Tales,' and deserves to stand on the same shelf with the interesting poems of that excellent writer.

NOVEMBER.

THIS was named, as the preceding months, according to the station which it occupied in the Romulean calendar; it was the 9th. *Diana* was its tutelar divinity. The festival of *Isis* was observed on the 1st of this month, and on the 5th, the *Neptunalia*. The sign *Sagittarius* was appropriated to it, denoting the rain which falls in this month, and the hail which shoots like arrows.

Remarkable Days

In NOVEMBER 1826.

1.—ALL SAINTS.

THIS festival was instituted in 607, but was then held on the 1st of May. In 835, Gregory IV transposed it to the 1st of November. It served to commemorate all those saints and martyrs to whom no separate day had been assigned. The *present* and *final* condition of departed saints is one of the most interesting inquiries that can occupy the human mind. —See the *Protestant Beadsman*, pp. 100-109.

Hallowe'en is the eve of this day, on which many superstitious ceremonies are still observed in distant parts of the United Kingdom: see our former volumes. Shakspeare says, in allusion to this season, 'She came adorned hither like sweet May, back like *Hollowmas* or shortest day.' The fishermen who dwell on the coasts of the Baltic never use their nets between *All-Saints* and *Saint Martin's;* they would then be certain of not taking any fish through the whole year. They never fish on *Saint Blaise*'s day. On *Ash-Wednesday* the women neither sew nor knit, for fear of bringing misfortune upon the cattle. They contrive so as not to use fire on *Saint Lawrence*'s day; by taking this precaution, they think themselves secure against fire for the rest of the year. The Esthonians do not hunt on *Saint Mark*'s or *Saint Catherine*'s day, on penalty of being unsuccessful all the rest of the year. It is a good sign to sneeze on *Christmas*-day. Most of them are so prepossessed against *Friday*, that they never settle any important business, or conclude a bargain on that day; in some places they do not even dress their children. They do not like visits on Thursdays, for it is a sign they shall have troublesome guests the whole week.

2.—ALL SOULS.

This festival was instituted in the ninth century. The business of the day was to pray for souls detained in purgatory. The name is retained in our almanacks, because some tenures issue on the day.

5.—KING WILLIAM LANDED.

This King landed Nov. 5, 1688, although, as Burnet informs us, his great anxiety was to land on the 4th, which was the anniversary of his birth-day, and of his wedding-day. The king, however, fixed the anniversary of his landing on the day which accorded with his wishes, notwithstanding he actually first set foot on the British shore on the day following. No true Briton will regret that this great and glorious revolution has a separate day devoted to it in our calendar. When the news of William's invasion first reached the ears of James, he summoned his peers to a conference on the critical emergency of affairs, and on going to the council he was met by the Earl of Bedford, whose son, Lord Russel, had suffered death in the late reign at the instigation of James. When the king saw him, he said, 'My lord, you are a good man; you have much interest with the peers: you can do me service with them to-day.' 'I had once a son,' replied the venerable earl, 'who could have served your majesty on this occasion.' The monarch was struck dumb, and walked to the council in deep abstraction.

5.—POWDER PLOT.

This day is kept to commemorate the diabolical attempt of the *Papists* to blow up the Parliament House. The best account of this nefarious transaction is detailed in Hume's History of England, vol. vi, pp. 33-38 (8vo edition, 1802.)—See also T. T. for 1814, p. 280.

From a Burlesque Poem on the Times, published at the beginning of the eighteenth century, with the

title of '*Hudibras Redivivus,*' it appears that the Popish plot was commemorated with much more ceremony about this period than at present. The author very sagely commences his description of this fête of the canaille with the following lines:—

However, whether known or not,
How 'twas begun, the *plot's a plot,*
That serves the rabble to remember
Upon the *fifth* day of *November;*
A pious time, when *ragged popes*
With *pasteboard crowns,* and *paper copes,*
Are hoisted on the people's shoulders,
To please fanatical beholders.

A general *illumination* seems to have taken place in the evening; preparatory to this, however,

About the hour of six,
The boys are stealing tubs and sticks,
And lustier mob, to please their maggots,
Are begging pence to purchase faggots.

I gazed about from side to side
To view the city's zeal and pride,
Expressed in candles, shining round,
From four to twenty in the pound.

The *effigy* usually carried about, on this occasion, was intended to represent the Pope; a long horse-hair beard was attached to a frightful mask, and the head was surmounted by a triple crown; the image had on also a surplice made of ragged linen,

Given by female saints, to cover
His scare-crow holiness all over!

A procession of dirty boys followed this effigy, as *Cardinals,* with paper mitres on their heads.

Each in his dirty right hand bore
Crossed lath, instead of crosier,
And from their left a necklace hung,
By their fanatic mothers strung.

6.—SAINT LEONARD,

A French nobleman of great piety and benevolence, who died in the year 500. He was, *literally,* the patron of *captives.*

*8. 1519.—CORTEZ ENTERED MEXICO.

Cortez with his Spaniards now began those acts of tyranny, devastation, and bloodshed, which so unfortunately disfigure the pages of Spanish history. Cortez seized Montezuma, the Mexican prince, at his palace at mid-day, and threw him into prison, where he kept him till he submitted to such degradations as were quite incompatible with the freedom of himself and his people. Such was the commencement of the Spanish government in that quarter, and the end has been of a piece with the beginning. But the conquered have rebelled, and the tributaries are free: may they so use their liberty, as to prove they deserve it!

9.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Until the year 1214, the chief magistrates of London were appointed for life. The title of *lord*, in addition to that of mayor, was first granted by Richard II to Walworth, who slew *Wat Tyler*. The city of *York*, also, has its *lord* mayor; and his *wife*, or *daughter* (as the case may be) retains the title of *lady* ever after. Before the alteration of the style in 1752, the lord mayors of London came into office on the 29th of October, on which account it would seem that, ever since 1800, the Lord Mayor's Day *ought* to have been held on the 10th of November, instead of the 9th; the difference between the dates of the *old* and the *new* style being now 12 days.—Some account of this Prætorian show *as it is*, will be found in our last volume (p. 278); we shall now give a description of Lord Mayor's Day *as it was* at the beginning of the 18th century: it is from *Hudibras Redivivus* before quoted, and contains many curious particulars.

Upon that day when city mayors
Lead up the aldermen by pairs;
And when mechanic dolts, to please
Their gazing wives and 'prentices,
Creep dangling in the dirt about,
Surrounded by the rabble rout,

Who move, in tumults, to and fro,
To wonder at the raree-show;
'Twas then that I, t' improve the jest,
Made up one fool among the rest;
Without-side warm, within-side merry,
By th' help of wine, and *drap de Berry*;
For he that trudges to behold
The pretty sight in dirt and cold,
And has no right to be a guest
To spoon up custard at a feast,
Had need have wool and wine together,
To save him from the piercing weather.

Thus armed, the better to sustain
Myself against the wind and rain,
Thro' dirty kennels did I wade,
To view the pompous cavalcade,
Beheld with pleasure and amazement,
From sash, balcony, and from casement:
I came at length into Cheapside,
Where beauteous dames, in all their pride,
Appeared aloft to grace the show
That marched along in state below;
Heads upon heads were piled above,
To see the grand procession move.

* *

No sooner was I crowding come
Within the sight of kettle-drum,
But to my post I did proceed,
(Which was a very post indeed)
Where, struggling with some little hardships
I waited to behold their lordships,—
Environed with a crowd of fellows
For nothing fit but sea or gallows,

* *

——Now advanced before the rest
A set of *trumpets* richly drest;
Their coats belaced from skirt to collar,
Like a bride's wedding-shoes or fuller;
These led the van, each crowned with feather,
Toot-ing harmoniously together.

* * *

A gilded *mace*, and monstrous *sword*,
Were borne in honour to my lord;
The lordly brethren next advanced
On *nags*, that to the music danced,
And carried their heads with much more pride
Than those that did the beasts bestride.

Next these, to make the show more pretty,
Came all the *elders* of the city,
In gowns, to make the crowd adore 'em,
That blushed for some of those that wore 'em;
And hid at once, like cloak of trooper,
The rider, and his prancer's crupper.

* *

A *chain*, at least four cubits long,
Round ev'ry elder's collar hung;
From each wise noddle hung a *wig*
S' extravagantly long and big,
That each grave Don had twice more hair
Upon him, than a Greenland bear;
On top of which, in quirpo, sat
A broad, umbrella, pot-lid, hat.
The sumptuous trappings of each horse
Hung down in pomp—

* *

Thus the tremendous, awful, troop
Jogged on in state and great decorum,
Each with a *footman* by his side,
More for their *safety* than their pride,
Whose business was to *catch their masters*,
In case of unforeseen disasters,
And keep their coursers in their ranks,
If subject to unlucky pranks.

* *

Next came a set of *whiffling* fellows,
Tricked up in ribbons, blues, and yellows,
Which, like the belt of round-head soldier,
Hung dangling from the dexter shoulder
Down to the sinister supporter,
About a span below the garter;
Each having in his clumsy hand
A *rod* like a magician's wand.
These were succeeded by a noise
Of *trumpets*, blown by men and boys,
With *drums*, more terrible than thunder,
Rattling to raise the rabble's wonder.
Streamers, like sticks, on Kentish hop-poles,
As thick and tall as country May-poles,
Were borne aloft by brawny fellows,
In jackets dressed like punchinelloes.

* *

The *Master*, *Wardens*, and better sort,
That make up the Assistance Court,
Marched on in gowns well-lined within
With fur—

Behind the old paternal Dons,
Whose riches lay in banks and loans,
The *Liv'ry* train, most grave and dull,
By two and two, walked cheek by jole,
Like oxen yoaked, who gently drag on,
By leisure steps, a loaded waggon.
Next, some with hats cocked up, to show
The pertuess of a city-beau.

* *

Others, more modest than the rest,
In blushing looks their shame exprest;
While those of sense, the better sort,
Made the dull op'ra but their sport.
These, by their smiles, let others know
How much themselves despised the show.

The companies, twenty-four in number, which marched in procession, are next noticed; and the author says,

If but *one* you chance to see
In all their pomp and vanity,
The rest appear but just the same,
Distinguished by another name;
The colours that their whifflers wear,
And diff'rent ensigns that they bear;
But still each sev'ral brotherhood
Are so alike, some bad, some good,
That none, but by their streamers, knew
What Hall they did belong unto.
Hudibras Redivivus, vol. ii, part 6, p. 3-23.

11.—SAINT MARTIN

Was born in Hungary in 316, and was chosen Bishop of Tours in the year 374. He had the reputation of great zeal, piety, and meekness; and died at the age of eighty-four.

*12. 1715.—BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

On this day the Duke of Argyle defeated the rebels under the Earl of Mar, consisting of about eight or nine thousand men. After an obstinate contest, in which both sides claimed the victory, the Earl of Mar retreated to Perth, and left behind him evident signs

that the king's forces had vastly the superiority of the brave adherents of the Pretender. An old song thus commemorates the fury of this engagement:—

I saw the battle sair and teugh,
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough
To hear the thuds and see the cluds
O clans frae woods in tartan duds
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

The red coat lads, in black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rushed, and pushed, and blude outgushed,
And mony a hook did fa' man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles;
They houghed the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hacked and hashed while braid swords clashed;
And through they dashed, and hewed and smashed,
Till few men did awa, man.

13.—SAINT BRITIUS

Was a native of Tours, educated under St. Martin, and afterwards his successor. He died A.D. 444.

15.—SAINT MACHUTUS.

Saint Machutus, or *Maclou*, was son of Went, a noble Briton; his parents were godly and religious, and his mother is said to have brought him forth, in an advanced age, on Easter Eve, in the vale of Llan-Carvan, in Glamorganshire, to which place she had repaired to watch during the night, according to the devotion of that age, in the church of the famous monastery of S. Cadocus. After having been ordained priest, he retired to Aleth, in Brittany, of which place he was made Bishop, the see of which was afterwards translated to *St. Malo*, which took its name from our Saint. He desired to meet death in a penitential spirit, and, therefore, on that occasion, put on the habit of a penitent, dying in hair-cloth and ashes, on the above day, A.D. 630, being then 130 years old. He was buried without the walls of Saintes; and some of his *relics* were translated to St. Malo's,

and thence removed, on the incursions of the Normans, to *Paris*, where they are still honoured in the church of St. Maglorius.—*Britannia Sancta.*

17.—SAINT HUGH,

Bishop of Lincoln, was born in 1140, in Burgundy. Henry II invited him to England, and in 1186 he was made Bishop of Lincoln. He died in the year 1200. There is every reason to believe that he was a man of learning and piety.

20.—EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR,

Was the last titular king of East Anglia, and a tributary king to Etheldred. He is said to have been killed by the Danes in 870, because he would not renounce Christianity. We know but little, however, in reference to him, except through the medium of monkish legends. In the year 903, his remains were removed to St. Edmund's Bury, whose abbey, from that time, grew into high reputation.

22.—SAINT CECILIA

Was a native of Rome, and was martyred by being plunged into boiling water (A.D. 230), because she refused to acknowledge the gods of the Pagans. Every one who remembers Dryden's exquisite *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, knows that she is regarded as the patroness of music.

Music's power
Is little felt in sunlit hour;
But hear its voice when hopes depart,
Like swallows, flying from the heart
On which the summer's late decline
Has set a sadness and a sign;
When friends whose commune once we sought
For ev'ry bosom wish and thought,
Have given in our hour of need
Such a support as gives the reed,—
When we have seen the green grass grow
Over what once was life below;
How deeply will the spirit feel
The lute, the song's sweet-voiced appeal;
And how the heart drink in their sighs
As echoes they from Paradise. L. E. L.

23.—SAINT CLEMENT

Was converted by St. Peter; and was a zealous coadjutor of the apostles. He is mentioned in Phil. iv, 3. He was Bishop of Rome, and is generally thought to have suffered martyrdom about the year 100. This Clement was the author of two epistles to the Corinthians, both of which were recognized as part of the *New Testament* in the *Apostolical Canons* (can. 85); but were subsequently omitted, because, though they were regarded as *genuine*, they were not thought to be *inspired*. They are both inserted in *Wake's Epistles of the Fathers*. The first of them is very excellent.

23.—O. MART.

Old Martinmas day, an ancient quarter-day.

25.—SAINT CATHERINE,

Virgin and martyr, is said to have been tortured by wheels turning with great rapidity, having nails, knives, &c. fastened on their rims, A.D. 305.

The inhabitants of every parish (observes Bishop Kennett) were accustomed to pay particular devotion to their tutelar saint. Old Simon Brunsdon, of Winterborn-Basset, in Wilts, had been parish clerk there from the reign of Queen Mary to the beginning of James I. The Saint of that church was *St. Catherine;* and when the gad-fly had stung his oxen or cows, and made them run away upon the open downs, he used to run in pursuit of them, with this repeated prayer, 'Good St. Catherina of Winterborne, stay my oxen.' —*Kennett MS.*

30.—SAINT ANDREW

Was the younger brother of *Simon Peter*. He was the first apostle who came to Christ. He is regarded as the tutelary Saint of Scotland; and the anniversary of the *Order of the Thistle* is on his day. The officers of the Royal Society of London are also elected on this day. The *Order of the Thistle* is described in T. T. for 1816, p. 283.—See also T. T. for 1820, p. 280, for some poetry on the subject. An account of the pro-

cession on this day in *Scotland*, with anecdotes of learned tailors, may be seen in our last volume, p. 289.

*NOV. 1825.—LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-ENGINES.

The strides which steam is making in the economy of the country are more gigantic and surprising than those who are domesticated at a distance from its immediate operation imagine. The capability of the locomotive engine to travel with ease and safety, with a weight of ninety tons in its train, at the rate of eight miles an hour, was exhibited to thousands at the late opening of the Darlington and Stockton rail-way, and is a striking proof of the immense progress of this new power. To this we may add, that one thousand persons may be conveyed one mile, or one person one thousand miles, by a locomotive engine, at the rate of eight miles an hour, at a cost of something less than *five pence*.

*NOV. 1536.—GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA DIED.

In the elegant volume published by Mr. WIFFEN, containing a translation of the works of this celebrated Spanish author, is the following *piquant* little poem, in '*Praise of Little Women*,' which cannot fail to please the 'little and good' portion of our fair readers:—

I wish to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,
For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily;
Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea;
Little well said, makes wise, as sap most fructifies the tree.

His head who laughs and chatters much, the Moon I'm sure must sway;
There's in a little woman love—nor little, let me say;
Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little—nay, and day.
Change them, they'd both repent the change, and quarrel night

Love prayed me to speak well of all the little ones—the zest
They give, their noble qualities, and charms:—I'll do my best;
I *will* speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm in jest;
That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is manifest.

They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy creatures in the street;
Good-natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the house discreet—

Well-doing, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things more sweet,
You'll find where you direct your thoughts,—yes, many I repeat.

Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes the eyes,
In a small piece of sugar-cane a deal of sweetness lies;
So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,
And large and sweet's her love; a word's sufficient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the grain you grind,
The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to speak my mind,
A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,
There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell
Of the small lily yields great and most delightful smell,
As in a very little gold exists a precious spell,
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does outshine
For lustre, colour, virtues, price, most children of the mine,
In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiancy divine,
Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently combine.

Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they sing
Sweeter than birds of greater size and more resplendent wing;
So little women better are, by the same rule,—they bring
A love more sweet than sugar-plums or primroses of spring.

The goldfinch and Canary-bird, all finches and all pies, [cries;
Sing, scream, or chatter passing well,—there's quaintness in their
The brilliant little paroquet says things extremely wise;
Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love outsighs.

There's nothing that with her should be compared—'tis profana-
She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation; [tion;—
A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constellation:
In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salutation!

Small women do no harm, kind things, though they *may* sometimes
Us angry names, hard to digest; men wise, as was Saint Paul, [call
Say, of two evils choose the least,—by this rule it must fall,
The least dear woman you can find will be the best of all!

---

*OCT. 26. 1825 —JOHN M'ARTHUR DIED, ÆT. 66.

This gentleman was more than thirty years the principal conductor of the business of the King's Printing Office, and, with very few exceptions, attended at Westminster daily during that period, for the purpose of comparing with the originals, all Acts of Parliament and such Public Records of the House of Lords as were ordered to be printed. He possessed great

urbanity of manners, the kindest and most friendly disposition, and a warm benevolence of heart, which rendered him the patron of the distressed wherever he found them. Of him it might be truly said, that he 'Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'—To his family and friends his death will long be a source of unfeigned regret; and the remembrance of his virtues will be coeval with the existence of all who knew his worth. *We* were of this number, and feel a sincere pleasure in offering this humble tribute to the memory of one, whose 'good name' has built up for him a monument far to be preferred to any 'storied urn' or 'animated bust,' though chiseled by the hand of a Chantrey, or any other highly gifted sculptor—it is, indeed, '*marmore perennius.*'

Astronomical Occurrences

In NOVEMBER 1826.

The tempest howling from the north
Shakes Autumn's sallow forest; the rude blast
Before it drives in clouds the circling leaves,
That late in verdure blooming smiled aloft,
The green wood's pride, and scatters them to rot.
PENNIE'S *Royal Minstrel.*

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Sagittarius at 13 m. after 7 in the evening of the 22d of this month. He will also be eclipsed on the morning of the 29th, part of which will be visible.

Solar Eclipse.

	h.	*m.*	*s.*
Beginning of the eclipse	9	59	0
Greatest obscuration	11	4	15
Middle	11	5	15
Visible conjunction	11	5	30
End of the eclipse	12	11	30

Digits eclipsed 6° 37′½ on the Sun's northern limb.

The Sun also rises and sets during this month as follow. For the intermediate days, see the directions given in former months.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

November	1st,	Sun rises	12 m. after	7. Sets	48 m. after 4
	6th,		20	7	40 4
	11th,		29	7	31 4
	16th,		37	7	23 4
	21st,		44	7	16 4
	26th,		51	7	9 4

Equation of Time.

To regulate a clock.—When the shadow on a good sun-dial is just at twelve, subtract from it the quantity corresponding to the respective day, and the remainder will be the time that ought to be shown by the clock at the same moment.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	*s.*
Wednesday,	November	1st, from the time by the dial *subt.*	16	14
Monday,		6th,	16	11
Saturday,		11th,	15	48
Thursday,		16th,	15	4
Tuesday,		21st,	13	58
Sunday,		26th,	12	33

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter...	6th	day, at 25 m.	after 5	in the afternoon
Full Moon	14th	9	4	
Last Quarter...	22d	59	5	
New Moon.....	29th	37	11	in the morning

Eclipse of the Moon.

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 14th of this month, and the eclipse will be partly visible in this country, as is obvious from the following circumstances under which it will take place:—

	h.	*m.*	*s.*
Beginning of the eclipse.....	2	15	30
Beginning of total darkness	3	23	15
Ecliptic opposition	4	9	0
Middle	4	11	15
Moon's upper limb rises.....	4	22	0
End of total darkness	4	59	15
End of the eclipse.....	6	6	45

Digits eclipsed 17° 42′ ½ from the northern side of the earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the meridian of the Royal Observatory at the following times this month, which will afford good opportunities for observation, should the weather prove favourable.

November 4th, at 29 m. after 4 in the afternoon
5th, ... 24 ..... 5 .....
6th, ... 15 ..... 6 .....
7th, ... 3 ..... 7 in the evening
8th, ... 48 ..... 7 .....
9th, ... 32 ..... 8 .....
10th, ... 16 ..... 9 .....
11th, ... 59 ..... 9 .....
12th, ... 43 ..... 10 .....
21st, ... 0 ..... 5 in the morning
22d, .. 47 ..... 5 .....
23d, .. 34 ..... 6 .....
24th, ... 21 ..... 7 .....
25th, ... 11 ..... 8 .....
26th, ... 4 ..... 9 .....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The following are the hours of high water at London Bridge for the respective days mentioned below; those for the intermediate days may be found by proportion, and for many other places, by adding and subtracting the numbers, as directed under the Occurrences for January.

TABLE.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
November 1st, at	6 m. after 3	27 m. after 3
6th, ..	3 7	31 7
11th, ..	52 10	0 0
16th, ..	11 3	27 3
21st, ..	11 6	36 6
26th, ..	9 11	44 11

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet now approaches the point of her greatest brilliancy; she becomes very conspicuous; and, should the atmosphere be very clear, she is sometimes bright enough to cause objects to cast a shadow. The proportions are,

November 1st, { Illuminated part=4·596 / Dark part .....=7·404

By comparing this proportion with that for the first of the following month, it will be perceived that Venus will then have passed her greatest brightness, which is when the breadth of her illuminated disk is 3·1908 (see T. T. for 1819, p. 51), and this will be about the 15th of the month.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter is yet too near the Sun to allow the eclipses of his satellites to be visible, except such as take place under the most favourable circumstances; and these are the following.

Immersions.

First Satellite, ... 14th day, at 32 m. 41s. after 5 in the morning
30th ..... 48 ... 24 ..... 3 .....
Second Satellite, 6th ..... 25 ... 7 ..... 4 .....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

November 5th, with β in Capricorn at 8 in the evening
26th, ... α ... Virgo, at 12 at noon

Mars and Georgium Sidus will be in conjunction with each other at 10 in the evening of the 6th; and Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 28th.

We shall close the Occurrences of this month with the following beautiful

STANZAS *written at* SUNSET.

How sweet, my friend, it is to rove,
Now when the gorgeous Sun descending
Pours streams of gold on hill and grove,
To Nature richest beauty lending!

Yon clouds against the west that lie,
How bright their ample skirts are glowing!
While Fancy views their magic dye,
And, still some mimic form bestowing,

In mountains now beholds them tost,
Or palaces, the gaze delighting;
Or golden dells; or rocks embost;
Or fairy groves the most inviting;

Where happiness is ever found;
Where human woes, and tears, and sighing,
Can never come—but joys abound,
And soft the rosy hours are flying—
Meet emblem of that heav'n so bright,
Where saints their choral hymns are swelling:
O may we stretch at last our flight,
And find, my friend, that happy dwelling!

ANON.

The Naturalist's Diary

For NOVEMBER 1826.

How changed is Nature's aspect, late so gay!
Spring danced along in beauty volatile,
And *Summer* cheered us with her flow'ry smile,
But transient, like the rest, he passed away;
And *Autumn* came in harvest's rich array,
And now is hushed the joyous minstrelsy
Of field and grove; save the lone *redbreast*,—he
Sits on the naked branch, trilling his lay,
Plaintive and querulous, the sear leaf's dirge.
It is a fearful time; the conquering blast
Riots in devastation, and doth urge
Tempestuous and wild his strong career,
In cloudy chariot through the sky o'ercast,
Scatt'ring the faded honours of the year.

New Monthly Magazine.

THIS is, usually, a wet, cold, and gloomy month; storms of wind and rain confine us to the house, and admonish us in the morning to seek amusement in the well-furnished library or museum, and to devote our evenings to music and the charms of intellectual society. With these powerful antidotes to melancholy thoughts, naturally inspired by the sombre character of the season, we may listen to the 'pitiless pelting of the storm' without, and be grateful for the security and accommodation we enjoy.

It is a cloudy night,—
No moon, no stars; the wind is low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth is bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
E'en as a summer's sky without a cloud.

Yon tempest-shattered elm, that heavily
Sways to the wind, seems for the dead to sigh.
How many generations since the day
Of its green pride have passed, like leaves, away;
How many children of the hamlet played
Round its hoar trunk, who at its feet were laid,
Withered and grey old men! In life's first bloom,
How many has it seen borne to the tomb!

ELLEN GRAY.

Although November is usually dull and cheerless, yet there are some intervals of clear and pleasant weather: the mornings are occasionally sharp, but the hoar-frost is soon dissipated by the Sun, and a fine open day follows. There is a soothing mildness in these last 'lingering looks' of Autumn, peculiarly grateful to the feelings, and possessing a melancholy but pleasing influence. The fields and inclosures are cleared of their harvest treasure, and the web of the gossamer extends in unbroken and floating pathway over stubble and lea. Vegetation is every where passing rapidly into decay; and we are led to exclaim with the poet,

O Summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shadowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' Autumn of adversity!

MASSINGER.

The NOVEMBER GARDEN.

[*From the Legend of Genevieve, and other Poems.*]

In Spring I visited this spot;
A thousand herbs and flow'rs were blooming;
And eglantine o'erhung this grot,
Mild April's balmy breeze perfuming;
The primrose opened to the Sun;
And languidly the daffodillies,
Reclining bashful, had begun
To smile beneath the sprouting lilies.

I came in Summer—shrub and flow'r,
Though changed in hue, were still before me;
'Twas cloudless noon, I sought the flow'r
That threw its welcome shadows o'er me;

And, as I rested on its seat,
Absorbed in silent meditation,
The bee was treasuring liquid sweet
From the bosom of the soft carnation.

Again I come to view the scene,
Whose summer hues I well remember;
'Tis stripped of pride, 'tis shorn of green,
Beneath the rude sway of November!
The melody of song is mute,
Except the robin's lonely singing:
The trees have shed their leaves and fruit,
And weeds in ev'ry walk are springing.

The morn is cold; the sky is pale,
The winds no more are silence keeping;
Like childhood at a mournful tale,
O'er vanished bloom the flow'rs are weeping
I look upon the sullen sky—
It wanes as when a daughter's duty,
Stayed by a tyrannous father's eye,
Opposes love, and withers beauty.

All, all is changed, as if Simoom
Had passed with with'ring magic over!
No trace of beauty or of bloom
Can sense perceive or eye discover;
But wild, and waste, and desolate,
A wilderness is stretched around me;
And where mid Summer's smiles I sate,
November's wintry breeze hath found me.

The lilac boughs are tinged with red,
The yellow leaves profusely lying:
The flow'rs have bent or bend the head;
The latest of the train are dying.
Hark! 'tis the voice of Nature cries—
'Shall Pride and Passion vanquish Reason?
Will man be never, never wise!
Heav'n is his home, and life a season.'

The dreadful gales of November 1824 (observes our Gloucestershire correspondent), which desolated so large a portion of Europe, were certainly felt by us on the Severn, though not in a comparatively injurious degree, yet they were rude enough to cause us some apprehension for the consequences; but I think the fury of the storm, and the extent of its power, cannot be better comprehended than by stating, that

the strong winged, active little bird, called the stormy petrel *(Procellaria pelagica)*, at that time, perhaps, sporting in the waves of the Atlantic, darting in glee and delight along the deep hollow vallies of that agitated ocean, was suddenly caught by the gale, overpowered, and driven on the 'wings of the wind' over an immense space of sea and land, and finally dashed upon some elevated ground, and killed, in the parish of Alveston! It must have been more than a zephyr which could control the actions of such a bird, so powerful and fearless on the wing, as the petrel (a creature that seems to ride on the 'whirlwind and defy the storm'), and bear it away without the power of resistance, like a feather, over such a district, and to such a fate!

But to return to our Diary of the appearances of Nature in this month; it is, like the intervals of fine weather in November, brief indeed, and may be told in a few lines. The Virginia-creeper has now a very rich and beautiful appearance. Mushrooms are collected in abundance this month: see our last volume, p. 201. The congregating of small birds, which was noticed as commencing in October, still continues; and the long-tailed titmouse is seen in troops in the tall hedge-rows. The stock-dove, one of the latest winter birds of passage, arrives from more northern regions towards the end of this month. *Moles* now make their nests, where they lodge during the winter, and which are ready for depositing their young in the spring.

DECEMBER.

THIS month was named, like the preceding ones, from the place which it had in the Romulean calendar. Its tutelar divinity was *Ceres*. On the 16th of this month were held the *Saturnalia*, of which the

modern carnival is an imitation; they continued five days. *Capricornus* is the sign given to this month, because now the Sun enters that sign.

Remarkable Days

In DECEMBER 1826.

3.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

THIS and the three following Sundays precede the grand festival of Christmas, and take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into, or from *adventus*, an approach. They celebrate 'the glorious appearance of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ,' (Titus ii, 13.) This constitutes the commencement of the Anglican ecclesiastical year. *Advent* Sunday is always the nearest, whether before or after, to St. Andrew's day.

6.—SAINT NICHOLAS.

Nicholas was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year 392. The ceremony of the boy-bishop, once observed on this day, and from which the *Eton Montem* is supposed to have been derived, is described at length in T.T. for 1814, p. 306 (*second edition*).

8.—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This festival was instituted by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet, being in a storm, afterwards came safe to shore.

13.—SAINT LUCY.

Lucy, a virgin martyr, was a native of Syracuse, who suffered in the year 305.

16.—O SAPIENTIA.

This is the commencement of an anthem, which, in the Romish church, used to be sung from this day until Christmas-eve: *O sapientia, quæ ex ore altissimi prodisti*, &c.

20, 22, 23.—EMBER DAYS.

21.—SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

St. Thomas is said to have preached the Gospel in Media and Persia, and, about the year 73, to have been pierced through with a dart. This day was assigned to him in 1130. It is denominated the *gooding* day in the midland counties.

Dr. Buchanan, when in India, 'visited *Cranganore*, a place celebrated among the Christians as being the spot where the Apostle Thomas landed, when he first arrived in India from Aden, in Arabia. The town and fort are now in ruins, but in the neighbourhood, at a town called Paroor, is a very ancient Syrian church, supposed to be the oldest in Malabar: it bears the name of the apostle, and is still used for divine service. The Syrians have a tradition that St. Thomas resided there for some time, and afterwards suffered martyrdom on the coast of Coromandel. This fact is not of much consequence; but the residence of the apostle in India is an important point, because it indicates the early diffusion of Christianity. Dr. Buchanan, who had good opportunities of learning the traditions of the country, was of opinion that we have as good authority for believing that the Apostle Thomas died in India, as that the Apostle Peter died at Rome.' (See Buchanan's Christian Researches in Asia, p. 134, and Hack's Evidences of Christianity, p. 208.)

This is the *shortest* day, and is, at London, 7h. 44 m. 17 s.; allowing 9 m. 5s. for refraction.

LIFE; *a* POEM.

Written for Time's Telescope, by the Rev. W. Fletcher, Master of the Grammar School at Woodbridge.

The morning arises, the noon fleets away,
The shadows of eve spread their mantle around;
So life speedeth onward and closes its day,
As Death deals his arrows in stillness profound.

Yet the pilgrim of life deems his exit afar,
Nor dreams of that moment so dreary and cold,
When Death all his visions shall suddenly mar,
And bid him return to the earth as his fold.

The Sun shines above him, there's music around;
The flow'rs are in bloom, and the earth is as blest,
Like a babe when it sleeps mid the sweets of the ground,
Or toys with the blossoms which pillowed its rest.

The heart of the pilgrim in unison swells,
And life seems a bow'r full of fragrance and mirth;
He hears not the voice of his conscience, which tells
There's a spoiler and waster which travels the earth;

That the bud of his joys, so luxuriant in bloom,
Has a worm at its root and disease at its core;
And that Time must soon bend it in death to the tomb,
In the gleam of its beauty to revel no more.

Thus existence fleets on, and the startled grow dumb,
When Death in deep darkness sweeps solemnly by,
And speaks, as the hour of his triumph may come,
Thou hast lived—thou hast loved—now turn thee, and die.

25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

Of the different times of the year in which the feast of the Nativity has been celebrated, we spoke under the word *Circumcision*, p. 3. Before this feast, as well as the other great festivals, the ancients held *vigils;* in these they assembled for worship during the night, holding *pernoctationes* and *pervigilia*. Thus, says Chrysostom, 'the cherubim above cry aloud, *Holy, Holy, Holy,* in the Trisagion hymn, and the congregation of men on earth below send up the same; and so a common general assembly is constituted of the inhabitants of heaven and earth together.'

Among the modern customs (different indeed from those of the primitive church!) *Christmas boxes,* and *yule clogs,* are most universal. Etymologists have puzzled themselves greatly about these *yule clogs,* but they simply mean clogs or logs to keep away *evil*. In *Rolle*'s translation of some of the Psalms, made in the 14th century, we find, 'I shal not dreede *yueles,*' for what we now translate 'I will fear no *evil.*' (Ps. xxiii.)

Christmas was called *Midwinter*, and the service on this day *Midwinter Mass*, by our Saxon ancestors; in opposition to Midsummer.

Christmas is a most interesting commemorative æra, and from the earliest time, when first the sacred light of Christianity dawned upon the world, this period of the year has ever been devoted to joy and pleasure. At this heart-rejoicing season, the annual assembling of families and connections, the old and the young,—and the meeting of friends, who meet only, perhaps, at this period—give an interest to the annual celebration of Christmas, which no other festival possesses.—Of the good cheer which Christmas never fails to spread before the 'willing guest,' we have already spoken, at various times, and in 'various measure;'—the superb *dindon*, or alderman-in-chains, has received our best homage: but we have omitted to do proper honours to the noble SIRLOIN, a cut-and-come-again dish worthy of all praise. This joint is said to owe its *name* to King Charles II, who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint; and said for its merit it should be *knighted*, and henceforth called *Sir-Loin*. Accordingly, in the ballad of the 'New Sir John Barleycorn,' we have the following:

Our Second Charles, of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased, o'er the meat—
Arise, thou famed SIR-LOIN.

The ballad of the 'Gates of Calais' calls it,

Renowned *Sir* Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad;
On thee our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs, and salad!

The following spirited tribute to Britons' boast, her own 'Sirloin,' is from the pen of W. Preston, Esq.

Thee the god of Plenty bore
To the king of Britain's shore,

His fav'rite dish—in *Charles*'s time,
Plain-meat was not held a crime.
The god, in guise of yeoman tall,
Past along the crowded hall;
And with portly mien, and bland,
Gave thee to the monarch's hand.
The well-known dish the king surveyed,
And drew forth the shining blade;
He waved it *thrice*, with gentle tap,
Thrice imposed the *knightly slap;*
And worthier thou a king's regard,
And worthier thou a king's reward,
Than half the titled bands, I ween,
At courtly mask or banquet seen.
Oft in winter, at thy side,
May thy loved *plum-pudding* bide!
Preserved in poets' matchless lay,
SIRLOIN! thou shalt ne'er decay.

Having partaken of the 'roast beef of Old England,' and quaffed her 'home-brewed ale'—to increase the hilarity of the party, we will call upon our friend RYAN for a *Song:* here it is, gentle reader—and may be sung to any tune that pleaseth thee best.

Here's Christmas coming dancing on
With a blithe new year before him;
A moment and his light is gone,
And all the sunshine o'er him.
Who'll help him on his path along?
'*I* will,' says *Mirth*, '*I* will,' says *Song*,
'We two will help his foot along;
We'll laugh and sing, and many a lass
Shall laugh with us *at Christ-mas.*'

And *Pleasure* too cries, 'Spread the board,
And fill to the brim the mantling glass;
We'll give him the best our halls afford
While he stays, we'll feast *this Christ-mas.*
But see, he spreads his wings to fly,
Ah! seize him, *Time*, ere he passes by:'
'No,' says Time, 'for next year *you* and *I*,
With Mirth and Song, and brimming glass,
Again will welcome Christ-mas.'

But away with this *vulgarity* (exclaim our exquisites), and we dare say we have given a dreadful

shock to the nerves of some of our female *sensitives*, by talking of such exploded things as roast-beef and *ale*,—particularly as no *lady* of any delicacy *malts* now-a-days—and the very sound of such a barbarous word as *beef*, would throw her at once into *amiable* hysterics!—We would plead in excuse for this trespass on good manners, that the greater portion (shall we say the *happier* portion?) of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom partake of *ros-bif* and *plumb-boudin*, as our Gallic neighbours have it, on Christmas Day, and enjoy this substantial fare with as much or more *gout* and real satisfaction, than if they had dined at Very's, in the Palais Royal:—but what would this avail with our *sensitive* or with the renowned pink of fashion, who, on being asked whether he had ever tasted *vegetables*, confessed, after some hesitation, that—he—be—lie—ved—he—had—once—eaten—A PEA!

As we would, however, fain please every body (an arduous task), and, above all, *les belles dames*, of whom that straightforward poet MR. JAMES COLLETT, of Red Lion Square, says with much *naïveté*,

> They chase our sorrows, share our joys,
> From them all earthly comforts flow, Sir;
> They give us little girls, and boys,
> And to such gifts who would say—No, Sir[1]?

we present our fair readers with a Bill of Fare *à la Française*, which might even pass muster with the far-famed *Hardi* of the Boulevard Italien. The 'silvery bell' having rung, not for 'dinner ready,'

> But for *that* hour, called *half-hour*, given to dress,

we take the opportunity of this interval to describe the apparatus and materials of a patrician feast—such as is often given in England, under the immediate direction of a French *artiste*:—

[1] See 'A Garland of Wild Flowers culled at the Base of Parnassus', 1825.

Great things are now to be achieved at table,
With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapon; but what Muse since Homer's able
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day-bill
Of modern dinners? where much mystery lurks
In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût.
* *

There was a goodly 'soupe à la *bonne femme*,'
* *

A turbot for relief of those who cram,
Relieved with *dindon* à la Perigeux;
There also was——
How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
Soupe à la Beauveau, whose relief was Dory,
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

Fowls à la Condé, slices eke of salmon,
With sauces 'Genevoises,' and haunch of venison;
Wines too which might again have slain young Ammon.
* *

They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

There was I know not what 'à l'Allemande,'
'A l'Espagnole,' 'timballe,' and 'Salpicon'—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallowed with much zest upon the whole;
And 'entremets' to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
While great Lucullus' *Rôbe triumphal* muffles—
(There's Fame!)—young Partridge' fillets, decked with truffles[1].

Those truffles, too, are no bad accessaries,
Followed by 'Petits puits d'Amour'—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,

[1] A dish 'à la Lucullus.'—This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe) and the nomenclature of some very good dishes;—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a laurel: besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.—B.

According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;
But even sans 'confitures,' it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those 'petits puits[1].'

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect expended on two courses;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
That cookery could have called forth such resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
The diners of celebrity dined well;
The *ladies* with more moderation mingled
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;
Also the *younger men* too; for a springald
Can't like ripe age in gourmandise excel,
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
The salmi, the consommè, the purée,
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
Than could *roast beef* in our rough John Bull way:
I must not introduce even a *spare rib* here,
'Bubble and squeak' would spoil my liquid lay;
But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
The chaste description even of a 'Becasse,'

[1] 'Petits puits d'amour garnis des confitures,' a classical and well known dish for part of the flank of a second course. But what avails this luxurious repast if our dental apparatus be not in masticating order? We speak feelingly on this subject, having long suffered from diseases of the teeth, till our 'good stars' directed us to MR. KOECKER, of No. 15, Conduit Street, Bond Street, a German dentist,—probably without an equal in the world *as* a dentist. He cures many diseases, that have always been regarded as incurable, even to the time of our celebrated Mr. Fox, who looks upon the devastation of the gums and alveolar processes in that light. Mr. Koecker's treatment of *denuded* nerves, and plugging or *stopping*, are peculiar to himself, and altogether unrivalled.—Need we say more in commendation of Mr. Koecker, than that he extracted *five* teeth from our editorial mouth at one sitting, without our knowing 'much about it?'

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
From nature for the service of the goût—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French will do;
But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
Which prove plain English truer of the two. BYRON.

But let us return to the 'good old times'—and seek the company of the indefatigable and entertaining MR. AUBREY: from his store of 'curiosities' we select the following notices of customs practised in 'auld lang syne'—*some* of which our readers, perhaps, will consider to be 'more honoured in the breach than the observance:'—*n'importe*—we think them sufficiently curious to be preserved in our brief view of 'Popular Antiquities,'—and this must be our apology.

It was anciently the custom in *Yorkshire*, in the Christmas holy-days, *to dance in the Church*, after prayers, crying or singing Yole, Yole, Yole, &c.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

In the West Riding of *Yorkshire*, at Christmas Eve, at night, they bring in a large yule log or Christmas clog, and set it on fire, and *lap* their Christmas ale, and sing 'Yule, Yule, a pack of new cards and a Christmas stool.'—*Aubrey MS.*

In several parts of *Oxfordshire* it is the custom for the maids to ask the men for *ivy* to dress the house; and if the man denies or neglects to fetch in ivy, the maid steals away a pair of his breeches, and nails them up to the gate in the yard, or high way.—*Aubrey MS.*

In the North Riding of *Yorkshire*, it is the custom for the parishioners, after receiving the sacrament on Christmas Day, to go from church directly to the alehouse, and there drink together as a testimony of charity and friendship.—*Aubrey MS.*

It was formerly a custom for the butcher of *Merton College, Oxford*, about Christmas time, to invite the scholars to a treat at his house, when he used to

provide a *bull* for the steward to knock down with his own hand; whence this treat was called *The Kill-bull.—Pointer's Oxon. Acad.*, p. 23.

It is still, we believe, a custom at *Queen's College, Oxford*, to have a boar's head (or the figure of one in wood) brought into the hall, every year on Christmas Day, ushered in with an old song, in memory of a noble exploit said to be performed by a scholar of this College, in killing a wild boar in Shotover Wood.

Christmas Carols.

On this subject, Mr. Aubrey has the following observations:—'The ancient way of worshipping the gods was by hymns, as in Orpheus, Linus, Homer, &c. Hence was derived the singing of the Ghospell. The original Ghospells were writt in *verses* to be sung: not consisting of certain, and the same measures of feet. In the University of Oxford, the old R. Catholiq. custome is yet [1686] retained, at least in most colleges, for one of the scholars of the house, *in the middle of dinner*, to sing the Ghospel of the day: I doe remember some divines, that when they read the chapters, did it with such a *cadence*, that it was rather to be termed singing, than reading. Our Carolls at Christmas are but hymnes of joy for that blessed tyde.—*Aubrey MS.*

The author of 'The Heart and its Sovereign,' quoted in the *Aubrey MS.*, says, 'The *Asiatic* custom of singing a carol to Christ mentioned in Pliny (lib. 10, ep. 97), in his Epistle to Trajan the Emperor, in the first age of the church, is retained in Wales to this day [1686] in our *plygains* or *pulgains*, as we term them.

A Christmas Carol (the words by Mr. Ryan, and the music by Mr. Tebbett) is given in our last volume.

Christmas Amusements *in the* Time *of* King Edward III *and* Henry IV.

Among the various classes of persons who contributed to the amusement of our ancestors at the *Christmas* and other holiday-festivals, the *Tergetors* or

Tregetors seem to have been in high repute. Their feats are thus described by CHAUCER, in his *Franklin's Tale:*—

For I am siker[1] that there be sciences,
By which men make divers apparences,
Such as these subtle *Tergeters* play;
For oft at feasts have I well heard say,
That *Tragetours*, within an hall large,
Have made come in water and a barge;
And in the hall rowen up and downe,
Sometime hath steined a grim lioun,
And sometime flowers spring as in a mede;
Sometime a vine and grapes, white and rede:
Sometime a castel of lime and stone:
And when hem[2] listed, voiden hem anone:
Thus seemed it to every man's sight.

And again, in the 'Squire's Tale,' he says,

And others rowned to his felows loud,
And saied he lied, for it is rather like
An apparence made by some magikes
As jogglours plaien at these feasts great:
Of sundry thoughts thus they jangle and treat,
As leand[3] people deemeth commonly
Of things that been made more subtilly,
Than they can in her leandnesse comprehend:
They deemen gladly to their badder end.
And some of hem woudren on the mirrour,
(That born was up to the maister tour)
How men might in it such things see.
Another answerd, certes it might well bee,
Naturally by compositions
Of angels and the reflections;
And saien that in Rome was such on,
They speaken of Alhazen and Vitellion,
And Aristotle that writeth in her lives
Of quaint mirrours, and of *perspectives*,
As knowing they that han her bookes heard.

The name of *Tregetour* or *Jogelour* (Juggler) was applied, in Chaucer's time, to those who by sleight of hand and machines produced such illusions of the senses as are usually supposed to be effected by en-

[1] Sure. [2] Them. [3] Ignorant.

chantment; and a great deal of machinery was requisite to produce the *apparences* or illusions enumerated by the poet. The feats of the Tregetours may be illustrated from the following account which Sir John Mandevile has given of the exhibitions before the Great Chan. 'And than comen *Jogulours* and *Enchantoures*, that don many marvaylles: for they maken to come in the ayre the Sonne, and the Mone, be seminge, to every mannes sight. And after they maken the nyght so dark, that no man may see no thing. And aftre they maken the day to come ayen fair and plesant with bright Sonne to every mannes sight. And than they bringen in *daunces* of the fairest damyselles of the world and richest arrayed. And aftre they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringinge coupes of gold, fulle of mylk of dyverse bestes, and yeven drinke to lordes and to ladyes. And than they make *Knyghtes to jousten* in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoum: and they ffruschen togidere fulle fiercely; and they breken here speres so rudely, that the tronchouns fleu in sprotes and peces alle aboute the halle. And than they make to come in *huntyng* for the hest and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe. And many other thinges they don be craft of hir enchauntementes, that it is marveyle for to see. And suche playes of desport they make, til the taking up of the boordes.'—*Mand. Trav.*, p. 285, 6.

I have heard my grandfather Lyte say (observes Mr. Aubrey, alluding to the description of Chaucer) that old Father Davis told him, he saw such a thing donne in a gentleman's hall at Christmas, at or near Durseley in Gloucestershire, about the middle of King Henry the Eight's reigne. Edmund Wild, Esq. saies that it is credibly reported, that one shewed the now king of France, in 1689 or 1690, this trick, that is, to make the apparition of an oake, &c. in a hall as described by Chaucer, and no conjuration. The king of France gave him (the person) *five hundred louis*

d'ors for it.— MEM. A Hamborough merchant, now or lately in London, did see this trick donne at a wedding in Hamborough, about 1687, by the same person that shewed it to the king of France.—*Aubrey MS.*

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS *in* GERMANY.

In *Germany*, on Christmas Eve (Mr. Aubrey gravely observes), many *sinfull* things in some places are dun by young maids or men, e. g. a mayd washeth her feet in a brazen bason, and afterwards throwes out the water, and placeth it in any place, and hearknes to it, by this she will know what manner of man the future husband will bee; when she heareth scribbling, she taketh it, that he will be a scholar or scrivener; if she heares sewing, a taylor or shoemaker, &c. Yea, as some say, maids will keep a piece of meat at the first and three following *Advent Sundays*, and at twelve o'clock at night before Christmas, doe lay the table cloth, and sett up the said meat, without laying on it any knyf,—then say, '*Here I sit and would fain eat, if my sweetheart would come and bring me a knyfe;*' whereupon a ghost in shape of a man presenteth her with a knife, and such a one her future husband will bee.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

Another Christmas custom in Germany, recorded by Mr. Aubrey, is as follows. 'The night before Christmas, they take a trencher, and put upon it a little heap of salt, as big as a walnut more or lesse, for such and such a one, and for themselves two, and set it in a safe place: in the morning when they find the heap or heaps entire, all will live the following yeare; but if any or more are melted down a little, they take it that the same man or woman will dye for which it was designed.—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686.

CHRISTMAS EVE *at* ROME.

A modern traveller affords us an agreeable description of the festivities of 'Christmas Eve,' and of the ceremonies of the following morning:—'The first note

of preparation appeared in the arrival of the Calabrian minstrels or *pifferari*, with their sylvan pipes (*zampogne*). The costume and appearance of these men closely resemble some groups in the villa Albani, and their instrument is doubtless of remote antiquity. It is like the bagpipe of Ireland and Scotland, but is less harsh than the latter. The music also is wild and plaintive, and bears a resemblance of character to our national melodies, most probably derived from the limited capabilities of the instrument. Meantime, the noise, bustle, and occupation increase, as the holy time draws near. The decorators are busied in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Devout ladies and holy nuns are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madona and Child of their respective churches.

> Une découpe un Agnes en losange,
> On met du rouge à quelque bien heureuse;
> L'autre décore un vierge, aux yeux bleus,
> Et passe au fer le toupet d'un ange. GRESSET.

'The *cherici* (a sort of non-descript in the service of the church, who, like the *carattere* of the Italian stage, and the *double* of the French theatre, are men of all work) are busy in making the toilette of the Virgin; and under their hands she blazes in diamonds, or shines in tin, according to the riches of the several parish treasuries. In the Church of the Pantheon, she was crowned with gilt paper, and decked with glass beads; and, on the same day, in Santa Maria Novella, we beheld her coal-black face set off with rubies and sapphires, which glittered on her dusky visage like "a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

'While shrines and images thus dazzled with preparatory splendour within the churches, all without assumes an air of appropriate but tantalizing festivity; for long before the termination of the black fast, the shops of the poulterers, butchers, and above

all the pizzicaroli (the magazines of all that is savoury to the Roman palate, and comes best within the compass of the Roman purse), exhibit a most inviting aspect. In these shops, the Bologna pudding of immortal memory rivals the dried salmon and savoury tunny-fish of Corsica; while the fancy sports in Raffaelesque traceries and gay festoons of sausages, *tastefully* disposed in the glare of tallow candles.

'At last the hour of attack approaches, announced, like other hours of attack, by the beating of drums and the firing of artillery. The cannons of St. Angelo, which warlike popes have so often directed against their rebellious flock, are heard at Christmas-eve to announce the festivity. The echoes of the Palatine and Campidoglio repeat the awful sounds; shops are shut, saloons are deserted, and all retire to that repose which is to fortify them for the fatigues of the night. The midnight supper and the midnight lauds begin the holy revel; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Cœli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake.

'The devotees then bend their steps to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to attend the procession of the *culla* or cradle of Christ, which is removed from its shrine, and exposed during Christmas-day on the high altar, to the adoration of the faithful. We arrived at midnight an hour earlier than fashion dictates, when a scene burst upon us, beggaring all description. Emerging from the gloomy darkness of the Roman streets into the illuminated space of one of the most magnificent of Christian temples, and doubtless surpassing the temple of Juno Lucina, on whose ruins it was raised, its three ample naves, separated by rows of Ionic columns of white marble, produced a splendid vista. Thousands of wax tapers marked their form, and contrasted their shadows; some blazed

from golden candlesticks on the superb altars of the lateral chapels, upon sculptured popes, who, in all the array of human grandeur, are seen through a medium that adds to their gigantic proportions. Draperies of gold and crimson decked the columns, and spread their shadows from the intercolumniations, over the marble pavement.

'In the midst of this imposing display of church magnificence, sauntered or reposed a population which displayed the most squalid misery. The haggard natives of the mountains, the labourers who had that night deserted their cabins of straw and furze on the Campagna, to avail themselves of the saturnalia, and slumber upon precious marbles, were mixed with the whole mendicity of Rome, seeking one night's shelter beneath a roof, for heads accustomed to crouch beneath open porticos and projecting doorways. Some of these terrific groups lay stretched in heaps on the ground, congregating for warmth; and as their dark eyes scowled from beneath the mantle which half hid a sheepskin dress, they had the air of banditti awaiting their prey; others with their wives and children knelt, half asleep round the chapel of *Santa Croce*, lost in stupid admiration of its splendour, abstracted in the repetitions of their breviary, or wondering before the relics of Joseph's holy house enshrined in porphyry. Many slept profoundly on the earth, forgetful alike of the magnificence by which they were surrounded, and the misery of their accustomed abodes. In the centre of the nave, multitudes of gay, gaudy, noisy persons, the petty shopkeepers, laquais, and *popolaccio* of the city, strolled and laughed, and talked loud. Mixing among these bands were the inhabitants of Albano, with their curious costume and Isis head-dresses; the *Trasteverini* in a still more singular habit; and crowds of English of rank and fashion, sporting the appropriate or borrowed uniform of captains and colonels, in eager expectation of novelty, but evidently annoyed by the

almost licentious crowd, and by a stench in which garlic strongly prevailed—defying all the combined odours of frankincense and lavender water.

"Expectation and impatience gradually increased as the night wore, and frequent inquiries were made of choristers and property-boys, who were bustling from chapel to chapel, from orchestra to organ-loft, some with branches, some with ladders, one with a bass-viol, another with a roll of music, and all replying to the incessantly repeated demand of "when will it begin?" with the usual *adesso, adesso* (directly, immediately). About three o'clock the adesso arrived. The choral swell, the blazing torches, the gigantic crucifix, and the crowded procession of priests of every rank and order, opened the service of the nativity. This service performed in the choir was chiefly musical, and was accompanied by evolutions and changes of place, bows and genuflexions, which, though extremely imposing, were sufficiently wearisome from their inordinate length, and the drowsy hour of the night which they so tediously consumed. This service, which was scarcely seen or heard, except by the distinguished few (English, Poles, and Russians) who were admitted within the choir, lasted for two hours. Then began the procession of the cradle, consisting of the whole body of the clergy present, who proceeded to a sort of cell where the cradle lay enshrined in a blaze of tapers, and guarded by groups of devotees that had succeeded each other through the preceding day and evening. Thence it was borne with solemn chaunts to the Chapel of the Santa Croce. In this interval all were in motion, scrambling and crowding from the body of the church to secure a place in the chapel. The musicians hurrying to the orchestra prepared for them, for the second act of the evening's performance, tumbled over the sprawling crowds which knelt in their path; and the multitude, who had been indifferent to the service, were now in eager motion to get a sight of the cradle.

Then followed a musical mass; and the culla being at last deposited on the altar, the wearied and exhausted spectators issued forth just as the dome of St. Peter's caught the first light of the morning; and the cupolas and spires which crown the seven hills rose on the eye above the dim mists of night, in which the city and its ruins were still involved.'—*Lady Morgan's Italy*, 4to, vol. ii, pp. 278, et seq.

26.—SAINT STEPHEN.

Stephen was the first deacon chosen by the apostles. He was cited before the Sanhedrin, or Jewish Council, for prophesying the fall of the Jewish Temple and economy; and while vindicating his doctrine by several passages of the Old Testament, he was violently carried out of the city, and stoned to death, in the year 33.

'On St. Stephen's-day, the farrier came constantly, and blouded all our cart horses, &c. This was the practice also in Germany.'—*Aubrey MS.*, A.D. 1686. In some parts of the West of England (observes Bishop Kennett), when the women put their bread into the oven, they use this prayer:—

Pray God and St. Steven,
Send a just batch, and an even.

27.—JOHN EVANGELIST.—*See* p. 119.

28.—INNOCENTS.

This day, often called *Childermas Day*, is set apart to celebrate the slaughter of the Jewish children by Herod, mentioned by Saint Matthew, and confirmed by Macrobius. In the statutes of St. Paul's school, the scholars are ordered by the learned founder, Dean Colet, to go 'to Pauli's churche, and hear the *chylde-bishop's sermon*.'

'For the church of Rome to put the Holy Innonents, as they call them, in their calendar, and observe a day in memory of them, while they have so often, by their barbarous massacres, justified and even outdone Herod, is but to do as their predeces-

sors did, who built the tombs of the prophets, while they themselves fill up the same measure.'—*Henry's Bible, on Matthew* ii, 16-18.

SONNET.

[Written for Time's Telescope by W. P. S.]

Sweet is the smile of *Infancy*, and sweet
Its wavering breath, and soft cheek's roseate bloom;
Sweet is the morning's delicate perfume,
When silv'ry beams luxuriantly greet
The dewy violet in its green retreat.
Alas! o'er childhood yawns the untimely tomb,
And smiling morn oft weds a day of gloom;
Thy hope, fair Spring, admits not of defeat;
Thy smile with more than promise is replete:
Thy bud is fruitful ere thy leaf is sear,
Infant of Time! sweet morning of the year
Autumnal treasures are thy gift! Albeit
Thy day of love be mutable and fleet,
The lap of Summer is thy joyous bier!

From STANZAS *on an* INFANT.

By the Author of the Legend of Genevieve, &c.

E'en now begirt with utter helplessness,
'Tis hard to think, as on thy form I gaze,
(Experience makes me marvel not the less),
That thou to busy man shalt rise, and raise
Thyself, mayhap, a nation's pride and praise;
'Tis hard to let the truth my mind employ,
That he who kept the world in wild amaze,
That CÆSAR in the cradle lay—a boy
Soothed by a nurse's kiss, delighted with a toy!

That once the mighty NEWTON was like thee;
The awful MILTON, who on Heav'n did look,
List'ning the councils of Eternity;
And matchless SHAKSPEARE, who, undaunted, took
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,
And page by page the wondrous tome explored;
The fearless SIDNEY; the advent'rous COOK;
HOWARD, who mercy for mankind implored;
And France's despot Chief, whose heart lay in his sword.

The fine picture of the '*Murder of the Innocents*,' by Poussin, now in the gallery of the Institute at Bologna, is a most powerful piece, and composed with wonderful effect and skill. The figures are the

full size of life; the terror, dismay, and wildness of the different groups, are admirably pourtrayed, and, notwithstanding the violence of the action, each head is beautiful as that of an angel: the naked ruffians, with their uplifted daggers, and sacrilegious hands stained with blood, are drawn in the finest style, and with all the energy of pitiless soldiers inured to such deeds. The outcry of one mother, dragged by her scarf and hair, and held by one of these men till he reaches her child; the pale dishevelled aspect of another, breathless with terror, fainting, and delayed in her flight from agitation; the despair and agony of a third beyond these, who sits wringing her hands over her slaughtered babes; the touch of madness pictured on the fine countenance, which is uplifted with an indescribable expression of the utmost agony; the murdered babes filling the lower corner of the picture, lying on the blood-stained marble, so pale, so huddled together, so lifeless, yet so lovely and innocent in death, present a historical picture, perhaps the most domestic and touching that was ever painted. The broad shadows, the correctness, roundness, and simplicity of drawing in the whole, are inconceivably striking, the colour consistent and harmonious; no one point overlaboured, yet no effect neglected.

SONNET *to a* CHILD.

[Written for Time's Telescope by R. H.]

A rosebud opening, pearléd with morning dew,
Through the young foliage glancing, light and free—
A gentle fountain gushing joyously
O'er the green sward—a bright star in the blue
Of the still heav'ns, or beacon on the sea;
These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours!
Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space!
But be thy bloom more durable than the flower's!
Thine all that fountain's purity and grace!
And may no blight fall on their hopes, who trace
Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine!
Be thou the star-light of their day's decline,
Waking unearthly dreams. O, may'st thou be
All I would fondly deem—all they will picture thee!

We will take leave of Innocents' Day, and of our interesting subject, with the following lines 'On the Death of a lovely Girl, five Years old,' by one of the Society of Friends, *Eleanor Dickinson*, of Springfield Academy, near Liverpool. It affords a favourable specimen of her volume of poetry lately published, entitled 'Pleasures of Piety,' a production well calculated to promote the 'momentous interests of religion.'

Sweet little flow'r, thy bloom is fled,
Thy tender leaves are pale and dead,
And scattered, (once so rosy red)
O'er the cold tomb.

Around thee now in vain may beam
The summer's ray, or winter's gleam;
No sun can pierce the slumb'rer's dream
In earth's dark womb.

But yet on thee a sun shall rise
More glorious than these earthly skies,
E'er dipped in heav'n's aërial dies,
Or beauty's ray;

A light, that on thy spirit breaking,
From death's embrace in bliss awaking,
Shall bid it, ev'ry care forsaking,
Rise into day.

Then why the night of sorrow here,
That darkens round thy early bier,
And o'er thy mem'ry sheds the tear
Of vain regret?

We should not mourn the closing flow'r
Whose petals shun the nightly hour,
But open to that orb, whose pow'r
Can never set.

*30. 1792.—JEREMIAH HOLMES WIFFEN BORN,

At Woburn, in Bedfordshire, of parents both of whom were members of the Society of Friends. Taught to read by a most excellent mother, still living, as soon as he could speak,—from his earliest years he was seldom without a book about him; and his first attachments were poetical,—for, no sooner could he form letters and words, than he was continually writing out verses, Mallett's pathetic ballad of Edwin and Emma making the earliest and deepest impression on his mind. At seven years of age he was

sent to a school at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, conducted by Mr. G. Blaxland, a member of the Society of Friends; and, at the expiration of two years, was removed to Ackworth school, in Yorkshire, the public academical institution of this sect. Here he distinguished himself by a steady and uniform excellence in all the branches of education taught there, bearing off, on most public examinations, the prizes proposed for successful competition in each of them. In an establishment where the greatest caution is used in the introduction of works of imagination, our embryo poet had little opportunity for gratifying his taste in reading; yet, in spite of the restrictions by which he was surrounded, he managed, even there, to procure Pope's translation of Homer, and soon became familiar with that noble poem, several books of which he committed to memory, as he also did the whole of Dryden's Palemon and Arcite, and of Campbell's exquisite poem, the Pleasures of Hope. Whilst at Ackworth, he also learnt the *art of engraving on wood*, and executed several series of cuts for the booksellers of Pontefract and Leeds.

The love of poetry and reading gradually settled down into a passion; and when it became necessary for him, at the usual period, to choose his occupation in life, he fixed upon that of tuition, as affording the best opportunities for a continued application to his favourite literary pursuits. Immediately on leaving school, which he did between the age of thirteen and fourteen, he was accordingly apprenticed to Mr. Isaac Payne, a member of the Society of Friends, at the head of a highly respectable academy at Epping, in Essex, who engaged to instruct him in Latin and French. For the acquisition of these, he soon found, however, that he must depend altogether upon his own exertions, and he accordingly applied himself to them with such unremitted assiduity, that he anxiously devoted to their pursuits every moment of leisure which he could command during the day, with the greater portion of the night; and by such exertions was soon able to read the Latin classics, and found no difficulty in mastering any of the French authors. He then applied with similar assiduity to the Greek, and succeeded so well, that, though self-taught, he translated, at the age of fifteen, with great spirit, the admirable Ode of Sappho, known to most of our readers by Philips's translation, beginning with, 'Blest as the immortal gods is he.'

At Epping, our poet was any thing but happy, far from his friends, shut out from all sympathy, and often from common kindness, he was thrown upon his own resources, upon retirement, and the solaces of religion, for comfort. His 'Aspley Wood,' the principal in his first volume of published poems, embodies, indeed, much of the feeling which he at this period indulged, flying for refuge from the disappointment of his fondest expectations to the vast forest there, and nourishing in its deepest recesses the melancholy tone of mind which so often tends

to form the poetical enthusiast. With such feelings, it was with joy that he returned home to his native scenes and beloved family, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1822; in the summer of which year he established, in his mother's house, a boarding school, in the conduct of which, although but between nineteen and twenty years of age, he met with great encouragement, and gave universal satisfaction.

In 1819, Mr. Wiffen published his '*Aonian Hours*,' of which the principal piece, entitled 'Aspley Wood,' (the delightful scenery of his boyish days, in the immediate vicinity of Woburn), was composed in the course of a few weeks, in hours stolen from sleep, and the very few moments of leisure which could be snatched from the laborious work of tuition.

The 'Aonian Hours' were very favourably received by the public, and amply deserved the flattering encouragement given to their author by the critics of the day. Of this beautiful poem, indeed, our readers will form the best opinion from the extracts we have given in the pages of Time's Telescope for the present year. According to *our* notions of poetical excellence, if Mr. Wiffen had written nothing more than the '*Aonian Hours*,' he would have been entitled to a distinguished place among the bards of his country. But critics, as well as *doctors*, disagree; and an anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Sept. 1825, has the following *sapient* remarks on some living poets, including the subject of this memoir: 'Of the hundreds of *inferior* poets (quoth he) who are continually offering their sonnets and addresses to the Moon (or, to the public, instead of that luminary), Wade, Barton, *Wiffen*, and Bailey, are the most conspicuous.—Barton and Bailey are *above the mediocres*, and WIFFEN *tolerable!*'

These illiberal observations do not deserve an answer—the best refutation that can be offered to such remarks is to be found in the *works* of these poets—which *speak for themselves!* But what else could be expected from a writer on the *present state of Literature*, who says that '*Clare* is a wonderful self-taught genius, and SUPERIOR TO BLOOMFIELD; and that *Montgomery* is *rather* among the list of by-gone poets!!!' He has the candour, however, to admit that 'the talents of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon are very considerable,' and says that Mr. [Alaric A.?] Watts's productions have been sometimes mistaken for those of Byron.

But to return to our narrative. In 1820 Mr. Wiffen printed his '*Julia Alpinula and other Poems*,' in which may easily be traced his high admiration of the poetical talents of a noble lord lately deceased; the two principal tales in the collection, as well as several of its minor poems, being evidently Byronic, and ranking amongst the very best of the imitations of the highly gifted founder of that extraordinary school.

But it was previously to this period that he had conceived the

idea, to the successful execution of which he will mainly be indebted for his poetical immortality,—the translating anew the *Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso*, in the Spenserian stanza, which he very correctly thought the best adapted to the romantic character of his great original. Undeterred by the length and difficulty of his undertaking, and animated, perhaps, by the secret, though delightful, consciousness of having found a fit subject for the exercise of his powers, he set himself seriously to his task,—beginning Italian, and the translation of the greatest of the Italian poets, together, much in the manner which Sir W. Jones is said to have adopted in acquiring languages. While engaged in this pleasing labour, Mr. Wiffen received a fresh stimulus to his exertions, in the invitation which, in the summer of 1820, he received from his GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, (whose younger sons he had for some time attended, for the purpose of tuition during their vacations) to take up his residence at Woburn Abbey, in the character of his librarian, and occasional amanuensis. The offer thus liberally made was readily accepted, and, at his first interview with the Duke, he was informed that he was exempted from all but the common attention requisite to keep the library in order, and was at full liberty to devote the remainder of his time to his own literary pursuits.

In order to evince his grateful sense of the attention shown to him by the head of the house of Russell, our poet determined to translate, and dedicate to his Grace, some author of celebrity; and his choice fixed upon *Garcilasso*, as a novelty in our language, in which we had not before a perfect translation of any Spanish poet. He accordingly commenced the study of the language and his translation together, as he had done with the Italian, and completed, in time for publication in the winter of 1822, a version of a poet little known in England, which tended very greatly to increase his reputation both as a scholar and a poet. This version was begun, however, continued, and completed, but as a relaxation from his longer and more laborious work, which, by daily and constant application, was ready for the press in the summer of 1823. Resolved to spare neither pains nor expense, in producing a book, which, by its execution, might do credit to a numerous and an illustrious list of subscribers, at the head of which he was authorised to place the name of His Majesty, the printing was entrusted to MR. MOYES, (now residing in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street) from whose elegant and accurate press, issued, in the summer of 1824, the *first* volume of the translation, accompanied by some of the most *exquisite wood-cuts ever produced in this country, and presenting altogether a specimen of typographical beauty never perhaps excelled.* This portion of the work has, however, hitherto been confined to subscribers, its author prudently determining not to issue it to the public until the whole translation was completed. This circumstance has necessarily prevented the

volume from being generally known, as but few of the periodical journals of the day can hitherto have noticed it, although those which have done so speak of it in the terms of high approbation, which it so richly deserves. Already has its reputation reached a foreign shore, and the *Revue Encyclopédique* does no more than justice when it declares, that it is both elegant and faithful, and has throughout all the magic and charm of the original Tasso. It is, indeed, beyond all comparison, the best translation that has appeared; and when the assiduous attention bestowed upon it by the author for five entire years, his unremitting study of our older English poets, the better to qualify him for the task, and his reputation as an original poet of singularly harmonious versification, are taken into consideration, it is difficult to conceive that it will ever be excelled. Two short specimens from the first volume of Mr. Wiffen's Translation were given in T. T. for 1825, pp. 101, 102: we add the following beautiful stanzas from the *second volume*[1] (just delivered to the subscribers), as a further proof of the great merit displayed in this valuable addition to our literature: they are descriptive of the *Garden* of Armida, Canto XVI, Stanzas 9-16.

These windings passed, the garden-gates unfold,
And the fair Eden meets their glad survey,—
Still waters, moving crystals, sands of gold,
Herbs, thousand flowers, rare shrubs, and mosses grey;
Sunshiny hillocks, shady vales, woods gay
And grottos gloomy, in one view combined,
Presented were; and what increased their play
Of pleasure at the prospect, was to find
Nowhere the happy Art that had the whole designed.

So natural seemed each ornament and site,
So well was neatness mingled with neglect,
As though boon Nature for her own delight
Her mocker mocked, till Fancy's self was checked;
The air, if nothing else there, is the' effect
Of magic, to the sound of whose soft flute
The blooms are born with which the trees are decked
By flowers eternal lives the' eternal fruit,
This running richly ripe, whilst those but greenly shoot.

Midst the same leaves, and on the self-same twig,
The rosy apple with the' unripe is seen;

[1] This volume has been *twice* printed: the first impression was unfortunately destroyed by a fire, which consumed the whole of Mr. Moyes's extensive Printing Office, in Greville Street, Hatton Garden. *An Edition of the entire Translation in three vols. demy octavo has been just published.*

Hung on one bough the old and youthful fig,
The golden orange glows beside the green;
And aye where sunniest stations intervene,
Creeps the curled vine luxuriant high o'erhead;
Here the sour grape just springs the flowers between,
Here yellowing, purpling, blushing ruby red,
Here black the clusters burst, and heavenly nectar shed.

The joyful birds sing sweet in the green bowers,
Murmur the winds, and in their fall and rise
Strike from the fruits, leaves, fountains, brooks and flowers,
A thousand strange celestial harmonies;
When cease the birds, the zephyr loud replies,
When sing the birds, it faints amidst the trees,
To whispers soft as lovers' farewell sighs;
Thus, whether loud or low, the bird the breeze,
The breeze obeys the bird, and each with each agrees.

One bird there flew, renowned above the rest,
With party-coloured plumes and purple bill,
That in a language like our own expressed
Her joys, but with such sweetness, sense and skill,
As did the hearer with amazement fill;
So far her fellows she outsang, that they
Worshipped the wonder; ev'ry one grew still
At her rich voice, and listened to the lay;
Dumb were the woods—the winds and whispers died away.

'Ah see,' thus she sang, 'the rose spread to the morning
Her red virgin leaves, the coy pride of all plants!
Yet half open, half shut midst the moss she was born in,
The less shews her beauty, the more she enchants;
Lo, soon after, her sweet naked bosom more cheaply
She shews! lo, soon after she sickens and fades,
Nor seems the same flower late desired so deeply
By thousands of lovers, and thousands of maids!

'So fleets with the day's passing footsteps of fleetness
The flower and the verdure of life's smiling scene,
Nor, though April returns with its sunshine and sweetness,
Again will it ever look blooming or green;
Then gather the rose in its fresh morning beauty,
The rose of a day too soon dimmed from above;
Whilst, beloved, we may love, let to love be our duty;
Now, now, whilst 'tis youth, pluck the roses of love!'

She ceased, and as approving all they heard,
That tender tune the choirs of birds renew;
The turtles billed, and ev'ry brute and bird
In happy pairs to unseen glooms withdrew.

It seemed that the hard oak, the grieving yew,
The chaste sad laurel, and the whole green grove,—
It seemed each fruit that blushed, each bud that blew,
The earth, air, sea, and rosy heavens above,
All felt divine desire, and sighed out sweetest love.

The above particulars of the life of Mr. Wiffen have been principally selected from a Memoir in the Imperial Magazine for December 1824. The period is, we trust, far distant, when it would be proper to delineate his character, of which nothing more need now be said, than that it is as amiable in private, as it has been unblemished in his public life. Of his poetical talents the world will judge from the ample proofs of it before them. To his extraordinary application, the acquisition, without any assistance but what he derived from books, of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, besides some acquaintance with the German and the Welsh, bears a testimony the most honourable and decided.

Mr. Wiffen is unmarried, but his mother is still living near him, a widow, since the death of his father, which happened when he was very young; and to her early and judicious care, and to the guarded education which she procured for him, his filial affection very justly ascribes the seeds of whatever may be valuable in his character, or honourable and successful in his progress through life. He has also a brother and three sisters; one of whom is married to Alaric A. Watts, Esq. the author of 'Poetical Sketches, &c.' and editor of the *Literary Souvenir*.

We close this Memoir with 'L'Envoi,' some tasteful stanzas of great beauty and feeling, forming the poetical wreath with which Mr. Wiffen has entwined the brows of his beloved Tasso.

Fare thee well, soul of sweet Romance! farewell,
Harp of the South! the stirring of whose strings
Has given, by power of their melodious spell,
Such pleasant speed to Time's else weary wings,
That—rapt in spirit to the Delphic cell,
Midst its green laurels and prophetic springs,—
The tuneful labours of past years now seem
A brief indulgence—an enchanted dream.

My pride at noon, my vision of the night,
My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve!
Now that thy tones of magical delight
Are o'er, do I not well to droop and grieve?
To what new region shall the Muse take flight,
What pictures fashion, what fresh numbers weave,
When all that else had charmed must now appear
Tame to the eye and tuneless to the ear?

Much shall I miss thee when, in calm repose,
The Summer moon upon my casement shines;
Much, when the' melancholy Autumn strows
With leaves my walk beneath the' o'erarching pines;
Nor less when Spring, 'twixt shower and sunshine, throws
Abroad the sweet breath of her eglantines,
And Winter deepens with his stormy din
The quiet charm of the bright hearth within.

If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,
I sought to give thy foreign chords a tongue,
Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,
When on thy cypress bough again thou'rt hung[1],
But sometimes whisper of me to the few
I love, the fond, the faithful and the young,
And those who reverence the wronged soul that planned
Thy world of sound with archangelic hand.

Hear how the strings, dear IDA, sound abroad
The grief and glory of that matchless mind!
What ardour glows in each seraphic chord;
How deep a passion echo leaves behind!
Yet was he wretched whom all tongues applaud,—
For peace he panted, for affection pined:
Be thou, whilst thy mild eyes with pity swim,
More kind to me than AURA was to him;—

Else shall I little prize the' indulgent praise
Which some may lavish on a task so long;
Else shall I mourn that e'er my early days
Were given to feeling, solitude, and song;
But thee no light capricious fancy sways,
To doubt *thy* truth would be the heavens to wrong;
Peace to thy spirit with the closing spell!
And thou, Hesperian Harp, farewell, farewell!

31.—SAINT SILVESTER.

Silvester was Bishop of Rome, succeeding Miltiades in 314. He died in 334. It is often said that he was one of the 318 bishops who attended at the council of Nice, A.D. 325, when the Nicene creed

[1] Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi
Ch'io son dagl' anni e da fortuna oppresso.
Rime del Tasso.

was drawn up, and the long agitated controversy about the time of celebrating Easter was determined *against* the Asiatics; and that thus the Calendar is well terminated by the name of one who took a part in its arrangement on that celebrated occasion. But *Socrates Scholasticus*, in his history (Lib. i, cap. 5), assures us that Silvester, 'by reason of his great age, absented himself' from that council. When Constantine offered him a *golden* sceptre, he rendered himself worthy of real honour by refusing it as altogether incompatible with the sacred function. — *Imperial Almanack.*

It was formerly a custom at Merton College, Oxford, on the last night of the year, called *Scrutiny night*, for the college servants to make their appearance in a body in the hall, before the Warden and Fellows, after supper, and there to deliver up the keys; so that if they committed any crime, their keys were taken away, and they were dismissed. If there was no complaint against them, the keys were redelivered to them.—*Pointer's Oxon. Acad.* p. 24.

This is the *last* day of the year, and let each of us on this day resolve, like the Chinese sage, in future, to keep a regular account with himself of the acts of every day, and at the close of the year wind up the account, leaving the balance, if in his favour, as the foundation of a stock of merit for the ensuing year; and if against him, to be liquidated by future acts of goodness.

Every night (says the author of '*Merits and Errors Scrutinized*') examine yourself, and put the result on record; at the end of the year, sum up the whole. If a man keep no record of his merits, he will have nothing by which to disperse and balance his errors. When he has errors, he must not boast; when he has merits, he need not be humble. Such is the recommendation of a Pagan writer, which is, in some respects, worthy of Christian imitation; we must not,

however, think too favourably of the Chinese System of Morals, which is founded on no acknowledged relations between the creature and the Creator, and recognizes no future state of existence. It is enlarged or contracted; grows aged, or renews its youth; is strict or lax, according to times, places, and persons: how unlike the word of the Lord, which endureth for ever! How different from that law of the Lord, which is perfect, 'converting the soul;' those statutes which are right, 'rejoicing the heart;' and those commandments of the Lord which are pure, 'enlightening the eyes.'—What a field is thus presented to the zeal, the prudence, and the benevolence of the disciples of a purer faith! and, ultimately, what a triumph for the glorious doctrines of the Cross!—See a well written and ingenious '*Essay on the Nature and Structure of the Chinese Language, by Thomas Myers*, cited in pp. 153, 154, of this volume.

Astronomical Occurrences

In DECEMBER 1826.

The MORNING STAR.

From chambers brighter than the day,
Star of the morning, thou art come
To gild with glory's op'ning ray
The front of heav'n's imperial dome.

Thou break'st upon the dazzled view
In all the eastern splendour bright:
Thy beaming locks are bathed in dew,
Thy skirts are dipped in orient light.

CAREY.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Capricorn at 43 m. after 7 in the morning of the 22d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as follows.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

December 1st, Sun rises	56 m. after 7.	Sets	4 m. after 4
6th,	1	8	59	3
11th,	5	8	55	3
16th,	7	8	53	3
21st,	8	8	52	3
26th,	7	8	53	3
31st,	5	8	55	3

Equation of Time.

True time may be readily found from apparent, or that exhibited by a good sun-dial, by employing the equation as directed in the following table. For the other days of the month, the equation to be used must be found by proportion. Near the close of the 24th of the present month, the true and apparent time will be exactly the same, and consequently the equation then becomes nothing.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	*s.*
Friday, December	1st, from the time by the dial *sub.*	10	48
Wednesday,	6th,	8	47
Monday,	11th,	6	34
Saturday,	16th,	4	12
Thursday,	21st,	1	44
Tuesday,	26th, to the time by the dial *add*	0	47
Sunday,	31st,	3	14

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

First Quarter,	6th day, at	13 m. after	7 in the morning
Full Moon,	16th	32	11
Last Quarter,	22d	35	6
New Moon,	28th	21	10 in the evening

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon may be seen passing the first meridian at the following times during this month, if the weather be favourable. If the meridian for which the observation is required be any other than the first, a slight reduction in the time will be necessary.

December	3d, at	0m	after 4	in the afternoon
	4th,	51	4	
	5th,	38	5	
	6th,	23	6	
	7th,	7	7	in the evening
	8th,	50	7	
	9th,	33	8	
	10th,	18	9	
	11th,	3	10	
	12th,	50	10	
	22d,	52	5	in the morning
	23d,	41	6	
	24th,	33	7	
	25th,	29	8	
	26th,	28	9	

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

For directions respecting finding both the time of high water on the intermediate days, and at other places, we must refer to the Occurrences in January, of the present volume.

TABLE.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
December 1st, at	33 m. after	3	53 m. after	3
6th,	16	7	41	7
11th,	56	11	0	0
16th,	20	3	35	3
21st,	16	6	41	6
26th,	42	11	0	0
31st,	47	3	4	4

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet having now passed the point of her greatest brightness, assumes the appearance of a fine crescent, exhibiting a great resemblance to the new moon when it is first seen. The parts are,

December 1st, { Illuminated part = 1·695
Dark part ..... = 10·305

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

As Jupiter recedes from the Sun, a greater number of these eclipses become visible, and the five following may be seen this month; viz.

Immersions.

First Satellite	7th day, at	41 m.	57 s.	after 5	in the morning
	23d	57 ...	14	3	.....
	30th.....	50 ..	39	5	.....
Second Satellite	8th	53 ...	25	3	.....
	15th	26 ..	14	6	.....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

December 3d,	with β in	Capricorn, at	4 in the morning
23d, ...	α ...	Virgo	8 in the evening
27th, ...		Mercury ..	1 in the afternoon
28th, ...		Venus	11 in the morning
30th, ...	β ..	Capricorn ..	3 in the afternoon

Venus will be stationary on the 3d of this month, and Mercury on the 6th, and again on the 26th. He will also be in his inferior conjunction at 6 in the morning of the 16th, and Venus at 15 m. past 3 in the morning of the 24th. Saturn will likewise be in opposition at 10 in the evening of the same day.

Few more solemn scenes can be presented to the imaginations of many persons than a lonely churchyard at midnight, when the Moon at fitful intervals breaks through the intervening clouds, and every object casts its sudden shadow on the undulated surface of the ground, beneath which 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

The MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

Round thee, pure Moon, a ring of snowy clouds
Hover, like children round their mother dear,
In silence and in joy, for ever near
The footsteps of her love. Within their shrouds,
Lonely, the slumbering dead encompass me!
Thy silver beams the mouldering abbey flout;
Black rails, memorial stones, are strewed about;
And the leaves rustle on the holly tree.
Shadows mark out the undulating graves;
Tranquilly, tranquilly the departed lie!—
Time is an ocean, and mankind the waves
That reach the dim shores of Eternity:
Death strikes; and Silence, mid the evening gloom,
Sits spectre-like, the guardian of the tomb!

Legend of Genevieve.

We cannot, perhaps, close the astronomical part of our endeavours to blend amusement with instruction for the present year, more appropriately than by the following sweet and pathetic lines, which, we believe, have not been previously published. They were written many years ago by a worthy Baronet; and should they now meet his view, we feel persuaded he will excuse the act for the sake of the motive. Read, therefore, and reflect; for the sentiment is not more beautiful than true.

An ADDRESS *to the* MORNING.

Hailed by sweet carols, see the MORN arise,
And chase the gloomy clouds of *night* away;
Her blushing glories streak the dappled skies,
And charm creation with the dawn of day.
The mountains first her glad approach behold,
To tinge their summits with a fluid gold.

The orb of Day, to glad the plains below,
O'ertops the hills, where gloomy clouds prevail;
Rolls the blue vapour from the mountain's brow,
Inhales the mist, and gilds the sloping vale.
But, though the Sun the clouded prospect cheers,
It smiles through ether still, but smiles, alas! in tears.

The bee, industrious, each returning morn,
To fill her cell employs each vacant hour;
And while the pearly dew the leaves adorn,
Sips the sweet essence from the op'ning flow'r.
Thus youth, the paths of science to explore,
Culls the choice sweets from ev'ry page of lore.

Like the fair Morn, we trace our infant years,
Smiling in innocence and matchless truth;
Th' expanding scene in brightest glow appears;
A dazzling prospect dawns upon our youth—
Fancy's fair traits a shadeless view pourtray,
And gild with callow hope the orient blush of day.

Then think, fond youth, nor ever hope to share
Perpetual blessings here, which Heav'n denies:
Enjoyment ever is alloyed with care,
And bliss that's perfect only glads the skies:
Thus shades the features prominent display—
Thus pain exalts our bliss—thus tempests cloud the day.

J. T. HUGHES.

The Naturalist's Diary

For DECEMBER 1826.

Darkness and death upon the world are brooding—
The leaves of Autumn rustle, fade, and fall,
The scythe-like wind of Winter sweeps them all;
The gardens have put off their spring-tide dress,
And Nature is in tears—while ice and snow
Are her dull, chilling weeds of lonely woe,
Which to the world her clouding griefs confess.

THE Winter is approaching: our eyes are no longer dazzled by the penetrating rays of the Sun, nor delighted by the variegated colours of a Summer prospect; the earth, shrouded in white after the slow, silent fall of the flakes of snow, presents to us on every side the same desolate scene; every thing from the hut to the castle, from the oak to the tuft of grass, wears an appearance of uniformity. Thus Winter seems contrasted with Summer, as the silence and the equality of the tomb is contrasted with the noisy bustle and continual variety of life.—And yet Winter has its pleasures;—the frosty morning's walk, with its invigorating breezes—the long nights, devoted alternately to study and to society, with the enlivening blaze of a sea-coal fire—and the '*glass* that cheers, but not inebriates'—are no small attractions, and peculiarly endear to us this festive season of the year.—Now, too, the fascinating, rosy-cheeked, little son of Venus, not unfrequently seeks the warm shelter of a Christmas parlour; and his wings 'with napkins dried,' and 'from wet and cold at ease,' he soon tries

If the wet hath not damaged the string of his bow;

and many a swain, and many a fair, will find, to their cost, 'they have trouble enough with their heart.' The laughing month of May, and the frigid and cheerless December, are equally favourable to the attacks of the sly, little urchin.

SONG.

'Twas not when early flowers were springing,
When skies were sheen,
And wheat was green,
And birds of love were singing,
That first I loved thee, or that thou
Didst first the tender claim allow.

For when the silent woods had faded
From green to yellow,
When fields were fallow,
And the changed skies o'ershaded,
My love might then have shared decay
Or passed with Summer's songs away.

'Twas WINTER: cares and clouds were round me,
Instead of flowers
And sunny hours,
When Love unguarded found me,
'Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,
And wintry cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of Summer weather,
When all is bright,
And hearts are light,
And Love and Nature joy together.
But stars from night their lustre borrow,
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.

J. CONDER.

The *evergreen* trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued: the different species of *everlasting* flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our parlours in winter, and indeed during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves: while other trees are entirely denuded of their beautiful dress, their 'leafy honours' being strewed in the dust, and returned to their parent earth; yet some attractions are still left as a promise of future beauty. The scarlet berries of the common holly, and the *Pyracanthus*, with its bunches of fiery berries on its dark green thorny sprays, solicit our attention—while numerous tribes of *mosses* will afford sufficient amusement and occupation for the inquiring *botanist*,—and the poet's

lyre, vibrating with melancholy but soothing harmony, records the fall of the few remaining withered leaves that flutter about him in his noonday walk.

The LAST LEAF.

Thou flickering solitary leaf
That hang'st on yonder blighted tree,
Sad emblem of deserted grief,
How like thou art to me!

A withered, sapless, lifeless form,
By all thy kindred long forsaken,
Thou hang'st the prey of ev'ry storm,
By every rude blast shaken!

Lost, too, for me is beauty's bloom;
My peace, my joys, my hopes are flown;
My friends lie mouldering in the tomb,
And I am left alone.

Yet, ah! while many a moistened eye
Is turned with mournful gaze on thee,
Kind pity heaves no passing sigh,
Nor drops one tear for me!

Literary Gazette.

Towards the end of the month, woodcocks and *snipes* become the prey of the fowler. The jack-snipe *(Scolopax gallinula)*, which visits us at this period, is a *decided species*, with marked and singular habits. See T.T. for 1824, p. 319.

The insect-swarms, which delighted us with their ceaseless hum, their varied tints, and beautiful forms, during the summer and autumnal months, are retired to their winter quarters, and remain in a state of torpidity, till awakened by the enlivening warmth of spring. 'It is generally supposed by the farmer' (observes the ingenious author of the British Entomology[1]) 'that severe frosts destroy insects; it is also no uncommon practice to manure the ground with injured turnips, and various other decayed vegetable substances, which, no doubt, frequently con-

[1] See a Paper by Mr. SAMOUELLE, in the *Circulator*, vol. i, page 179.

tain the eggs and pupa of the very insects that will, in all probability, tend to destroy the next year's crop: this certainly shows an ignorance for which the farmer often suffers severely, and which might, in a great measure, be avoided by a better acquaintance with the manners and habits of insects.'

In mild seasons, some few *flowers* may be culled from the waning stores of the garden, even in the dreary month of December. This circumstance has not escaped the poet of Woodbridge, and has given rise to the following beautiful effusion:—

To a SPRIG *of* MIGNONETTE.

The ling'ring perfume of thy flow'r,
Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,
Though faint to that of Summer's bow'r,
It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud,
The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,
And drifted leaves which half enshroud
Thy beauties,—all delight my Muse,

And boast a charm that far outvies
The grace of Summer's proudest day,
When varied blooms of richer dyes
Unfolded to the sun's warm ray.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
And ling'ring sweetness can recall
Hearts which, unchilled by gath'ring gloom,
Can meekly *live* and *love* through all.

From such, in seasons dark and drear,
Immortal hopes of noblest worth,
Feelings and thoughts to virtue dear,
Gush like the dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around
Than prosp'rous hours could ever know;
For Rapture's smile less fair is found
Than that which Patience lends to Woe!

BARTON'S *Poetic Vigils.*

Severe and rigorous as WINTER usually is, its various scenes, however, cannot fail to suggest many subjects of gratitude to the contemplative philosopher. Few minds are so devoid of sensibility, as

not to experience the most grateful emotions, when the inexhaustible bounties of the Supreme Being bloom around in *Spring*, in beautiful profusion; delight the eye in *Summer* with maturing promise; and ripen in *Autumn* into rich and exquisite perfection. The recollection, too, of the frowning skies of *Winter* will make us rejoice in the return of that *Spring*, in whose flowery walks, if perpetual, we should have trod with languor and indifference. More cheerily will the heart then dance to the music of the groves, when it recollects how recently their tuneful haunts were dumb. Brighter, then, will be the verdant robes which the woods assume, contrasted with their late leafless and inhospitable appearance; and, as 'hope waits upon the flowery prime,' the fruits and flowers, when they bud, will delight the fancy, in sweet anticipation, with all the pride of *Summer*, and all the riches of *Autumn*. The rigours of departed winter will be forgotten in that all-enlivening renovation of Nature.

In fine, our hearts, then attuned to cheerfulness and gaiety, will confess this important truth, that, 'as Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been entirely adapted to this disposition of the mind: it is formed to raise expectation by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.'

With rapid wing, in ceaseless flight,
TIME sweeps along, and leaves in night,
Each brilliant aim of life's short span,
The joys and agonies of man.
The storied arch that Glory rears,
He mantles with the moss of years;
O'er Beauty's urn in ivy creeps;
Shatters the tomb where Valour sleeps;
And quenches, ne'er to burn again,
The fire in Freedom's awful fane.
He sends the beating wind and show'r
Proudly to battle with the tow'r;

And when in ruin they have rent
Frieze, portico, and battlement,
With scoffing lip he seems to say,
'Weak worm! thou, too, shalt be as they;
'Soon passion's fire shall leave thine eye;
'Ambition fade, and feeling die;
'Hope faithless find its splendid trust,
'Thy pride claim kindred with the dust;
'And nothing more of thee remain
'Than what remembrance views with pain,
'A startling Vision, void and vain.'

As fast and forward flies his car,
His ministers the Seasons are;
If now he sends the SPRING with dew
Earth's flow'ry borders to renew,
SUMMER, with sunbeam and with song,
To lead the dance of life along,
And viny AUTUMN's horn to call
Guests to his gorgeous festival,—
It is but with a smile to gild
The ruin which his wrath has willed.
Soon tyrant WINTER's whirlwinds urge
The' assault of earthquake, cloud, and surge;
And pestilence and fever's flame
Suck up the breath, or fire the frame.
The rich sun of delight goes down
In his annihilating frown,
And we but add—of things destroyed,
One atom to the mighty void.
Thus, unregretted, let decay
Our mortal reliques roll away,
To where the wrecks of ages sleep
Unconscious in the' eternal deep;
The glorious SOUL its pow'r shall mock:
Whirled into whiteness round the rock,
That pearl of pearls shall issue bright,
A gem of love, a drop of light,
By Mercy's smile from its abode
Drawn to instar the throne of GOD!

WIFFEN's *Julia Alpinula.*

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Compton & Ritchie, Printers, Middle Street,
Cloth Fair, London.

00097609

5 FEB 1963

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Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016